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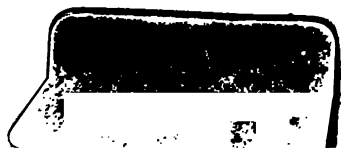
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THE
CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE,

AND
MISSIONARY REPOSITORY.

EDITED BY JOSEPH FOULKES WINKS.

VOLUME XXV.

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The Editor to his Young Readers.

BELOVED YOUNG FRIENDS,—

I always sit down to write my yearly epistle to you with peculiar emotions of gratitude to HIM who is the Giver and Preserver of life, who now, from year to year, for more than half the years of a life extended to nearly threescore and ten, has kindly permitted me, without interruption, to pursue my favourite employment of writing for the young.

I wish you, therefore, if from month to month you are pleased with what I write for you, not to thank me so much as HIM from whom cometh every good gift and every perfect gift. For of nothing am I more certain than this, that it was HE who first disposed me to engage in this delightful task, opened the way for me to enter on it, and enabled me, for now, I believe, an unprecedented period, to fulfil it.

With like feelings of gratitude to God I may also be permitted to tell you that through his favour I feel as fresh and vigorous in body and mind for the discharge of this duty as in any former year of my labours, and as anxious, too, to fill these pages with what I believe you will be pleased to read. For though there are little lips that call me "Grandfather," I have not yet forgotten my "boyish days," and what were the books that then above all others, excepting only the Bible, I loved to read. I therefore always have tried, and always shall try, to tell you

THE EDITOR TO HIS YOUNG READERS.

such things as will amuse and instruct you. One thing I never did, and never will. I never did tell you and never will tell you what I believe is not true. Such tales might make you stare with wonder, but they would only deceive and disappoint you.

Sixty years ago, when I was a little boy, there were very few books fit for children to read, most of them being made up of silly tales about things which could not be true. As for a "Children's Magazine," there was no such thing ever seen or heard of in those days. How glad some of us would have been, to have for a penny such a welcome visitor every month, with its pictures, and prose, and poetry.

You, therefore, my dear young friends, have come into the world under far more favourable circumstances, and I think I do right in reminding you of this, that you may be thankful to your Heavenly Father for his kindness. If *we* do a favour to any one we expect him to be thankful, and not go away and stupidly forget all about it. We do not like that. But we do like to see thankfulness. Unthankful people are more stupid than the ox or the ass, for "the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib," as the bible says; and even a little dog, should you throw it a bone, though it cannot speak, will look its thanks to you. How much more thankful ought we to be for all the good things which our Heavenly Father so willingly bestows on us.

For all good things are of God, who brought you into being in days like these and in a land like this, and surrounded you with so many advantages by which you may become wise and happy. To be careless of such advantages would be worse than throwing a handful of golden sovereigns into the deep sea, never to be found again.

THE EDITOR TO HIS YOUNG READERS.

Perhaps you may think I am saying too much to you about being thankful. But I am not. For to be thankful is to be happy, and I want you to be happy. Heaven is happy, because all who live there are thankful. Angels are, and not only angels, but all who go there from earth are too. While here in this world they thought much about God's goodness to them, and of his great love in sending Jesus Christ to save them from their sins. For this they thanked God here, and now they are gone to see the Saviour who died for them, and thank him in songs of joy and praise for ever!

And so now I hope you will see that the way to begin to be happy is to begin to be thankful. Be thankful, then, for your life and health, for your friends and food, for your raiment and dwelling, for your schooling and books of instruction, for your bibles and sabbath days, and above all, and more than all, be thankful to that loving Saviour to whom you owe more thanks and praises than you can ever pay. May you and I, my dear young readers, when our days and years on earth are ended, spend a happy eternity in praising the Lamb that was slain, and redeemed us to God by his blood!

But I must, before I close, say a word or two about the Magazine for another year. It has always been my custom to make it as large and as good as I can. Next year I intend to improve it by printing it on better paper from new types. When you see it I hope you will be pleased with it, and show it to your companions.

And here I shall give you a copy of a note which I received from a Lady, who for many years has kindly furnished many interesting articles for this and the other Magazines which I publish. My friend says:—

THE EDITOR TO HIS YOUNG READERS.

"I am much pleased with the progressive improvement in my old friend, the "Children's Magazine," and also in the "Little Child's Picture Magazine," and the "Christian Pioneer," subscribers for all of which I have obtained from our sabbath school. I now enclose some pieces for insertion, if approved, and will continue to do so, as I did twenty years ago. I see there is an old contribution of mine, "Can I love God?" made more simple in the "Picture Magazine" for this month, which I can easily recognize, as the characters are my mother, brother, daughter, and myself. I shall feel a pleasure if I can afford you any help in a similar way, as I have many pieces by me, having now more time for writing than formerly. I am glad you try to blend amusement with instruction, as I feel persuaded it makes your books much more attractive to children. Religious instruction is of course indispensable, but there is generally more in such magazines than children ever read. This is such an age of excitement, that even young people are tinctured with it, and if they cannot find it in proper books, they will seek for it in improper ones. I hope yet to see your periodical embracing all they require."

We thank our friend for this expression of her opinion, which confirms us in the course we have always adopted of blending interest with instruction. Long and dry essays on morals, or even religion, children will not read. We must first secure their interested attention, and then if we can, in an easy way, bring out from the tale or narrative some natural and suitable reflections, lifting up their thoughts to something higher and greater, we shall more readily accomplish our object of doing them, both for this life and the next, the greatest good we can.

THE EDITOR.

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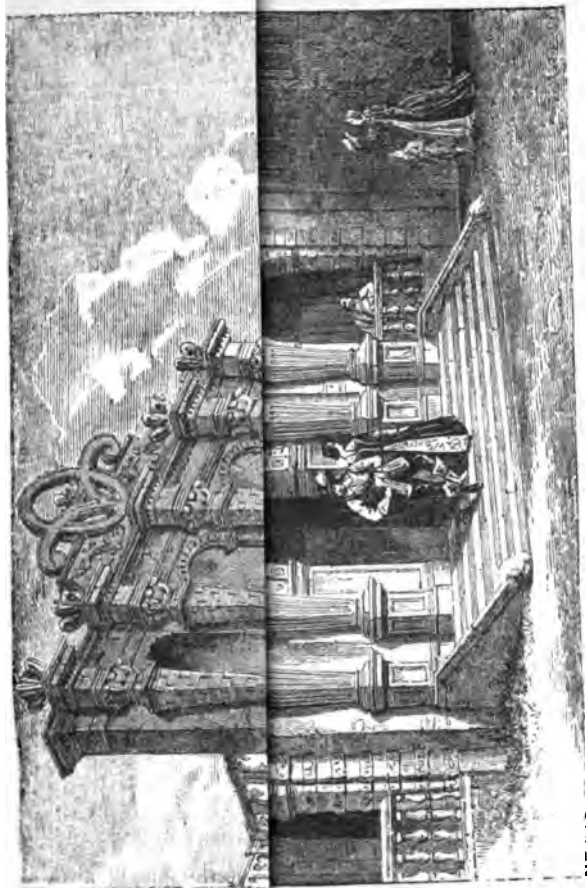
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EXTERIOR OF AN ITALIAN PALACE.

EXTERIOR OF AN ITALIAN PALACE.

ITALY has been called the "Garden of Europe." Its valleys, mountain slopes, and extensive plains, watered by numerous streams and rivers, and its genial climate, unite to produce the fruits of the earth in rich abundance.

And Italy, for many ages, has been celebrated for the cultivation of ornamental Arts. Music, Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture, and especially Architecture, have long been produced there in the highest perfection.

Architecture has been called the "Mother of the Arts." It may be, because when splendid palaces, like that in the picture, are erected, the interior of the edifices will be expected to be as grand as the exterior; and hence the rich pictures and beautiful sculptures which adorn them, while strains of the most delightful music—vocal and instrumental—enliven the scene.

Our young readers perhaps imagine that with such a country and such splendid palaces, Italy must be a paradise. If they should think so they are greatly mistaken. Only the very rich can possess such grand residences with all their beautiful ornaments. The common people are, many of them, among the most poor and wretched of any of the nations of Europe. Grandeur and misery in Italy grow up side by side.

If you ask how this is; we must tell you that for hundreds of years the people of Italy have been without civil or

JOSEPH GARIBALDI,

religious freedom. Tyrant Rulers have deprived them of liberty, and popish priests have kept them in stupid ignorance.

But we are glad to tell you that the Italians are now breaking the yoke from off their own necks, and we hope they will soon be a free people—as free to make their own laws, and worship God, and read the Bible, as we are in this country.

This great change in Italy has been brought about, chiefly by one remarkable man, of whom we are now about to tell you. We hope that in a few years, Italy will not only be one of the most beautiful, but one of the most happy nations in the world.

JOSEPH GARIBALDI, THE ITALIAN PATRIOT.

HIS BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

THIS wonderful man has written a sketch of his own life, in the Italian language; from a translation of which into English, we have gathered some of its leading features and most interesting facts.

Joseph Garibaldi was born at the city of Nice, July 22, 1807, in the same house and chamber in which one of Napoleon's great generals, Marshal Massena, was born. Nice is a seaport, and his father and grandfather were sailors. Joseph had not much education; but like other *boys born near the sea* he could swim when quite a child.

THE ITALIAN PATRIOT.

He says:—"When and how I learnt to swim I cannot at all remember; it seems to me that I must always have known how, and that I was born amphibious. Therefore, in spite of the little inclination which all who are acquainted with me know I have to sound my own trumpet, I will simply say, without believing I am boasting, that I am one of the strongest swimmers in existence. It must not, then, be thought too much of, considering the confidence I had in myself, if I have never hesitated to throw myself into the water to save the life of a fellow-creature."

But he does not blame his father for not giving him a better education. The popish priests were then about the only teachers, and his father had good sense enough to see that they taught the boys nothing worth knowing, but rather to be only like themselves, idle and worthless. "As to my mother Rosa," he says, "I declare with pride, she was the very model of a woman. Every son ought to say of his mother what I say of mine; but no one will say it with more perfect conviction than I do."

"One of the bitters of my life, and not the least, has been not to have been able to render her happy; but, on the contrary, to have saddened and made painful the latter days of her existence! God alone can know the anguish which my adventurous career has given her, for God alone can know the immensity of the affection she bore me. If there is any good feeling in my nature, I loudly declare that it is from her I received it. *Her angelic character could not do otherwise than have its reflex in me. Is it not to her pity*

JOSEPH GARIBALDI,

for the unfortunate—to her compassion for the suffering, that I owe that great love, I will say more, that profound charity for my country, which has procured me the affection and sympathy of my fellow citizens? Certainly, I am not superstitious, and yet I will affirm this, that in the most terrible instances of my life, when the ocean roared under the keel and against the sides of my vessel, which it tossed like a cork—when bullets whistled in my ears like the wind of the tempest—when balls showered around me like hail—I constantly saw her on her knees, buried in prayer, bent at the feet of the Most High, and for me. That which gave me that courage at which people have sometimes been astonished, was the conviction I felt that no harm could happen to me while so holy a woman, while such an angel, was praying for me.”

Again he says of his boyish days, “I passed the first years of my youth as all children pass them—amidst smiles and tears, fonder of pleasure than of work, of amusement than study; so that I did not profit as I might have done, if I had been more steady. I entertained a profound pity for everything that was little, weak, or suffering. This pity extended even to animals, or rather commenced with animals. I remember, one day, finding a cricket, which I carried to my chamber; and there while playing with it, touching it with the awkwardness, or rather with the roughness of childhood, I pulled off one of its feet. My grief was such that I remained several hours shut up, weeping bitterly.”

THE ITALIAN PATRIOT.

"Another time, when hunting with one of my cousins in the Var, I stopped on the banks of a deep ditch, where the washerwomen were accustomed to wash their linen, and where one poor woman was then so employed. I dont know how it happened, but she fell into the water. Young as I was—I was scarcely eight years old—I threw myself into the water, and saved her. I only relate this to prove how natural the feeling is in me which leads me to succour my fellow-creatures, and how little merit there is in my yielding to it."

Here is another illustration of the saying "the child is father of the man," in which his future adventurous spirit is foreshadowed :—

"Tired of school, I, one day, proposed to three of my companions to run away to Genoa. No sooner said than done. We unfastened a fishing-boat, and there we were, sailing away to the eastward. We were already off Monaco, when a corsair, sent by my excellent father, captured us, and conveyed us, covered with shame, to our homes. A priest, who had seen us start, had denounced us ; whence, perhaps, arises my little sympathy for priests."

This little incident, as we said, indicated the course which this restless Italian boy would pursue in future life ; and such a life of romantic adventures we have seldom read. Truly the "story of his life, from year to year, is full of the battles, sieges, fortunes, that he has passed ;" we cannot tell you of all these, but we shall next tell you of his going for a sailor, where he went, and what he saw and did while he was yet a youth.

CONTEST WITH A COULACANARA.

the decline, and that the approach of night would hinder the skinning, a thought struck me that I could take him alive. I imagined, if I could strike him with the lance behind the head, and pin him to the ground, I might succeed in capturing him. When I told this to the negroes, they begged and intreated me to let them go for a gun, and bring more force, as they were sure the snake would kill some of us; but I had been in search of a large serpent for years, and now having come up with one, it did not become me to turn coward. So taking a cutlass from one of the negroes, and then ranging both behind me, I told them to follow me, and that I would cut them down if they offered to fly. I smiled as I said this; but they shook their heads in silence, and seemed to have but a bad heart of it. When we came to the place, the serpent had not stirred; but I could see nothing of his head, and I judged by the folds of his body that it must be at the farthest side of his den. A species of woodbine had formed a complete shade over the fallen tree from the rain or the rays of the sun. Probably he had resorted to this sequestered place for a length of time, as it bore the marks of an ancient settlement. I now took my knife, determining to cut away the woodbine, and break the twigs in the gentlest manner possible, till I could get a view of his head. One negro stood guard close behind me with the lance, and near him the other with the cutlass. The cutlass which I had taken from the first negro was on the ground close by me in case of need. After working in dead silence for a quarter of an hour, with

CONTEST WITH A COULACANARA.

one knee all the time on the ground, I had cleared away enough to see his head. It appeared to be coming out between the first and second coil of his body, and was flat on the ground. This was the very position I wished it to be in. I rose in silence, and retreated very slowly, making a sign to the negroes to do the same. We were at this time about twenty yards from the snake's den. I now ranged them behind me, and told him who stood next to me to lay hold of the lance the moment I struck the snake, and that the other must attend my movements. It now only remained to take their cutlasses from them; for I was sure if I did not do this, they would be tempted to strike the snake in time of danger, and thus for ever spoil his skin. On disarming them, if I might judge from their looks, they seemed to consider it as a most cruel act of tyranny in me. Probably nothing kept them from bolting but the thought that I was betwixt them and the snake. Indeed my own heart, in spite of all I could do, beat quicker than usual.

"We went slowly on in silence, without moving our arms or heads, in order to prevent alarm as much as possible, lest the snake should glide off or attack us in self-defence. I carried the lance perpendicular before me, with the point about a foot from the ground. The snake had not moved; and on getting up to him, I struck him with the lance on the near side, just behind the neck, and pinned him to the ground. That moment the negro next to me seized the weapon, and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the

CONTEST WITH A COULACANARA.

snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief. On pinning him to the ground, he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp scuffle in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for mastery. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and the additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail; and after a violent struggle or two he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him. So, while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth. The snake, now finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work; but we overpowered him. We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head, and held it firm under my arm, one negro supporting the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times; for the snake was too heavy for us to support him without stopping to recruit our strength. As we proceeded onward, he fought hard for freedom, but it was all in vain. The day was now too far spent to think of skinning him; so, after securing afresh his mouth, that he could not open it, he was forced into a large bag, and left to his fate till morning."

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE IN AUTUMN.

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE IN AUTUMN.

THE JOURNEY THERE.

FOR many years now I have managed to have a sight of the great wide sea for a week or two during the summer, and then I have told you something about what I saw and heard during my visit.

This time I went alone, and not in July or August, but in September. I had an invitation to Yarmouth on the Norfolk coast, so I thought I would go, though my companion could not go with me. Some of you will remember that when I told you a few years ago, of our visit to Lowestoft, I mentioned that one day we, with some other friends, went over to Yarmouth just to see the place. But it was a hasty trip, and during the few hours we were there we could not see so much as we wished. Now I thought I should have more time to look about this chief sea-port of the eastern coast of England.

I set off early by rails, and passing by Melton and Oakham, and under Stamford, we were soon at Peterborough. Here, having a few hours to spare, I again visited the cathedral, to take another look at the "Effigy" of old Will Scarlet the grim sexton, and read the many monumental inscriptions, some very ancient, with the long list of Abbots and Bishops of Peterborough on the eastern wall. I afterwards bought a copy of Old Will's Effigy and Epitaph.

The picture before *me* of Old Will represents him as

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE IN AUTUMN.

painted on the Cathedral wall with his epitaph beneath. Shall I describe him from top to toe? On his head a red skull cap; a large white beard; ruffle round his neck; a brown round coat, and a "leathern belt likewise," from which hangs a small hand-whip to drive away naughty boys; sky-blue hosen, reaching above the knees; rosettes on his stout shoes, which have red soles. He stands, with a spade in one hand and a bunch of keys in the other; a human skull lies at his feet, and a pickaxe leans against a pillar.

The pickaxe and the spade
Are the tools of Old Will's trade.

And had you then lived, you might have heard the grim old fellow singing when at his gloomy work of "grave-making"—

"A pickaxe, and a spade, a spade,
For — and a shrouding sheet;
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet."

Should any one ask Will, when looking at his picture, "How long hast thou been a grave-maker?" and who were thy guests? His Epitaph will furnish a reply. Here it is:—

YOV SEE OLD SCARLEITS PICTVRE STAND ON HIE
BVT AT YOVR FEETE THERE DOTH HIS BODY LYE
HIS GRAVESTONE DOTH HIS AGE AND DEATH TIME SHOW
HIS OFFICE BY THEIS TOKENS YOV MAY KNOW
SECOND TO NONE FOR STRENGTH AND STVRDYE LIMM
A SCAREBARE MIGHTY VOICE WITH VISAGE GRIM
HEE HAD INTEND TWO QVERNES WITHIN THIS PLACE
AND THIS TOWNES HOYSE HOLDERS IN HIS LIVES SPACE
TWICE OVR: BVT AT LENGTH HIS OWN TVRN CAME
WHAT HE FOR OTHERS DID FOR HIM THE SAME
WAS DONE: NO DOVBT HIS SOVLE DOTH LIVE FOR AYE
IN HEAVEN: THO HERE HIS BODY CLAD IN CLAY

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE IN AUTUMN.

Well : we dont want to doubt it ; but we must leave the bones of Old Will to rest in peace among the mighty deae—the abbots, and bishops, nobles, and queens, who sleep around him.

We start again, and in half an hour are at the March junction. This reminds me that a party of us, in the summer of 1824, were six hours or more in a four-wheeled light tilted waggon with two horses in reaching March from Peterborough along the old zigzag road. We have then a run over the low fens to Ely ; but nearly all the way before us we see the massive towers of its Cathedral rising from the levels, like a high rock in the ocean, pointing out our next station. Here and there in these fens, are places where the ground rises higher. These, in old times, when all the rest of the flat country around was covered with water, formed little islands, which were known as the "Isles of Ely." The city, for it is a city, though "a very little one," is situated on the banks of a small river, and with its noble Cathedral, and respectable houses, and gardens, and orchards, forms a pleasing and cheerful contrast to the dreary fens around it.

We wait here a short time for a train from London, and then start again over the fen country with its endless sluices and bridges. In half an hour we begin to see clumps of trees and rising grounds. Now we know we are getting out of the dull fens with their everlasting ditches.

Our first station on the rising ground is Brandon. Here our attention is attracted *by new buildings, all neatly faced*

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE IN AUTUMN.

with pieces of flint about as big as a man's fist stuck on mortar on the walls, which have a very singular appearance. Then we observe all around vast piles of the trunks of fir trees, and large stacks of "sleepers" for railways. It appears that the firs are brought from extensive plantations in the neighbourhood, are cut into proper size for sleepers at a steam saw mill close at hand, and are sent hence by rails to all parts of the kingdom.

On we go again, and we seem as if we were climbing up gradually into the county of Norfolk. But for many miles on our way we pass through large moors of uncultivated land. Rabbits, and "such small deer," there might be in abundance, but few sheep or larger cattle of any kind. And in this region we noticed what we never saw in any other part of the kingdom—the hedges on each side of the railway were of young green fir-trees, about six feet high, standing close enough together to form a good fence.

But we were not long before we reached more agreeable scenery—farm houses with well cultivated fields around them, villages with their ancient churches and new chapels, reminded us of the better parts of the midland counties. The nearer we approached the old city of Norwich the more interesting the prospects around us became, until, before we expected or were aware, the shrill whistle of our driver and our slackened pace told us that we were rounding the curve leading into the station. But *that* station. I did not like it at all. Ere we reached it we must pull up. It rained hard and was getting dark, and for nearly thirty minutes

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE IN AUTUMN.

we must sit there counting them as slowly they seemed to come and go, with nothing to look at even when we opened the misty windows but dull warehouses for goods or perplexing lines of rails crossing each other as if to form an iron labyrinth beneath. At length came the welcome cry of "Tickets! Tickets!" which having produced we moved onward into what seemed to us a Derbyshire cavern lighted up. But we were there at last, and that was a relief to our impatient minds and wearied bodies.

In about an hour, I think, we started for Yarmouth with a full cargo of passengers, who seemed to have been to the Saturday market at Norwich, for their talk was of marketable commodities, and bargains, and sales, and purchases, expressed as usual in loud and boisterous tones, and forming a remarkable contrast to the quietness of our former companions.

But it was well to have something which indicated life and vivacity inside, for outside it was wet, windy, and dark. We were glad when we could discover the lights of the Yarmouth Station in the distance. In a few minutes we were there all safe and dry. We could not help feeling thankful for such a mode of conveyance. Had we come that night outside one of the old coaches from Norwich to Yarmouth, instead of less than an hour including stoppages, we must have been three hours, and thoroughly wet and cold into the bargain. And so these railways are a great improvement on the old slow and uncomfortable mode of travelling.

WHERE ARE THE FLOWERS ?

WHERE ARE THE FLOWERS ?

THE lovely flowers, ah ! whither have they fled ?—
What ruthless hand hath torn them from the clod ?
Sweet gems of priceless worth they were, I ween,
Shower'd from the boundless treasury of God.

Thou pretty daisy ! childhood's favourite flower,
Gem of the green turf, herald of the spring—
I loved thee for thy spotless purity :
Myself the while a vile unholy thing !

Sweet flowers ! where'er I go, your loss I mourn ;
How desolate each wayside, mead, and bower !
My weary steps, ah ! whither shall I turn ?—
Where shall I find one solitary flower ?

Ask, if thou wilt, yon scowling winter sky,
The roaring blast, the furious driving hail ?
The little flowers in sleep all silent lie ;
All nature answers with a plaintive wail !

Yet there is One, omnipotent is He,
Will give us back the little flowers again,
These in their loveliness once more to see ;
Then why should we now murmur or complain ?

And, oh ! my heart rejoiceth when I feel
That He who made the little lovely flowers,
In mercy waits each wanderer to bless,
For, oh ! he loves this guilty world of ours.

He sent his Son to save us from our sin ;
To save from fear of death and the deep grave ;
Oh may we ever, in life's darkest hour,
Trust in the mighty power of Christ to save !

OUR BIRDIES IN WINTER.



OUR BIRDIES IN WINTER.

We cannot fail to notice the absence of the birds, and the silence of the fields, during a walk in winter. The trees and hedges, those green summer-chambers which they inhabited, are unfurnished, and the wind blows through the naked branches with a sound like an hollow footfall in an empty house. Although their songs no longer ring through the open valley, there are thousands of them that remain with us all the year round, rummaging for food in store-houses only known to themselves, and to the few who watch

OUR BIRDIES IN WINTER.

their habits in the wild and out-of-the-way places where lie their hidden granaries. Providence has further adapted them to meet the severity of the season, by making them pass nearly two-thirds of their time, during the shortest days, in sleep; so that they do not require so much food as is needed for their support when they are on the wing for so many hours together during the longer days of spring and summer. Their little round bright piercing eyes and sensitive beaks see and feel many minute things scattered abroad for their sustenance, which we do not perceive. It would take us long hours to discover what they find and feed upon among the decaying leaves that have fallen from a single tree; how then can we hope to discover the great abundance suited to their wants which the long miles of our shadowy woods conceal? Among velvet mosses, green in the hardest winter; in the crevices of rugged bark; in the holes and hollows of unsound trees; among the withering grass and weeds that fall unknown by man; in thousands of seeds that drop from the flowering hedge-plants; on hips and haws, which the frost has ripened; on ungathered wild-fruits,—they find materials for their table spread by nature in the forest; and near at hand, a shelter from the sleet and snow, where, with heads under their wings, they sleep securely when the wind pipes loud through the deep dark nights of mid-winter. The flowers of summer, though long ago dead and abandoned by the bees, after they had gathered their honey, were afterwards filled with seeds, which misty autumn ripened, and the winds

OUR BIRDIES IN WINTER.

burst and blew abroad, a banquet for the birds in winter. When the whole of the wide landscape is white with snow, and neither dent of hoof nor print of foot is seen, the birds find their way under bush and brake, and peck about beneath the fern and gorse—search the wood-stack, the corn-rick, and the hollow roots of trees—find something in the shelving bank and the bowery underwood, above which the snow lodges—while with the fluttering of their wings they shake off the flakes from the laden branches, like a shower of May-blossoms, to get at the few hawthorn-berries that still remain. In very severe weather, others, which are seldom seen excepting in their own wild haunts, throw off their natural shyness, and gather round the habitations of man. They approach the barn where the dusty thresher is at work, alight in the straw-yard amongst the cattle, hop and peck about the outhouses and stables, purloin the food that is given to the poultry, watching with keen eye until the owner is gone, then contending for the scattered grain even with the cock at the barn door. In the hedges that gird solitary lanes and by-roads, seldom traversed, saving when the team is driven afield during the hay and corn harvest, they nestle together and find food, while the armed furze on the treeless common affords them a home-like shelter. The countless millions of seeds which the autumn winds have sown broad-cast over the country—the grubs of insects, and many other sources, unknown as yet to man, furnish food for the birds in winter.

The little Titmouse rummages about the roofs of the

OUR BIRDIES IN WINTER.

cottages and farmhouses, for insects that have buried themselves in the warm thatch ; we see it hanging back downwards, pulling and tugging at the straw or reeds, and examining every inch it draws out beyond the eaves, while, quick as thought, its busy beak picks off and swallows the drowsy prey, before it has time to awake from its winter slumber. Beside rivers, streams, and unfrozen springs, the pretty Wagtail—that strides out like a grenadier on the march, instead of hopping like other little birds, whose motions appear as cramped as if their legs were tied together—is on the look-out for the least stir of insect-life, or almost anything in the shape of food. The Thristle and Blackbird—those hardy minstrels, that scarcely allow the struggling snowdrop to appear before they peep over the icy boundaries of winter, and sing sweetly about the primrose-coloured skies of the coming spring—now frequent the home-croft, the garden, and the orchard. We are startled by the loud rushing of their wings in almost every rural nook and outhouse in the country ; from cart and cow shed they dash by, and make their way to some neighbouring hedge or tree, until we are gone, when they hurry back again, in search of the food which they find most plentiful around our habitations. Many a meal do the wild Wood-pigeons now make out of the delicate hearts of winter-greens, and the tender ‘eye-bud’ of turnip-tops. Larks of all kinds are found everywhere—by the bleak breezy seashore, or as far inland as we like to go—the autumn-sown corn-fields are often covered with them. A flock of these

OUR BIRDIES IN WINTER.

larks go to work at a cornstack like housebreakers ; they have the roof or thatch off in no time. They do not stand pecking here and there, and darting in and out like the sparrows, but lay bare at once the rich ripe golden ears, and batten on the very heart of the plummy sheaves ; and there fifty feed like one, and make noise enough for a thousand. These robbers will never starve while there is a corn-rick in field or farmyard. Even this 'singer at heaven's gate' is in the winter of the earth earthy ; and whatever the poets may say about his picking up fragments of angel's songs in his soarings, when driven by hunger, he will pick up anything he can lay hold of, and even go the length of fighting his brother lark for possession of the booty.

The golden-crested Wren—the very smallest of all British birds, and which, when full grown, rarely weighs more than eighty grains—remains with us the year round, and survives the severity of our keenest winters. You look at him, and wonder how he manages to keep the life in his tiny body at this inclement season. But see him out in a field, wood, or fir plantation, and then you will confess that there is not a livelier little fellow in all the world of birds. He never seems at rest, but is always in motion, as if he found it necessary to stir constantly about to keep his bit of a body warm. You see him one minute pecking away at the fir-cones ; the next, he darts off into the thick-leaved ivy, as if to bury himself in the green and pleasant recollections of summer ; anon, his golden plumes are seen waving amid the crimson holly-berries, as if determined to see only what

OUR BIRDIES IN WINTER.

awakens agreeable associations, and to shut his little eyes to the dark and dreary side of everything. When we consider the labour of that fairy-bird in the breeding season, winter must come to it like a time of rest; for the journeys it has made during a day while feeding its young, have been noted by more than one naturalist, and found to average thirty-six in an hour, and to continue without cessation for sixteen-hours a day. What human mother ever undertook a greater labour for the support of her children, than this little golden-crested wren? The many miles it must have flown, and the weight of food it must have carried, for many days, must make the winter season one long holiday. Were all those little hungry bills agape now, all her motherly perseverance and affection could not save them from perishing.

But Robin-redbreast is the greatest favourite of winter birds: he brings with him the memory of the tears of childhood—the happiest tears we ever shed—of fallen leaves, and those ‘pretty babes,’ which his ancestors covered so ‘painfully;’ and while we think of the pious old ballad, we forget that he is the most pugnacious little songster that ever left footprint in the snow. The power of poetry has opened every heart and every hand for cock-robin; and he will never want while childish fingers are to be found to scatter crumbs on the frosted snow. Then he sings, too, as if he knew that he had got all the silence to himself, and that no other bird is there to ‘tootle’ into the cold ear of *Winter*. Like the minstrels of old, he pays for the food we give him in notes of song; and while you listen with closed

OUR BIRDIES IN WINTER.

eyes, you forget the waste of snow that lies around, and are away into a land hung over with the leaves of summer. Though the wind rumples and crumples his every feather, and blows them back with such force that you think they never can fall right again, he clings to the paling bravely; and if he has made up his mind, will have 'his sing out' in spite of wind, frost, or snow. He is as familiar to all as the snow in winter, that makes him a pensioner on our bounty.

Our wonder soon ceases when we cast our 'thinking eyes' over the out-of-doors world, and see the provision made by Providence for the Birds in Winter; and not only for such as abide with us all the year long, but also for the myriads of wild-fowl that wing their way to our lonely marshy meres, and inland rivers. That many of them find food which we at present are unacquainted with, is no marvel, seeing there is a hidden sustenance for those creatures which in the ears of God are never dumb. Numbers of birds swallow sand and pebbles without injury; and partially dissolved food has been found in our winter-birds, which was found to be earthy matter. We must still in many things inquire like Job of old: 'Who provideth the raven his food, when his young ones cry unto God?'

'Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.'

FEEDING THE DUCKS IN THE PARK.



LONDON boys and girls may know what this picture means; but as many of my young readers never were in the great city, I must tell them that at that end of London where the Queen and the rich people live, there are open grounds called Parks, where anybody may walk about.

For many years now the Kings or Queens of England have had their palaces near these parks. Two hundred years ago they lived in Whitehall Palace; one hundred years ago in St. James Palace and now in Buckingham Palace.

King Charles, two hundred years ago, was very fond walking into the Park every morning to feed the ducks in the ponds, and if any wanted to see the King, had only to go into the Park on a fine morning, and would soon see him.

FEEDING THE DUCKS IN THE PARK.

with his dogs at his heels, and a crowd of fine lords and ladies about him. He was very fond of feeding the ducks. I wish he had been as kind to many good people who were sent to prison in his days for worshipping God as they believed the Bible taught them.

But I must tell you that our Queen does not walk out into these parks now, for her majesty has private gardens, and walks, and ponds, and fountains, of her own.

The park in which are the ponds for the ducks is just before the Queen's Palace, but it is open every day for anybody to walk about in if they behave well and do no mischief. And this is quite right.

You must not think the ponds are like one which you see in a field, to which cows go to drink. There is a great deal of water which goes winding about like a narrow river among trees and bushes; and there are little islands on which are sheds into which the ducks go at night or in very cold weather for shelter, when there is snow on the ground or ice on the water. And there are men who are set to take care of them, who go to them in boats in summer, or walk over the ice to them in winter.

In summer time, it is quite a treat for London children to go with their father and mother on a fine evening into the park; and they always take care to carry with them some cakes or biscuits to break into small bits and throw on the water for the pretty creatures, who come swimming and quacking to pick them up, and so fast that you cannot help

THE CROCUS UNDER THE SNOW.

wondering at the clever way in which they manage to get every crumb you may give them.

There is often a fine scuffle among them as to which shall get the bits of cake first; and sometimes a big white swan with his long neck will come sailing in among them and try to drive them away, but they are saucy fellows, those ducks, and they will not give up their right to get their share of the spoil if they can help it. It is quite amusing to see how they dart about round the big bird, taking care however to keep out of the reach of his long neck lest he should lay hold of them with his sharp black bill. If any of you who live in the country should ever go to London, I would advise you to go and see the ducks in the park, but mind and take something for them to eat, or they wont quack and tell you how glad they are to see you.

THE CROCUS UNDER THE SNOW.

Down in my solitude under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me;
Here, without light to see how to grow,
I trust unto nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
Locked up in so gloomy a dwelling;
My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down,
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up with my little bright head;
And all will be joyful to see me.

THE LOST AND THE FOUND.

Then from my heart will young petals diverge,
As rays of the sun from their focus;
I from the darkness of earth will emerge,
A happy and beautiful Crocus!

Gaily arrayed in my yellow and green,
When to your view I have risen,
Will you not wonder how one so serene
Came up from so dismal a prison?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower
This little lesson may borrow—
Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
We come out the brighter to-morrow!

THE LOST AND THE FOUND.

you will know what I mean by the Lost and the Found when you have read what follows:

I once knew a YOUTH of sixteen, and the favourite of a large circle. He was my friend. We went together to the school-room—to the play-ground—to our chamber. I have seen him silently listening to the pleadings of paternal faithfulness, urging him to immediate repentance, and warning him by a brother's recent grave, of the danger of delay. He listened in silent and respectful attention, but the alluring pleasures of youth dazzled him, and he resolved to leave religion for a future day. One evening he met a circle of youthful acquaintance. It was a gay circle, and a thoughtless one. In the midst of their mirth, his eyes fell on a hymn-book. He opened it and read—

“And must this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?”

He laid down the book, and forgot its warning voice.

THE LOST AND THE FOUND.

Late that evening he came to my chamber, breathing short, like one who had been walking fast, and lay down by my side. After some time he turned to me, and said, "will you get up and give me a glass of water? I feel unwell." I arose and called the family. He was very ill, but not apparently in immediate danger. The next morning he was worse. A physician was called, but did not understand his case. Search was at length made, and it was found that, by mistake, he had taken a dose of deadly poison. The hand of death was then upon him. For three hours his body was writhing in agony, but that was forgotten in the more painful agonies of his soul. I heard his minister tell him of a merciful Saviour. I heard his father, kneeling by his bed-side, pour out to God the most agonising prayer for him that language could express. I heard his mother exclaim, "Oh my son! my son!" till she swooned and fell on the floor. I heard him, as he tossed from side to side, cry out, "O Lord, have mercy on me!—mercy! mercy! mercy! mercy!" and then reaching out his hands toward his father, he exclaimed, "Am I lost; am I lost! am I lost, father?"

His breath grew shorter, and his voice fainter, until raising his hands, as if he would cry "mercy" once more, he expired. Fifteen years have rolled away since I heard those cries of dying agony, but they ring in my ears now, as if it were but an hour. That look of sad despair is now in my eye, and my ear echoes with the heart-rending cry "Am I lost! am I lost! am I lost father?" How can I forget them? They came from the death-bed of my friend, and that friend my own beloved brother.

We dare not say that this unhappy youth was lost. We would rather indulge the hope that crying for mercy, as the expiring thief did on the cross, the gracious Saviour, whose mercy is boundless, would have mercy on him. But who among you,

THE LOST AND THE FOUND.

my young readers, would not shudder to die in such a state of dreadful despair, leaving your parents almost without hope of your salvation. How much better to die as this poor boy died.

THOMAS had lost his father by death, and now he was dying himself. His mother was a poor widow.

When I arrived at the house, the physician had just pronounced his disease to be beyond the reach of medicine. I went immediately to his chamber. He welcomed me with a sweet smile, and thanked me for coming to see him. That night I watched with him, and once or twice the dear child urged me to lie down and try to sleep. He appeared to suffer a great deal of pain, but did not once murmur. Towards morning he grew very restless, and as I bent over him, and expressed a wish to relieve him, he said: "Will you pray for me that I may be patient?" I offered up a short prayer, and when I had closed, he said: "What a comfort it is to pray! It seems to bring the Saviour close to me." When his mother came into the room soon after, he bade her good morning with a cheerful smile. Seeing tears in her eyes, he said: "Do not weep, dear mother; I am going to heaven, where I shall see my father again; and I am going to my dear Saviour too. I wish you could go with me; but it will only be a little while, and you will come too." After this he failed very fast, and when the physician came in, he said he could not live many hours. Thomas overheard him, and said: "I shall soon be with Jesus then." These were the last words he spoke. He motioned afterwards to kiss his mother, and when she asked him to raise his hand a little if he felt the Saviour was with him, he lifted it up, and smiled so sweetly; and he seemed to die with that very smile upon his face. When he drew his last breath, I did not so much mourn his loss as thank God for his safe and pleasant passage to a better world.

THE YOUNG INVITED TO THE SAVIOUR.

THE YOUNG INVITED TO THE SAVIOUR.

COME, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze :
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways ;
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer birds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast—
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,
Come, and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown ;
Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone :
Those who now bless thee will have passed for ever ;
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee ;
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be !

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die—
Ere the gay spell, which earth is round thee throwing,
Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky.
Life is but shadows, save a promise given,
Which lights up sorrow with a fadeless ray :
O, touch the sceptre :—with a hope in heaven—
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away.

Then will the crosses of this brief existence
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul,
And shining brightly in the forward distance
Will of thy patient race appear the goal ;
Home of the weary ! where in peace reposing,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss :
Though o'er its dust the curtained grave is closing,
Who would not early choose a lot like this ?

ENIGMAS.

ENIGMAS 32, 33, 34.

ame that I goby is very well known,
nlet or village, in city or town.
from me one letter, and still my
i name,
ite of this loss, will continue the
e;
from me two letters, and still you
see
recisely the same as before I shall

from me three letters, take six or
more,
ill I continue the same as before;
ob me of every letter I've got,
me you'll not shorten, or alter one
W. W.

WHAT is it man loves more than life,
Fears more than death or mortal strife;
A poor man has, a rich man wants,
A miser spends, a spendthrift saves,
And all men carry to their graves?
G. L.

WITHOUT my first I think it may
Be very safely reckon'd,
That no one would on foot attempt
To cross over my second.
And now I'll tell you one thing more,
To guess pray do your best,
I am a town in England,
And somewhere in the West.
J. F. A.

REPLIES.

n your Enigmas one morning in bed,
read them again till they puzzled
head:
it I found out "Thirty-two" was no
re
a *Postman*, who oftentimes knocks
ur door.

then "Thirty-three" I considered
h care.
soon I discover'd that *Nothing* was
re.

erty-four," I confess, did much puzzle
brain;
I it, and read it, again and again;
laid down the book, but very soon
w,
me into my head that it must be
[*Bridgewater*.
cater. K. N.

I now sit down to write to you
An answer if I can;
The Enigma, number "Thirty-two,"
I think is a *Postman*.

Your "Thirty-three," though it may seem
To some to be quite shocking,
Is neither more nor less, I deem,
Than nothing, nothing, *Nothing*.

Your "Thirty-four" a bridge must be,
And underneath the water,
Which put together we shall see
The town we call *Bridgewater*.
Newark. W. H. R.

First, "Thirty-two" a *Postman* is, I guess;
Nothing the next, and it could not be less;
The last *Bridgewater*, which all must
confess.
Parsonage, Staffordshire. S.

se are the best replies. Some made 32 the "*Post Office*." Others
made 34 into "*Chelsea*" or "*Stafford*."

DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

WE write these words two days after this mournful event, and whilst the whole nation is plunged in the deepest grief.

His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, better known by many as Prince Albert, was the excellent husband of our beloved Queen, who is now left a widow with nine fatherless children.

Ever since the marriage of the Queen and the Prince, both they and their children have usually enjoyed good health; and therefore the whole nation was surprised to hear one day that the Prince was seriously ill, and the next that he was dead! He died at Windsor Castle on Saturday evening, December 14, 1861, at ten minutes to eleven o'clock. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Princesses Alice and Helena, were with him when he died.

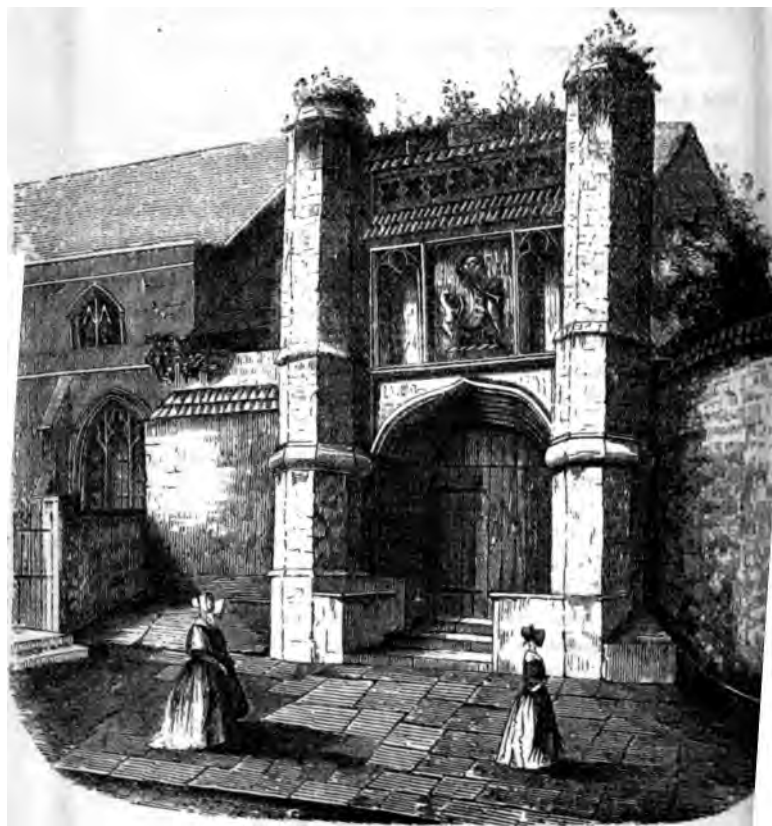
Her Majesty bore this severe stroke with calmness, and after the first burst of natural grief, gathered her children around her and talked to them about the sad event.

We intend to give you a brief history of the life of this amiable Prince. What a solemn lesson does his almost sudden removal teach us of the frailty and vanity of human life! How it brings to our mind those solemn words which will soon be read over his lifeless remains—"In the midst of life we are in death;" at that solemn admonition of holy writ—"Be ye also ready, for such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

And this awful event speaks in loud tones to the Ruler the earth—

* Princes! this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The grave, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lay as low as ours."





GATEWAY OF WOLSEY'S COLLEGE, IPSWICH.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

THOSE of our young friends who have read the history of England will remember the name of Cardinal Wolsey, who, like many other Englishmen, rose from out of the ranks of the people to fill offices of the highest dignity and power, next only to the Sovereign himself.

Thomas Wolsey was born at Ipswich, in the year 1471. It is said, though some doubt it, that he was the son of a butcher; but he must have been a man of respectability and intelligence, for he sent his son to Magdalen College, Oxford, to complete his education.

The great civil war in England between the houses of York and Lancaster, called the battle of the white and red roses, had been brought to an end through the overthrow and death of Richard III. at Bosworth Field, near Leicester, by the Earl of Richmond, who became Henry VII. Wolsey, who was a young man of good attainments, fine personal appearance, and graceful demeanour, was recommended to the king, who made him one of his Chaplains, and Dean of Lincoln.

He was now in the way of advancement. When Henry VIII. came to the throne on the death of his father, Wolsey was introduced to the new king, who received him into favour. He now made rapid progress; became bishop of Lincoln, archbishop of York, a cardinal, and chancellor to the king. He could climb *no higher in England*, and so

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

he sought to be made Pope of Rome, but this elevation he could not reach.

While enjoying these high dignities under Royal favour, he lived in princely style. Not even the king himself came out before the people with more grandeur. He lived in palaces, dressed in the most splendid and costly apparel, and had a large retinue of followers.

"At length a bull appointed him legate of the holy see, and placed under his jurisdiction all the colleges, monasteries, spiritual courts, bishops, and the primate himself. From that time, as lord-chancellor of England and legate, Wolsey administered everything in church and state. He filled his coffers with money procured both at home and abroad, and yielded without restraint to his dominant vices, ostentation and pride. Whenever he appeared in public, two priests, the tallest and comeliest that could be found, carried before him two huge silver crosses, one to mark his dignity as archbishop, the other as papal legate. Chamberlains, gentlemen, pages, sergeants, chaplains, choristers, clerks, cup-bearers, cooks, and other domestics, to the number of more than 500, among whom were nine or ten lords and the stateliest yeomen of the country, filled his palace. He generally wore a dress of scarlet velvet and silk, with hat and gloves of the same colour. His shoes were embroidered with gold and silver, inlaid with pearls and precious stones."

But just as the good old Book tells us, so it was with Wolsey—"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

spirit before a fall." And perhaps there have been but few instances of the truth of these words than in the fall of this proud man.

The king himself was a base and cruel tyrant, very changeable in his temper and his tastes; and the power and pride of Wolsey had excited the envy and hatred of the nobles, who could not bear that the "butcher's son" should rule over them. So they plotted his ruin. The king took from him the seals of office in 1529, his property was seized, and he was disgraced, but not then brought to trial. These were the first steps downward of this "great child of honour."

He now retired to Cawood castle, in Yorkshire, and the next year was arrested for high treason against the king by the Earl of Northumberland. D'Aubigne thus describes what followed:—

"The unhappy man was conducted to Sheffield Park, the residence of the Earl of Shrewsbury. Some days after his arrival, the faithful Cavendish ran to him, exclaiming, 'Good news, my lord! Sir William Kingston and twenty-four of the guard are come to escort you to his majesty.'—'Kingston!' exclaimed the cardinal, turning pale, 'Kingston!' and then slapping his hand on his thigh, he heaved a deep sigh. 'This news had crushed his mind. One day a fortune-teller, whom he consulted, had told him: *You shall have your end at Kingston*; and from that time the cardinal had carefully avoided the town of Kingston-on-Thames. But now he thought he understood the prophecy. Kingston,

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constable of the Tower, was about to cause his death. They left Sheffield Park; but fright had given Wolsey his death-blow. Several times he was near falling from his mule, and on the third day, when they reached Leicester abbey, he said as he entered: 'Father abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you;' and immediately took to his bed. This was on Saturday, the 26th of November.

On Monday morning, tormented by gloomy forebodings, Wolsey asked what was the time of day. 'Past eight o'clock,' replied Cavendish.—'That cannot be,' said the cardinal, 'eight o'clock—No! for by eight o'clock you shall lose your master.' At six on Tuesday, Kingston having come to inquire about his health, Wolsey said to him: 'I shall not live long.'—'Be of good cheer,' rejoined the governor of the Tower.—'Alas! Master Kingston,' exclaimed the cardinal, 'if I had served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs!' and then he added with downcast head: 'This is my just reward.' What a judgment upon his own life!

On the very threshold of eternity (for he had but a few minutes more to live) the cardinal summoned up all his hatred against the Reformation, and made a last effort. The persecution was too slow to please him: 'Master Kingston,' he said, 'attend to my last request: tell the king that I conjure him in God's name to destroy this new pernicious sect of Lutherans.' And then, with astonishing

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presence of mind in this his last hour, Wolsey described the misfortunes which the Hussites had, in his opinion, brought upon Bohemia; and then, coming to England, he recalled the times of Wickliffe and Sir John Oldcastle. He grew animated; his dying eyes yet shot forth fiery glances. He trembled lest Henry VIII., unfaithful to the pope, should hold out his hand to the Reformers. 'Master Kingston,' said he, in conclusion, 'the king should know that if he tolerates heresy, God will take away his power, and we shall then have mischief upon mischief—barrenness, scarcity, and disorder, to the utter destruction of this realm.'

Wolsey was exhausted by the effort. After a momentary silence, he resumed with a dying voice: 'Master Kingston, farewell! my time draweth on fast. Forget not what I have said and charged you withal; for when I am dead ye shall peradventure understand my words better.' It was with difficulty he uttered these words; his tongue began to falter, his eyes became fixed, his sight failed him; he breathed his last. At the same minute the clock struck eight, and the attendants standing round his bed looked at each other in affright. It was the 29th of November, 1530.

Thus died the man once so much feared. Power had been his idol: to obtain it in the state, he had sacrificed the liberties of England; and to win it or to preserve it in the church, he had fought against the Reformation. Ambitious, intriguing, and impure of life, he had been as zealous for the priestly prerogative as the austere Becket; and by a singular contrast, a *shirt of hair* was found on the

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body of this voluptuous man. The aim of his life had been to raise the papal power higher than it had ever been before, at the very moment when the Reformation was attempting to bring it down. He had desired at least to save the popedom in his own country; but here again he had failed. The pilot who had stood in England at the helm of the Romish church was thrown overboard, and the ship, left to itself, was about to founder. And yet, even in death, he did not lose his courage. The last throbs of his heart had called for victims; the last words from his failing lips, the last message to his master, his last testament had been—Persecution."

But what did that mean about "*eight o'clock!*" It is supposed that he had taken a slow poison that would complete its work just at that hour!

Thus died this bold bad man, who persecuted the saints of God, and to his dying day did his utmost, when popery was just about to fall in England, to exalt it to greater power than it had ever known. But he fell as he deserved; and blessed be God, after a few more brief struggles, popery fell too, never, we hope, to rise again in England.

To uphold popery, Wolsey founded several schools of learning and lectureships, especially the college of Christ Church, Oxford, and the Collegiate school at Ipswich, his native town, of which nothing now remains but the gateway as seen in the picture. The establishment once covered six acres of ground, and was endowed with ample revenues, but the king seized all.

THE MARE AND HER FOAL.



THE MARE AND HER YOUNG FOAL.

LIONS, tigers, and bears! Some young people would rather read tales about such wild animals than about sheep, or cows, or horses. But they should not forget that such savage beasts as lions, tigers, and bears, are of little or no use to man, and often do him great harm; while sheep, and cows, and horses, are a *great blessing* to him. Hence

ANOTHER ADVENTURE WITH A GREAT SERPENT.

instant I instinctively grasped my gun, which was lying loaded beside me. The reptile, apparently disturbed by my motion (I conceive it had previously, from my inertness, taken me for a dead carcase), drew its head below the level of the canoe. I had just sufficient time to raise myself half up, pointing the muzzle of my piece in the direction of the serpent, when its neck and head again appeared moving backwards and forwards, as if in search of the object it had lost. The muzzle of my gun was within a yard or two of it: my finger was on the trigger: I fired, and it received the shot in its head. Rearing up part of its body into the air with an horrible hiss, which made my blood run cold—and, by its contortions, displaying to my sight a great part of its enormous bulk, which had hitherto escaped my notice—it seemed ready to throw itself upon me, and to embrace me in its monstrous coils. Dropping my gun, by a single stroke of the paddles I made the canoe shoot up the stream out of his reach. Just as I was escaping, I could observe that the shot had taken effect, for blood was beginning to drop from its head. But the wound appeared rather to have enraged than subdued him. Unfortunately, all my shot was expended, otherwise I would most certainly, at a respectable distance, have given him a salutation of the same kind as I had just bestowed. All that I have described passed in a much shorter time than I have taken up in recounting it.

“As I went up the stream with all the velocity I could impart to the canoe, I heard the reeds, among which the animal was apparently taking refuge, crashing under its

ANOTHER ADVENTURE WITH A GREAT SERPENT.

weight. I never once thought of the lines I had left; but hurrying as fast as the canoe would go through the water, I was not long in reaching the landing-place below my friend's house. Hastily mooring the canoe, I jumped ashore, and hurried up to the house, where you may be certain I lost no time in communicating the almost miraculous escape I had made, and the wound I had inflicted on the animal. 'In that case,' said Mr. H., 'it cannot escape; we must immediately go in search of it; and instantly summoning Cæsar (a black servant), he told him to get the guns ready, and to bring two of his fellows with him. 'If you choose to assist us in finishing the adventure you have begun, and to have a second encounter with your new antagonist, we shall show you some of the best and most dangerous sport our country affords.' I protested that nothing was farther from my intention than staying behind, and added, that had not my shot been expended, we should not have parted on so easy terms. 'In general,' said he, 'It is very dangerous to attack them at close quarters after being wounded, as they become extremely infuriated; and there are not wanting instances in which life has been sacrificed by doing so. But we now take such precaution in approaching them, that it is next to impossible that any accident can happen.' Just as he finished saying this, Cæsar reappeared, himself armed with a club; one of those who followed him carrying a weapon of the same kind, while the other was armed with a weapon similar to a billhook. This, Mr. H. told me, was to clear a road among the reeds, if the *animal* should have retreated

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among them; the club being reckoned the best instrument for a close encounter. We were soon seated in the canoes, and gliding down the stream as fast as a couple of pairs of brawny arms could urge us. In a short time we reached the spot where my adventure had happened. The small part of the bank not covered with reeds bore, from its sanguine hue, evident proof that the wound the animal had received could not have been slight. Exactly opposite this the reeds were crushed and broken, and a sort of passage was formed among them, so wide, that a man could with little difficulty enter. My friend commanded a halt, to see that the arms were in proper order. All being right, we listened attentively, in order to hear if there was any noise which might direct us to our enemy. No sound, however, was heard. One of the negroes entered first, clearing with his billhook whatever obstructed our way. He was followed by Mr. H. and myself with our guns; while Caesar and his fellow-servant brought up the rear. The reeds were in general nearly double our height, and at the same time pretty close. However, we easily made our way through them, partly assisted by the track which the serpent had evidently made.

"We had penetrated, I should suppose, about thirty yards, when the fellow who was in advance gave the alarm that we were close upon the animal. Mr H. ordered him behind, and advancing along with me, we saw through the reeds part of the body of the monster coiled up, and part of it stretched out; but owing to their thickness, its head was

ANOTHER ADVENTURE WITH A GREAT SERPENT.

invisible. Disturbed, and irritated by our approach, it appeared, from its movements, about to turn and assail us. We had our guns ready, and just as we caught a glimpse of its head we fired, both of us almost at the same moment. From the obstruction of the reeds, all our shot could not have taken effect; but what did take effect seemed to be sufficient: for it fell, hissing, and rolling itself into a variety of contortions. Even yet it was dangerous to approach it. But Cæsar, who seemed to possess a great deal of coolness and audacity, motioning his master and me not to fire again in the direction of the animal, forced a way through the reeds at one side, and, making a kind of circuit, came in before it, and succeeded in hitting it a violent blow, which completely stunned it; and a few repetitions of this gave us the victory. We could now examine the creature with safety. On measuring it, we found it to be nearly forty feet in length, and of proportional thickness. Mr. H. informed me that it was the largest he had seen killed, although he had often seen others under circumstances which convinced him that they must have been of a far greater size."

We cannot help wondering, on reading tales like these, that men dare encounter such monsters. But we must caution our young readers against a greater, "that old serpent, which is the devil," who is also described "as a roaring lion, walking about, seeking whom he may devour." He tempted our first parents to sin against God, and he tempts men to sin now. But he cannot hurt you if you resist him with the word of God, which is *the sword of the Spirit*.



WORSHIP OF SERPENTS.

WORSHIP OF SERPENTS.

CHRISTIAN Missionaries have discovered that in some parts of the world the dark and superstitious people, like the Gentiles mentioned by the apostle Paul, sacrifice to devils and not to God. They have an idea that the Evil Spirit can do them harm, and so they seek to bribe him to let them alone. And this idea is extended to the wild animals, and especially to venomous serpents.

The picture represents a Hindoo woman, with her husband and children behind her, all in the attitude of prayer, beseeching a serpent to accept an offering of new milk, which she has set before the reptile in bowls for its acceptance; and a missionary, from the verandah of his house, is watching their proceedings.

Ought we not to pity the deluded men and women who bring up their children to fear and reverence the most hateful and poisonous creature in all creation—a creature that God cursed above all the beasts of the field; and ought we not to do all we can to teach them better? Missionaries are gone to teach them to fear the great God, and to love that great Saviour who made himself an offering for sin. Ought we not to pray that God would bless them, that by schools, and bibles, and good books, and talking wisely and kindly to them, they may be turned from the power of *Satan* unto God? Be sure you do all you can, now while you are young, and all your life, to help this great and good work—the greatest and best work in *all the world*.

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE IN AUTUMN.

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE IN AUTUMN.

GREAT YARMOUTH.

YARMOUTH in Norfolk is called Great Yarmouth, to distinguish it from another Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight, a much smaller place. Having made this explanation I shall always in future leave out the word "Great" in what I have to tell you of Yarmouth in Norfolk.

First, then, let me say that it is a large place, with, I believe, between thirty and forty thousand inhabitants. It is a borough, and sends two members to Parliament. The day next to that on which I was here before they sent a gentleman whom I have known from his youth; who was afterwards sent as member for Nottingham. He was a barrister, and a short time ago was made a judge—another instance how industry and integrity in England help a man up into a high position.

The old town—for in our country the towns in which employment can be found are so enlarged that the new parts can easily be distinguished from the old—the old town, I say, is built on the side and summit of a gentle hill that rises between the river and the sea. This river is called the Yare, which rises somewhere beyond Norwich, runs through that city, and then twists and twines along through low and marshy grounds to this place, and empties itself into the sea about a mile below the town; and hence the name of the town, which signifies the mouth of the Yare, or Yarmouth.

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE IN AUTUMN.

But about this old town. I question if we could find one other town in all England built on the same plan. The river near the town runs almost from north to south, up which vessels from the sea come with the tides. Three or four streets are built at a distance from each other on the side of the hill in the same direction, and then between these streets are long narrow passages open at each end, called "rows," but which some would call yards. The backs of the houses in one row meet the backs of the houses in another row, and so they are all wedged as closely together as possible. Why they were so built at first I cannot tell, except to keep off the north-east winds from the sea. This they may do, but they keep out the sunshine too. In winter they must be very dull and dark, and in summer very unhealthy. Besides they have such a *fishy* smell.

Having mentioned fishy, I cannot now tell you that the sea is the great workshop of Yarmouth, not its *manufactory*, but the great natural depôt out of which hundreds of men and boys fetch millions of fish, chiefly herrings, and send them off by rails to supply every grocer's shop in the kingdom. But I must tell you more about this great herring fishery another time.

The new part of the town is on the other side of the hill, descending down easily to the sea-shore. Nearly all this ground is now built over with spacious streets of good houses. For about a mile along the shore, not far from the water, is a wide carriage drive and footpaths; and facing

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE IN AUTUMN.

the sea many terraces of large houses, public buildings, and hotels, which, being all white, and in one long line, give Yarmouth a beautiful aspect from the vessels which pass by on the sea.

There are three piers stretching out into the water. The old one in the centre is of wood. The other two, one at each end of the long carriage drive, are of stone, and a charge is made for walking upon them. The old pier is open to any one; among our pictures we have found a



little one which may give you an idea of it.

There are many handsome churches and chapels in Yarmouth. At the north end of the market-place, which is one of the largest in England, is the parish church, a noble old building, with its extensive burial grounds, to which a cemetery, of several adjoining acres, one part for churchmen and another for dissenters, has lately been added. As in other sea-port burial places, many of the grave-stones tell us that the departed was a "captain" or a "mariner." Stones are also erected for many who, we are told, were "drowned at sea."

Beside the parish church there are several others; one a mariner's church; near the shore, is a new building, very clean and neat, and even tasty in its internal fittings, but savouring too much of what is now called "Puseyism." We

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE IN AUTUMN.

could not help wondering what some of the rough and hardy sailors, who don't like "gammon," think of some of its papistical decorations.

Then there are dissenting chapels for Independents, Wesleyans, Baptists of both sections, Countess of Huntingdon's, and Primitive and Reform Methodists. Some of these are new and spacious, in good situations; and some, the more ancient, like the baptist places, are out of sight in the "rows." It has been noticed by writers on British church history that Yarmouth, in the days of the persecuting Tudors and Stuarts, from its secluded position on our eastern shore, and the opportunities it afforded for embarking to Holland, was a place to which puritan and nonconformist preachers frequently resorted until they could escape, and to which they first returned when better days arrived.

Facing the carriage drive on the shore are two noble buildings, handsome in appearance, and excellent in purpose. I refer to the "Sailor's Home" and the "Life Boat House," two important institutions in any sea-side port, and especially at Yarmouth, on whose shifting and therefore dangerous sands so many vessels are frequently wrecked and lost. Directly the boatmen on shore know that one has struck the sands, night or day, except the storm is so strong that it would be madness to venture, the manly fellows drag out the life-boat, leap into her, and pull away to the rescue with a will and a power that would make you wonder how they dare. And if they succeed in reaching the ship and bringing off the dripping and almost drowning

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE IN AUTUMN.

crew, they bring them to the "Sailor's Home," where all is done that can be to restore and comfort them. And the best of all is that it is no matter to what nation the shipwrecked sailors belong, all are treated with the same kind attention. These "Life Boats" and "Sailors Homes" are an honour to our country, and deserve universal support.

Sailors, like colliers, have great sympathy for their companions in danger, for they know what it is to be in such peril; and the courage and daring they display in going out to their help is truly wonderful. True, they are rewarded if they succeed, and this may prompt some to venture; but we believe that sympathy for the sufferers is the ruling motive with our bold and tender-hearted seamen, who, in this humane and godlike service, will do deeds of daring that no money could purchase. How their noble conduct reminds us of those well-known lines of Dr. Watts:—

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.
Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
O! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak."

JOSEPH GARIBALDI, THE ITALIAN PATRIOT.

Many of the life-boat men know all about the love of Christ in coming to save us, and having faith in Him who hushed the waves of the lake of Galilee, have more confidence in his power to aid and protect them or receive their spirits should they perish in the attempt.

I must leave off now; but I have more to tell you.

JOSEPH GARIBALDI, THE ITALIAN PATRIOT,

HIS YOUTH AS A SAILOR.

"Oh! spring, youth of the year! Oh! youth, spring-time of life! How all things are pictured in beauty by the sun of spring and of Youth!" exclaimed Garibaldi in riper years, when he sat down to write a sketch of his own wonderful life. Born under the splendid rays of an Italian sun, no wonder that its spring-time glories reminded him of his own youthful days, so full of vivacious life and energy. But he was a child of the sea. Hear how he writes of the first vessel in which he sailed over the purple waters of the Mediterranean.

"Oh! beautiful *Costanza*, the first vessel in which I ploughed the sea. Thy strong sides, thy lofty light masting, thy spacious deck, all, even to the female bust which leant over her prow, will remain for ever engraved in my memory by the ineffaceable burin of my young imagination! How gracefully, beautiful and *dear Costanza*, did your crew—the

true type of our intrepid Ligurians—bend to their oars! With what joy did I venture upon the balcony to listen to their popular songs and their harmonious choruses! They sang songs of love; no one taught them any other, then; however insignificant they might be, they affected, they delighted me. Oh! if those songs had been for our country, they would have exalted me! But who, then, could have told them, at that period, that there was an Italy? Who, then, could have taught them that we had a country to set free? No, no; we were brought up and grew like Jews in the belief that life had but one aim: to get money.

And at the time, when I was viewing so joyously, from the street, the vessel in which I was going to embark, my mother was preparing my travelling equipments, weeping over them.

But it was my vocation to traverse the seas; my father had opposed it as strongly as he could. The wish of that excellent man was that I should follow a less dangerous and more peaceable career; he would have had me become a priest, advocate, or physician; but my persistence prevailed; his love gave way before my juvenile obstinancy, and I embarked on board the brigantine *la Costanza*, Captain Angelo Pesante—the boldest sea commander I have ever known.

I made my first voyage to Odessa; my second voyage was to Rome, but this time with my father; he had had so much uneasiness during my first absence, that he had resolved, as I would absolutely travel, it should be with him.

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We went on board his own *tartane*, the *Sancta Reparata*. To Rome! what joy to go to Rome! What else was Rome to me, a fervent admirer of antiquity, but the capital of the world? A dethroned queen! but her immense, gigantic, sublime ruins, from which issues a luminous spectre, the memory of all that is great in the past.

For some time I made coasting voyages with my father; then I went to Cagliari, on board the brigantine *l'Enea*, Captain Joseph Gervino.

During this voyage I was witness of a frightful occurrence, which made an eternal impression upon my mind. On our return from Cagliari, when off Cape Nolè, we were sailing in company with several other vessels, among which was a beautiful Catalan felucca. After two or three days of fine weather, we felt a few puffs of that wind which our sailors call the *Lybieno*, because, before arriving at the Mediterranean, it has passed over the Libyan deserts. Under its breath the sea was not long in rising, and it soon began to blow so furiously, that it drove us, in spite of ourselves, upon Vado. The Catalan felucca of which I have spoken, began by behaving admirably, and I do not hesitate to say that there was not one among us who, judging what the weather would be by what it already was, would not have preferred being on board the felucca than in his own vessel. But the poor craft was doomed soon to present us with a painful spectacle; a terrible wave struck her, and in an instant we saw nothing but a few miserable wretches upon her sloping deck; holding out their hands imploringly

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to us ; but who were speedily swept away by a wave still more terrible than the first. The catastrophe took place, and it was impossible for us to succour the unfortunate castaways. The other barks which followed us were equally unable to assist them. Nine individuals of the same family perished thus miserably before our eyes. A few tears fell from the eyes of the most hardened, but were soon dried by the feeling of our own danger. But, the other vessels arrived safely at Vado. From Vado, I sailed for Genoa, and from Genoa I returned to Nice.

Then I commenced a series of voyages in the Levant, during which we were three times taken and plundered by the same pirates. The thing happened twice in the same voyage, which made them furious on the second capture, as they found nothing to take. It was in these attacks that I began to be familiarized with danger."

For several years he pursued his course as a sailor ; but hearing that an attempt was about to be made to deliver Italy from its oppressors, he joined in the enterprize ; but it failed, and he fled ; plunged into a rapid river and swam across ; was seized by soldiers, and taken into an upper room ; the window was open, he leaped out and escaped. Guided by the sun, and by the stars, he one night reached a village Inn, wearied and hungry, told them who he was, the landlord said he must arrest him, Garibaldi only laughed at him, and no more came of it. Passing on he reached the sea-port of Marseilles, in France, where, finding that he was condemned to death as a rebel, he changed his name,

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and went several voyages to Odessa. At length he entered a vessel sailing for Rio Janeiro, in South America.

But we must mention two other facts related by Garibaldi, which took place whilst he was in Marseilles, and which serve to shew the generous spirit of this young Italian. He says :—" One Sunday, about five o'clock, standing near a back window, with the captain, I followed with my eyes, on the quay St. Ann, a collegian out on holiday, who was amusing himself with jumping from bark to bark, when all at once his foot slipped, he uttered a loud cry, and fell into the water.

I was dressed quite in my best ; but at the sight of the accident, hearing the cry of the boy, and seeing him disappear, I sprang out, dressed and booted as I was, into the basin of the port. I dived twice in vain ; the third time I was fortunate enough to seize my collegian under the arm, and bring him to the surface of the water. When once there, I had not much trouble in pushing him to the quay ; an immense crowd was already assembled there, and hailed me with applauses and bravos. He was a youth of about fourteen, named Joseph Rambaud. The tears of joy and the benedictions of his mother paid me amply for the bath I had taken. As I saved his life under the name of Joseph Pane, it is probable, if he still lives, he has never known the true name of his preserver.

I made my third voyage to Odessa, on board the *Union* ; then, on my return, I embarked on board a frigate of the bey of Tunis. I left it in the port of the Gouletta, and

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came back in a Turkish brig. On my return I found Marseilles in nearly the same state as M. de Belzunce saw it in during the black plague of 1720. The cholera was just breaking out fearfully. Everybody except the physicians and the Sisters of Charity had deserted Marseilles. Every one was at his bastide (a small country house); the city bore the aspect of a vast cemetery.

The physicians demanded *benevoles*—it is known that that is the name given in hospitals to voluntary assistants. I offered myself, at the same time with a young Triestain who came from Tunis with me. We took our places in the hospital, and watched by turns. This service lasted a fortnight.

At the end of that period, as the intensity of the cholera began to diminish, finding I had an opportunity for placing myself, and by placing myself of seeing fresh countries, I engaged as second on board the brig *Nautonnier* of Nantes, Captain Beauregard, just setting sail for Rio Janeiro, in South America.

Many of my friends have told me that I was more a poet than anything else. I am no poet; but if to pass hours in seeking in the azure depths of the waters the mysteries of submarine vegetations; to remain in an ecstasy before the bay of Rio Janeiro, of Naples, or of Constantinople; to dream of filial tenderness, childish remembrances, or early love, amidst balls and bullets, without thinking that your dream may terminate by having your head broken or an arm carried away, make a poet,—then, I am a poet.

THE ITALIAN PATRIOT.

I remember perfectly well that one night in the last war, worn out with fatigue, not having slept for two nights, having scarcely been off my horse's back for two days, watching Urban and his twelve thousand men with my forty horse and a thousand men, armed in all ways, following a little path on the other side of Mont Orfano, with Colonel Turr and five or six men, I stopped all on a sudden, forgetting fear and danger, to listen to the song of a nightingale. It was night, moonlight, and splendid weather. The bird shook out upon the wind his chaplet of harmonious notes, and it appeared to me as I listened to this little friend of my early days, that I felt a beneficent and regenerate dew shower down upon me. They who surrounded me believed that I hesitated as to the road we should follow, that I was listening if there were not the grumbling noise of distant cannons or thought I heard the steps of horses resounding on the high road. No, I was listening to the song of the nightingale, which I had not heard for perhaps ten years, and the ecstasy lasted not only till those who were with me had repeated—"General, there is the enemy!" but until the enemy himself having said—"Here am I," by firing upon us, did he put the nocturnal charmer to flight, or stop me from listening to his song."

We have now told you of the boyhood and youth of Garibaldi. In one more chapter we must try to tell you what he has since done to break the power of tyrants, and bring the blessings of civil and religious liberty to the people of Italy.

MOUNT CALVARY.

MOUNT CALVARY.

MOUNT of horrors! Calvary!
Where, on the accursed tree
Christ his life a ransom gave,
Man's rebellious race to save.

Ah! 'tis done!—upon the wood,
Crimson'd with his sacred blood,
There he hangs the thieves between,
He of meek, majestic mien,
He, his Father's image pure,
Sin's demerit to endure!

CHRIST has bow'd his sacred head,
And seeks the regions of the dead.
As I contemplate the sight,
Shrinks my spirit with affright;
Trembles all my soul within,
Conscious of that blackest sin!
Well might heaven its light withdraw!
Well might earth recoil with awe!
Well the temple's veil might rend!
Well the wondering dead ascend,
Startled by the daring deed
Which doom'd the Lord of life to bleed!

He who on the cross I view,
Oh! 'twas I—'twas I that slew:
I transpierc'd him, mock'd him, spurn'd;
I such love with hate return'd!
Spirit, that can'st bid them flow,
Touch the springs of holy woe!

MOUNT CALVARY.

Let mine eyes as fountains be,
Pouring tears incessantly,
Like a deluge, down my cheek,
Break this flinty heart, oh break !

Mount of wonders ! Calvary !
When I fix my gaze on thee,
Adoration fills my soul ;
Mysteries round thy summit roll,
Angel's ken can never pierce,
Nor Archangel's power disperse.

Mount of triumph ! Calvary !
What effulgence beams from thee !
How my night is turned to day—
How my fears are chased away—
How my fainting heart grows bold
When thy glories I behold !

Yes ; redemption is complete !
Trampled 'neath Messiah's feet,
Sin and death for ever lie ;—
He hath won the victory ;
And the captor's captive led—
He hath bruised the serpent's head.

Who shall my accuser be,
Lord, if I am found in thee ?
Till the hour when over death
Exulting with my latest breath,
Prompt me with this mortal tongue
To thy praise to pour my song,
Which, with all the ransomed throng,
Eternally may I prolong !

MY FATHER'S VOICE!

MY FATHER'S VOICE!

"This is the way, walk ye in it."—Isaiah xxx. 21.

"My Father, thou art the guide of my youth,"—Jeremiah iii. 4.

"Is this the way, my Father?"—"Tis, my child,
Thou must pass through the tangled, dreary wild,
If thou would'st reach the city undefiled,—
Thy peaceful home above.

"But enemies are round!"—"Yes, child, I know
That where thou thinkest not may be a foe,
But, victor thou shalt prove o'er all below,—
Only, seek strength above.

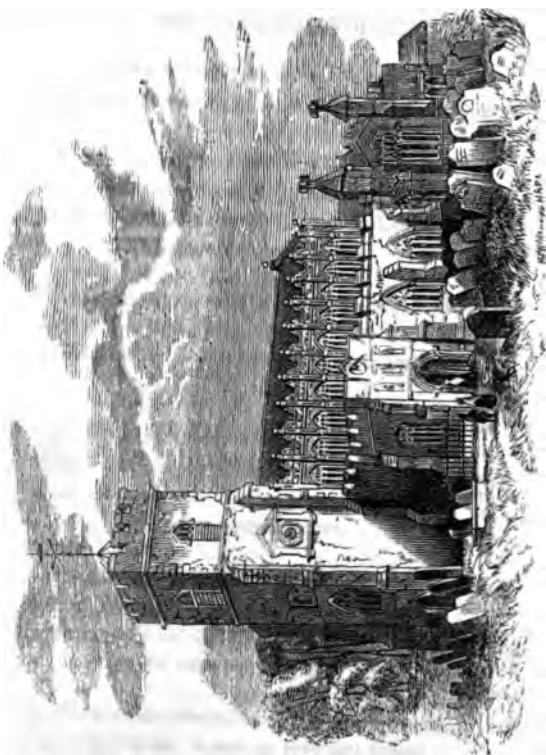
"My Father, it is dark."—Child, take my hand;
Cling close to me,—I'll lead thee through the land;
Trust my all-seeing care, so shalt thou stand
'Midst glory bright above.

"My footsteps seem to slide."—Child, only raise
Thine eye to me, then in these slippery ways
I will hold up thy goings; thou shalt praise
Me for each step above.

"O Father, I'm weary!"—Child, lean thy head
Upon my breast; it was my love that spread
Thy rugged path; hope on till I have said
"Rest,—rest for aye above."

J. B. M.





THE OLD PARISH CHURCH AND GRAVEYARD.

THE OLD PARISH CHURCH AND GRAVEYARD.

He who writes this need not tell his young readers whether he goes to worship God in what is called a "church" or in what is called a "chapel." What he has now to do is, to say something about one of those ancient stone buildings called a "church," like that in the picture, with its graves and gravestones.

The oldest English parish churches were built as many as a thousand years ago; but most of them were erected before the English Reformation from popery. Since then many, more handsome and convenient, have been built, especially during the past sixty years.

When visiting any town or village, if I have an hour or two to spare, I am almost sure to try to find my way into the old church and its graveyard. I am fond of looking at the ancient monuments on the inside walls of the building, and of wandering about among the oldest of the gravestones outside to spell out the names of the sleepers, and when they "Departed this Life." There is something of a history of the "spirit and manners" of the different centuries to be found on such monuments.

Sometimes I find a number of gravestones with different dates but the same names—families clustering together in their graves as they once clustered around the same fire-side. The far greater part have no monumental record, no rough stone—

"With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked."

THE OLD PARISH CHURCH AND GRAVEYARD.

But no matter; they all now sleep in peace, waiting the coming of Him who is the "Resurrection and the Life."

I have been pleased to observe a great improvement in the epitaphs of late years, both in graveyards and cemeteries. Instead of old doggerel lines, repeated again and again without discrimination, we have, what is far better, an appropriate passage of holy writ, or a suitable verse from a well-known hymn.

In our new cemetery I have observed that the papists are mostly buried near each other. On their gravestones is a figure of a cross and the words—

"In your Charity
Pray for the soul of—"

This reminds me of an old Englishman, who, above eight hundred years ago, seemed to have treated such superstition with contempt, for he is said to have left these lines for his gravestone—

"Pray for the soul of Gabriel John,
Who died in the year a thousand and one.
You may if you will, or let it alone:
It is all one to Gabriel John,
Who died in the year a thousand and one."

I hope all my young readers are better taught than to imagine that praying for the souls of the departed can be of any advantage to them. Now while we live we must come to the Father and pray for ourselves that he will for Christ's sake forgive us our sins. Then shall we be prepared for death and the grave—for judgment and eternity.

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE IN AUTUMN.

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE IN AUTUMN.

ABOUT SOME THINGS I SAW THERE.

It has usually been my custom, when visiting the sea shore, to have some companions with me, and especially *one*; but, as I have told you, this time circumstances compelled me to go alone; and on that account I did not enjoy my trip so much as I should have done.

But I mostly found something to do and to see. Before breakfast, as my humble but comfortable lodgings were near the shore, I mostly took a walk down to the old pier; where, walking up and down it, I could breathe the fresh sea-air, and watch the big waves as they came rolling in, dashing against the old timbers of the pier until they made them shake, or throwing their boiling white foam with useless fury on the sands. But when observing the breadth and height of such waves, and the weight of force they bring with them, I did not wonder that they were powerful enough to dislodge the largest stones in any breastwork of masonry built to oppose them.

I always prefer having a bathe in the sea for a few minutes before breakfast, but all the time I was at Yarmouth the wind and waves were so strong that, as I am now more than half-way between sixty and seventy, I did not think it right to venture. So I came home again, as I never did before from *the sea-side*, without having one dip

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE IN AUTUMN.

in the salty waters. I did not like this I confess, but I found that I must submit to what I felt to be a disappointment.

After breakfast I mostly employed myself in doing work for you, by sitting and writing, and then sending off by post, something to be printed for you to read. This being done, I again walked down to the shore, where there was always something going on to attract my attention, and very different from what I am in the habit of seeing at home.

Sometimes a small boat would come in from one of the larger fishing vessels lying out in the roads; and this boat would be laden with strong chests, which, I expect, were filled with fish, perhaps herrings, from the vessel. Then a man with a long narrow dray, drawn by one horse, would come down close to the water, and the men in the boat would bring the chests out of the boat and stack up as many on the dray as the horse could draw up into the town.

One morning, a foreign vessel, either a Dutch or a Flemish, came near the shore and cast anchor. Several men and boys came ashore from her and went into the town. Sometime after they came back loaded with provisions and many other things, chiefly earthenware, which they had purchased in the town. It was amusing to see one strong young fellow take a load on his shoulders and walk down into the water breast-high with it to the side of the ship, where the men on board lifted it from off him into the ship. When all these were delivered, he then carried all the men and boys; and this he did by stooping down before one of them, who threw his legs over his

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE IN AUTUMN.

shoulders and sat on the top of his broad back, taking hold of the man's head to steady himself. In this way he took them all. And after this he took up the anchor which had held the bow of the vessel towards the shore, threw it over his shoulder, and walked off with it to the ship. When carrying the men, we sometimes thought, when the waves struck him, that both would fall together; but carrying the anchor was his hardest task. When he saw a wave coming he stood still, but it made him stagger under his heavy load. All this time he was as wet as if he had been dipped in the sea, but he seemed to make nothing of it. When all were safe on board, they pulled the vessel up to where the sea-ward anchor was cast, and drawing it up got out to sea again.

One morning, as the sun was shining pleasantly, and there seemed to be a more gentle breeze, observing a party going out in a sailing-boat with two men to manage it, I ventured to join them. We went along very nicely for about two miles, when the wind began to freshen and the waters seemed to break into little hills all around us, instead of coming in regular waves as they had done. I did not like this, and I believe the man at the helm did not, for after letting us roll about among these moving hills of water a short time as if to see how we liked them, I watched him and found that he was only taking a sweep round to get out of them as fast as he could, for when I looked towards the shore I found that the head of the boat was already turned *towards the town on our way back*

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE IN AUTUMN.

again. And it was time, for there came a stiff breeze behind us which sent us along faster than we came. Indeed it was too strong for us, for it drove us past the old pier, and we had to tack, that is, to sail first one way and then another in a zigzag form, to get back to the landing place on the other side the pier. This was by no means a pleasant task, and our boatmen did not seem to like it, for they looked very anxious, and were prompt and active in shifting the sails for each new tack we had to make. I sat quiet, but could not help looking to see if any other boats were near us, and trying to measure how far we were from land, wondering if I could swim to the shore if we were upset, and half inclined to pull off my boots that I might be ready. Very glad I was you may be sure when I saw that one more tack would enable us to reach the shore. On we went, both wind and waves now helping us onward, and our tight little craft at last ploughed her way through the breakers and stuck her bow in the sands; when swinging round, the big waves struck her broadside, sending their spray all over us, and tumbling us all on a lump at the bottom of the boat next the shore. But we could now afford to join in the laugh which the people on shore set up at us, for we knew we were safe. You may be sure that we were ready enough to grasp the hand of any boatman who came into the water to help us leap on shore.

I could not help observing when we set off how merry and careless some young men of our company were, when

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE IN AUTUMN.

we started, and how concerned and fearful they seemed to be when we were making our perilous tacks. They had companions on shore who had been watching us, and when one of our young voyagers leaped on the sands his friend laid hold of his hand, exclaiming, half in drollery and half in delight—"Glad to have hold of you! Welcome back to old England!"

As for myself I was quite satisfied with this one excursion. I went no more. I was too thankful for having escaped the danger we certainly were in to think of venturing again. For there is often more peril in one of these sailing-boats off shore in a place like Yarmouth roads, than in a large ship in a storm at sea, where the waves are not so large in proportion to the size of the ship as these were to the size of our small boat.

But others did not seem to think so, for one evening when the wind was stronger and the waves were much higher, some boats went off for a sail when they had the greatest difficulty to drag and push a boat through the first waves. Up went the bow of the boat so high that it seemed as if the boat itself would come backward with its bottom upward and cover them all. Up and down it went in that way several times, but a few strokes of the oars by the men carried it through these waves, which are always largest near the shore; they then hoisted their sails and away they went out to sea, dancing about over the big waves for an hour. I watched for their coming back, expecting they would "catch it" when they landed; and they did, for the

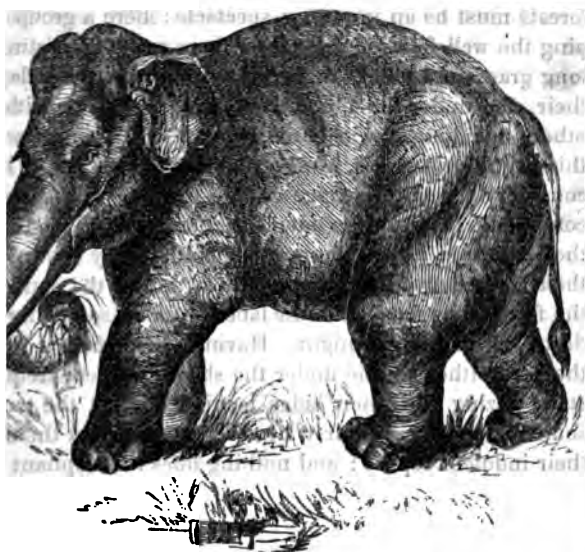
A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE IN AUTUMN.

powerful waves chucked the boat on the sands as if it had been a nutshell, giving the voyagers a regular shaking and a good ducking. But it all ended, as it always does when they get safe on shore again, in jokes and laughter. Those who had been out seemed to be satisfied now that they were good sailors, and had done something worth talking about when they got home again. One thing I could not but notice, that the women seem to have less fear in such hazardous enterprises than the men.

I have one more little tale to tell about "twa dogs" which amused me at the time. Standing on the old pier one evening and looking down on the sands, I saw a young gentleman throw his walking stick out into the sea as far as he could fling it, for a fine Newfoundland dog to fetch back for him. Every time this dog went in or came out he was followed by a little black spaniel barking at him as loud as it could. The big dog bore the annoyance patiently for some time, but the spaniel came nearer and nearer and barked louder and louder. At length the big fellow turned round upon him and laying hold of him gave him a sharp nip, as much as to say, "Take that, and get away with you." And the little meddler was glad to do so, for he came limping and yelling round to the top of the pier, and stood there quietly enough looking down at a safe distance as the noble swimmer performed his exploits in peace.

But I shall be writing too much this time. I shall have to tell you about a visit I made one day to the old city of Norwich.

THE ELEPHANT IN ITS WILD STATE.



THE ELEPHANT IN ITS WILD STATE.

ELEPHANTS in their wild natural state are chiefly found in India and Burmah, and the wild forests of Africa. He is the enemy of other animals, for he feeds not only on vegetables, as roots, grass, and the leaves of trees; and he lives without fear of other animals, his great strength being his chief protection from their attacks. A herd of these gigantic animals browsing in their native

THE ELEPHANT IN ITS WILD STATE.

forests must be an imposing spectacle : here a group stripping the well-foliaged branches, there another twisting the long grass into bundles ; here a number listlessly flapping their ears under the shade, there another toying with each other, " making unwieldy merriment." The enjoyment of this primitive scene is, however, somewhat disturbed by the consideration of the ravage and destruction which the herd commits. It is not so much the amount of food which they consume, as the immense quantity they destroy with their feet ; hence the dread of the settler on the confines of the forest they frequent—the labour of a season being often destroyed in a single night. Having satisfied their hunger, the herd either recline under the shade, or more frequently stand dozing with their sides leaning against the trunk of some stately tree. Thirst, however, soon drives them from their indolent repose ; and nothing does the elephant enjoy more than to drink and bathe himself in the running stream.

"Trampling his path through wood and brake,
And canes which crackling fall before his way,
And tassel-grass, whose silvery feathers play,
O'ertopping the young trees,
On comes the elephant, to slake
His thirst at noon in yon pellucid springs.
Lo ! from his trunk upturned, aloft he flings
The grateful shower ; and now
Plucking the broad-leaved bough
Of yonder palm, with waving motion slow,
Fanning the languid air,
He waves it to and fro."

Provided with a powerful structure, and enjoying abundance of ease and food, the elephant in general attains to a

"I CUD'NT COS IT SUNG SO."

old age. The ancients ascribe to him a life of three hundred years ; but, without laying much stress on opinion, we have undoubted evidence of even domestic specimens reaching the great age of one hundred thirty years. There is a limit, however, to the duration of all creatures on earth ; and in course of years the body of the elephant become stiff, his skin hard and leathery, his appetite fails, and being unable to follow the herd he gradually sinks under the weight of years and infirmity. The young elephant, which at its birth is little larger than an ordinary calf, is of slow growth, arriving at maturity in not less than eight or ten years. It is very gentle and harmless.

"I CUD'NT COS IT SUNG SO."

SOMETIMES, should there come a mild day at the latter end of January, a solitary thrush or a blackbird may be heard, clearing his mellow throat, and pouring out a merry song, as if to remind us that Winter is passing away, and that Spring will soon be here again.

The day on which I write this is the last in January. This afternoon I heard no less than three or four of these pretty creatures singing away cheerily among the trees of our beautiful cemetery.

This reminds me of a little tale which pleased me much when I heard it, and which I believe my young readers will be pleased to hear.

"I CUD'NT COS IT SUNG SO."

A gentleman, one quiet evening, heard a blackbird's welcome notes in a field behind his house. He walked down to the bottom of his garden, and looking over the wall saw the new visitor perched on the bare branches of a small tree not far from the place where he stood. His attention was then directed to one of the boys of the village who was standing in the lane which passed by, and who was looking up at the bird too. The boy stooped and picked up a stone, and then looked at the bird again, which all the time kept singing away, as if unconscious of any danger. But the boy did not lift his arm to throw the stone, and stood for some time listening to the happy songster. By and by it flew away, and then the gentleman called to the boy and said, "Why did you not throw the stone at it?" "Oh," said the boy, "I cud'nt cos it sung so!"

I said I was pleased with this tale, and I hope you are too. The great and good God who made the lovely flowers to delight us with their beauty and fragrance, made singing birds to cheer us with their songs of joy. You would be very sorry if you could not hear them sing again; would you not? I am sure you would. Well then, when they build their nests, and lay their eggs, and rear their young, dont go and disturb them. Let the young birds live and fly away, and then when another spring returns they will come and sing their happy songs, and you will be glad to hear them.

FLYING AWAY!

FLYING AWAY!

I saw a little bird
Perch'd on a lofty tree,
I listen'd while it sung
Its song right merrily.
But soon some noise beneath
The songster did affright,
Then to a higher branch
It quickly took its flight.
But feeling yet unsafe,
It hopp'd and hopp'd again,
Until the topmost bough
It did at length attain;
And then it spread its wings
Yet higher still to fly,
And then it soar'd away
Up to the bright blue sky.
How like the christian, when
By earthly cares annoy'd,
Or suffering grief or pain,
He finds his peace destroy'd;
His troubled spirit then
Above them strives to rise,
To Christ his heavenly friend
He then for refuge flies.
Thus worldly troubles oft
Prove blessings in disguise;
They lead our souls from earth,
And train us for the skies,
Where our great Lord has gone
Bright mansions to prepare;
Oh! may we every one

Newport. I W. Rest with our Saviour there.

J. D.



HINDOO PILGRIMS

MEASURING THE DISTANCE TO JUGGERNAUT BY THE LENGTH OF THEIR OWN BODIES.

PILGRIMS TO JUGGERNAUT.

PILGRIMS TO JUGGERNAUT.

JUGGERNAUT is the name of an Indian idol, which signifies the "Lord of the World." There are several idols in various parts of India which are called by this pompous name; but that at Pooree, in the province of Orissa, near the shore of the Indian ocean, is the most famous. The temple is a large stone building, encircled with a high wall and gates. The idol itself is a big block of wood, painted with red and yellow colours. On each side of him is another idol, said to be his brother and sister, Boloram and Shubudra. Once a year these ugly idols are placed on a great car or wagon, and dragged out into the temple yard, amid the shouts of thousands.

Many priests get their living by keeping up the worship of this block of wood, especially once a year, in the month of June. Before the time comes they send out agents called "pilgrim-hunters," who will go all round the country, sometimes to a great distance, to persuade the people to come and worship Juggernaut; telling them that thus they may obtain the forgiveness of all their sins. For many ages this stupid and wicked custom has prevailed. When a pious clergyman, Dr. Claudius Buchanan, went from Calcutta to Pooree, more than fifty years ago, he wrote in his journal:—"Buddruck, in Orissa, May 30th, 1806. We know that we are approaching Juggernaut (and yet we are more than fifty miles from it) by the human bones which we have seen for some days strewed by the way. At this

PILGRIMS TO JUGGERNAUT.

place we have been joined by several large bodies of pilgrims, perhaps two thousand in number, who have come from various parts of northern India; some of them, with whom I have conversed, say that they have been two months on their march, travelling slowly, in the hottest season of the year, with their wives and children. Some old persons are among them, who wish to die at Juggernaut. Numbers of pilgrims die on the road; and their bodies generally remain unburied. On a plain by the river, near the pilgrims' caravansera at this place, there are more than a hundred skulls. The dogs, jackals, and vultures, seem to live here on human prey. The vultures exhibit a shocking tameness. The obscene animals will not leave the body sometimes till we come close to them. This Buddruck is a horrid place. Wherever I turn my eyes, I meet death in some shape or other. Surely Juggernaut cannot be worse than Buddruck."

Then, when in sight of the temple, on June 12th, he wrote, "Many thousands of pilgrims have accompanied us for some days past; they cover the road before and behind, as far as the eye can reach. At nine o'clock this morning, the temple of Juggernaut appeared in view at a great distance: when the multitude first saw it, they gave a shout, and fell to the ground and worshipped. I have heard nothing to-day but shouts and acclamations by the successive bodies of pilgrims. From the place where I now stand, I have a view of a host of people like an army, encamped at the outer gate of the town of Juggernaut; where

PILGRIMS TO JUGGERNAUT.

a guard of soldiers is posted to prevent their entering the town until they have paid the pilgrim's tax. I passed a devotee to-day, who laid himself down at every step, measuring the road to Juggernaut by the *length of his body*, as a penance of merit, to please the god."

Two days after this, Dr. B. writes:—"I have seen Juggernaut: the scene at Buddruck is but the vestibule to Juggernaut; no record of ancient or modern history can give, I think, an adequate idea of this valley of death; it may be truly compared with the 'valley of Hinnom.' The idol called Juggernaut has been considered as the Moloch of the present age; and he is justly so named, for the sacrifices offered up to him by self-devotement are not less criminal, perhaps not less numerous, than those recorded of the Moloch of Canaan. This morning I viewed the temple; a stupendous fabric, and truly commensurate with the extensive sway of 'the horrid king.' As other temples are usually adorned with figures emblematical of their religion, so Juggernaut has representations of that vice which constitutes the essence of *his* worship. The walls and gates are covered with indecent emblems, in massive and durable sculpture. I have also visited the sand plains by the sea, in some places whitened with the bones of the pilgrims."

Dr. Buchanan then relates the horrid scenes he witnessed around the temple. Numbers of the wretched pilgrims, wearied with their long journey, dropped on the sands and died; some of them leaving children for whom none cared; vultures and dogs soon devouring the dead bodies. One

PILGRIMS TO JUGGERNAUT.

man threw himself on the ground before the car when it was dragged out and was crushed to death.

Sick of these disgusting scenes Dr. Buchanan left the place, and on the 24th of June wrote, "I felt my mind relieved and happy when I had passed beyond the confines of Juggernaut. I certainly was not prepared for the scene; but no one can know what it is who has not seen it. From an eminence on the pleasant banks of the Chilka Lake (where no human bones are seen), I had a view of the lofty towers of Juggernaut far remote; and while I viewed it, its abominations came to mind. It was on the morning of the sabbath; ruminating long on the wide and extended empire of Moloch in the heathen world, I cherished in my thoughts the design of some 'christian institution,' which, being fostered by Britain, my christian country, might gradually undermine this baleful idolatry, and put out the memory of it for ever."

The prayer of this pious servant of Christ was heard and answered. Ten years after his visit, a small body of christians in England—the General Baptists—on the suggestion of one of their ministers, the late Rev. J. G. Pike, of Derby, author of "Persuasives to Early Piety," formed a Missionary Society in 1816. Two went, almost as a "forlorn hope," to attack this stronghold of satan. Others followed, and they have been greatly blessed of God in their good work. Places of worship have been built, schools and asylums opened, a printing press has issued thousands of scriptures and tracts, native preachers have been raised up,

PILGRIMS TO JUGGERNAUT.

many have been turned from dumb idols to the living God, and numbers have died in peace and hope. This has been called "the best preaching mission in Bengal," so successful have the missionaries been in proclaiming the gospel in the province of Orissa.

A few years ago, the late Bishop of Calcutta, Dr. Wilson, visited Orissa. On his way to Juggernaut, he and his chaplain lodged one night with one of the missionaries. Next morning, after the chaplain had conducted family worship, the Bishop, addressing the wife of the missionary, who was busy with her baby, said pleasantly, "You do not wish me to do *one* thing for your child (he knew they were baptists), but an old man's blessing can do it no harm." He then briefly expressed his desire for its future health and happiness.

We only add that the missionaries yet visit Juggernaut every year at the great festival, to preach and distribute tracts and scriptures. Such scenes of self sacrifice as Dr. Buchanan witnessed are not now allowed by the British Government, but fatal accidents often take place by the crowding of the people, and cholera, through weariness and want of food and nourishment, sweeps off multitudes; sufficient reasons why the Government should further interpose to suppress and finally extinguish this abominable and fatal custom. But whether they do or not, we have no doubt that the christian mission now in Orissa will, under the Divine blessing, "gradually undermine this baleful idolatry, and put out the memory of it for ever!"

JOSEPH GARIBALDI,



JOSEPH GARIBALDI, THE ITALIAN PATRIOT.

WE have told you of the birthplace, and boyhood, and youthful exploits of this wonderful man, up to the time of his sailing for South America.

When he arrived there, he found that the people were struggling for liberty and he hastened to join them. We have read—

THE ITALIAN PATRIOT.

—————"The story of his life
From year to year: the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That he pass'd.
Wherein he speaks of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i'th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And held in bondage; his escape from thence,
And things important in his history:
Wherein of caverns vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It is his wont to speak."

We have adapted these lines of our great poet, with a few essayary alterations, to the exploits of Garibaldi in South America, as related by himself. To tell you all he did would require a large book. He was a common soldier, a commander, a general, and captain of a ship. He was wrecked and taken prisoner. He married a fine young sole woman, and she fought by his side on board his vessel. He was reduced to poverty. He taught mathematics, became a commission agent, and then a bullock-wagoner, to get a living.

Learning that the new Pope was favourable to liberty, he went to him, and gathering a number of his countrymen, they took a vessel and embarked for Europe. They arrived at Nice, where he was born, in June, 1848. Many now flocked around him to fight against the Austrians. He went to Rome, from whence the Pope had fled in fear. Here he resisted the French army which had come to restore the Pope. But the French were too powerful, and Garibaldi was compelled to fly. He was in great peril, and he was hunted by his enemies, *his noble wife, the faithful*

JOSEPH GARIBALDI, THE ITALIAN PATRIOT.

sharer of his fortunes, died in a cottage. He had only time to kiss her lifeless lips and flee for his life!

When Austria invaded the kingdom of Sardinia in 1860, Garibaldi again appeared on the scene of contest, and many young Italians flocked to his standard. The French and Sardinian armies repulsed the Austrians, and Garibaldi helped them, but in his own way, by suddenly attacking great numbers of the enemy with a few followers.

The Austrians, being defeated, were glad to make peace. All Northern Italy except Venetia was now free; but in Southern Italy the young King of Naples, like his father, was grievously oppressing the people, and the Pope was doing the same in his own States.

Garibaldi and his followers set sail for the island of Sicily, belonging to the King of Naples, and in a few weeks the whole island was liberated. He then passed over to the main land, where, hearing of his arrival, the King fled to Gaeta, a strong fortress. Garibaldi then entered the great city of Naples by the railroad. The people received him with joy. He then besieged Gaeta, and the King fled to Rome to his old *papa* the Pope. In the meantime the Sardinians had conquered the States of the Pope, and all the South of Italy was free except the city of Rome, which was, and is yet, protected by French bayonets. The King of Sardinia then became King of all Italy, excepting only Venetia and the city of Rome.

When Garibaldi had done this great work he quietly retired to his small farm on the rocky little island of

A WOMAN'S VOYAGES ROUND THE WORLD.

ra, near the great island of Sardinia, where he now for a favourable opportunity to aid, if needs be, in the tion of Venetia and Rome, and then the great object of life—the entire freedom of all Italy—will be achieved.

ribaldi was “a man of war from his youth.” There been such men, and we may expect there will be so as tyrants oppress the people. When tyrants cease to ss, the people live in peace. Let us all pray for the when there shall be no more excuse for war at all.

e thing we ought to say of this man, and it is that h bold and daring he was never cruel, and was as to forgive his enemies as he was to fight them. He ot like the Pope or the priests of Rome, but he has t for religion and the word of God. We dare not set efore you as an example, though he always fought for y. We would rather point you to the men who have their lives in diffusing the knowledge of the glorious l of peace and love.

WOMAN'S VOYAGES ROUND THE WORLD.

ME IDA PFENNER was born in Vienna; but she grew e age of nine years with no associates but her five ess. She was just about as much a boy as they; wore clothes, shared fully in all their wild, boyish games; and everything girlish in the most sovereign contempt.

A WOMAN'S VOYAGES ROUND THE WORLD.

When she was ten years of age her mother, the father being now dead, attempted a change, in dress at least. But this was such a grief to the passionate wild little thing that it brought on a serious illness, and they were obliged to give back to her the jacket and trousers. At twelve, however, she was with difficulty induced to dress according to her sex. In 1819, Ida being twenty-two years old, she was married to the distinguished advocate, Pfeiffer, twenty-four years older than herself. It was a match made by Madame Reyer, the mother, and acquiesced in by Ida for the sake of peace, apparently. The advocate made a good husband, but was unfortunate, lost all his property, and became at last dependent on his wife.

Madame Reyer dying after her daughter had struggled through some eighteen years of poverty and privation, the latter was by this event put in possession of a moderate property, and she then determined to execute designs of travel which had for many years dwelt in her mind. A desire to see new countries, long cherished by her, was intensified almost to a passion on the occasion of a visit to Trieste, when for the first time she beheld the sea. Her two sons being now grown up, and in circumstances where they could provide for themselves, she set out upon her travels. Her first visit was to the Holy Land. She embarked on this journey on the 22nd of March, 1842, being then forty-five years of age. In December of the same year she returned, having visited Egypt and Italy as well as Palestine. An account of her travels was published the

A WOMAN'S VOYAGES ROUND THE WORLD.

following year, under the title, "Journey of a Viennese Lady to the Holy Land." Her next undertaking was a journey to Iceland. This she accomplished in 1845, returning by way of Stockholm. Of this journey, also, she published an account in two volumes. Both these publications were successful, and helped to provide her with means for fresh enterprises. In 1846, she embarked on a voyage round the world, concealing, however, her intentions from all her friends, presuming, as was doubtless the case, that they would esteem such an undertaking next to madness. She went first to Brazil, thence around Cape Horn to Valparaiso, from that place to Otaheite, one of the Sandwich Islands, thence to China, from China to India, thence to Persia, and so through Mesopotamia and Syria, returning by way of Constantinople. She reached home in 1848, having travelled 2,800 miles by land, and 35,000 by sea. Of this marvellous exploit—marvellous for a lady—she published an account entitled, "A Woman's Voyage round the World." It gave her, at once, both a European and an American fame.

But the desire of travel only grew stronger with indulgence. In 1851 she undertook another voyage round the world; this time by doubling the Cape of Good Hope, and so by way of the East India Islands to California, and thence to the Eastern States by way of Panama. She reached home in 1854. Her last voyage was to Madagascar and the Mauritius. Her account of Madagascar is exceedingly interesting; *especially now, when the wicked and*

A WOMAN'S VOYAGES ROUND THE WORLD.

cruel queen who reigned over the island at the time of her visit having been succeeded by her son, a mild and good man, there is prospect of a change much for the better, and of the opening of the island to Christianity. The sufferings of our traveller in Madagascar were very great, and resulted in the illness of which she died. Previous to that event, however, she returned to her native country, and finished her eventful life at Vienna, October 28th, 1857.

She was a remarkable woman, but not, we fear, a christian. Her representations with regard to the missionaries at various points visited in her travels, manifest anything but a spirit friendly to evangelical missions.

Madame Pfeiffer is said to have been a little quiet mild-looking lady; but she must have had great courage and resolution to go out alone, and put herself under the care of rough sailors on board a ship for months together, and expose herself to danger among wild and barbarous tribes in heathen lands. The wonder is that she escaped without injury or the loss of her life, and died at last at home.

We do not tell this tale to excite any of you girls who read this to do such daring exploits. It is not the duty of women to do such things; but the will of God is that they keep at home, and mind the house. That is the place for them to show their courage and resolution.

One thing however may be learned from this little narrative, both by girls and boys; and that is, not to be afraid of any of the difficulties which may obstruct their way. If

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.

you have a plain duty to perform—why, do it, and do it at once.

Whenever duty waits for thee,
With sober judgment view it,
And never idly wish it done;
Begin at once and do it.

For Sloth says falsely, "By and by
Is just as well to do it;"
But present strength is purest strength,
Begin at once and do it.

And find not lions in the way,
Nor faint if thorns bestrew it;
But bravely try, and strength will come,
For God will help thee do it.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.

This excellent christian writer was born in London in 1702, and died at Lisbon 1756.

In those days many of the old houses had very large and wide fire-places, the sides of which were covered with white glazed Dutch tiles, on which were pictures of scripture subjects. When Philip was a little boy he was curious to know what these pictures were about, and his pious mother would sit and tell him tales about them. It is supposed that these lessons laid the foundation of his early and eminent piety.

While yet a young man he became a minister of the Gospel, first at Kibworth, then at Market Harborough, and then at Northampton, where he conducted a college for the instruction of young men for the *ministry*. Here also he

PHILIP AND HIS MOTHER.

wrote many books. But he worked so hard that his health was injured. He was advised to seek a milder climate, and went to Lisbon, in Portugal. But it was too late; the disease was an incurable consumption, and he died.

He was a particular friend of the celebrated Dr. Watts. I cannot tell you the names of all the good books he wrote. His great work was an "Exposition of the New Testament." But the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul" was the most useful of all his writings. It has been made a blessing to thousands. The writer, fifty years ago, when a youth, found it, next to the Bible, the best book he could read to teach him how to come to God by Jesus Christ, and he wishes all his young friends would read it.

Dr. Doddridge, like his friend Dr. Watts, wrote many beautiful hymns which are now sung with joy in christian congregations.

A lady has sent us these verses about little Philip and his good mother, and the pictures on the Dutch tiles.

PHILIP AND HIS MOTHER.

A CHRISTIAN mother is sitting there,
Near a fire-place large and wide,
And a gentle boy of five years old
Is standing by her side.

All round the chimney-piece are tiles
With a scripture scene on each;
And from these tiles that mother tries
Sweet Bible truths to teach.

PHILIP AND HIS MOTHER.

And they are stories, too, that much
Young Philip loves to hear,
Of patriarchs and saints that lived
In God's most holy fear.

One day she told him all about
That pleasant garden where
Adam and Eve together lived,
A good and happy pair.

Of Cain and Abel, too, she talked;
Noah, and Shem, and Ham,
With Enoch and Methuselah,
And faithful Abraham.

Isaac, who loved at eventide
To watch the fading light;
Jacob, and Esau too who sold
For pottage his birthright.

Of Joseph too, whose history
Charms every youthful ear;
Of Reuben, Simeon, Issachar,
And Benjamin so dear.

Then, after these, how Egypt's king
Oppressed Israel,
And how the Lord delivered them
Against the tyrants will;

How Moses led them through a land
Beset with enemies
To Canaan, that they all might live
In unity and peace.

Of Samuel and old Eli too,
And Saul that stately king;
David, the youthful shepherd boy,
Who to his harp did sing.

PHILIP AND HIS MOTHER.

Of Jonathan, and Solomon
Who in his early days
Asked humbly to be taught of God
To walk in wisdom's ways.

Rehoboam, too, who spurned advice
From wise and aged men ;
Ahab and wicked Jezebel,
Who food for dogs became.

Elijah and Elisha too,
Daniel and Jeremiah,
And he who in seraphic strains
Sung of the blest Messiah.

And Ruth, the gentle stranger fair
Whom Boaz loved so well ;
Esther the Queen so kind and true,
And the captive Jewish girl.

But mostly Philip liked to hear
About our blessed Lord,
His sayings and kind acts of love
Recorded in his word.

Thus day by day the holy seed
Was sown in his young heart,
And by the Spirit he was taught
To choose the better part.

And then, with fervent zeal and love,
He told to sinners round
The value of that precious grace
That he himself had found.

And so he lived and so he worked,
"Till perfect found in love,
He left with joy the church below

Torquay.

To join the church above.

MARY EUGENIA





AN ENGLISH SPRING FLOWER.

THE FLOWERS ARE COMING AGAIN!

THE FLOWERS ARE COMING AGAIN!

hey all, one after another, drooped and died away
ear! We had them in spring, and summer, and
n, and here and there were one or two in early winter;
th they all died out, and we saw them no more!

a writing this on one of the first days of another
and from the beds of my garden, where they had
idden out of sight for many long months, the snow-
and the crocuses have pushed their way up to show
retty faces, and tell us that they were not dead, they
ly been sleeping. And here under its broad green
which the frosts of winter did not kill, are the little
f the violet shewing themselves, and very soon they
en, and refresh us with their sweet fragrance. Wel-
little harbingers of warmer and brighter days; how
to see you!

I love to see you for your own sakes, and I love to
because I know you are come to tell us that many
re coming, and will soon be here. We shall all be
see them; but we shall be sorry that you do not
bear them company a little longer, for we always
that as fast as they come you go. But this is the
ith all you flowers. You never stay long with us.
st come and show us your lovely forms and colours,
t us smell how sweet you are, and then you fade
s!

if that snowdrop or crocus *could speak* it might say,

THE FLOWERS ARE COMING AGAIN!

"Well: we are only like that first-born baby child, which came to gladden its mother's heart and rejoice its father's eyes, which smiled so sweetly when awake, and looked so lovely when asleep, but which, in a few short months, went back to God who gave it, and left its parents to weep that its stay with them was so short. We are only like it, and like many other things in this world, which, though they live in beauty for a short time, soon pass away and are seen no more for ever!

I hope my young readers will think of this, and of the words of the good old Book, which are always true—"For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away:" and "We all do fade as a leaf," and fall like blossoms from the tree.

And so grass, and flowers, and leaves, and blossoms will, if you will let them, teach you two things—that like them you must die, and that like them you will be seen again.

You know how flowers die and are seen again; and so shall it be with us. We die and are buried, and though we are seen on earth no more, yet we shall be seen at the resurrection of the last day. For "them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt."

This will be done by the power of the Lord Jesus Christ who, if we love him now, will in that day "change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, and then our new body will never die again, but live in

THE TEACHING OF FLOWERS.

that wonderful world of life where the angels are, and with them and Him we shall live, and live, and live on for ever !

My dear young reader, think of all this. You can think of nothing so good, or great, or grand ! Then though like a flower you may fade and die on earth, you will hereafter bloom in unfading beauty in the paradise of God !

THE TEACHING OF FLOWERS.

FLOWERS of the field, how meet ye seem
Man's frailty to portray,
Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
Passing at eve away ;
Teach this, and, oh ! though brief your reign,
Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.

Go, form a monitory wreath
For youth's unthinking brow ;
Go, and to busy manhood breathe
What most he fears to know ;
Go, strew the path where age doth tread,
And tell him of the silent dead.

But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay,
Ye breathe these truths severe,
To those who droop in pale decay,
Have ye no words of cheer ?
Oh yes ! ye weave a double spell,
And death and life betoken well.

Go, then, where wrapt in fear and gloom,
Fond hearts and true are sighing,
And deck with emblematic bloom
The pillow of the dying ;

BIRTHDAY LINES.

And softly speak, nor speak in vain,
Of the long sleep and broken chain ;
And say, that He who from the dust
 Recalls the slumbering flower,
Will surely visit those who trust
 His mercy and His power ;
Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,
And roll, ere long, the stone away.

BIRTHDAY LINES.

In health and spirits gay,
Again thy natal day
 Once more we see.
May nought disturb thy breast,
Be joy thy constant guest,
And heavenly blessings rest
 This day on thee !
May the great God of heaven,
By whom thy life was given,
 Prolong thy days ;
And every hour may He
Sustain and succour thee,
Thy kind protector be,
 And guide always.
Till call'd from earth away,
Be thy support and stay,
 And portion here :
Then when life's journey's o'er,
On Canaan's peaceful shore,
He will be evermore
 Thy portion there.

Newport, I. W.

J. D.

TRYING TO WRITE POETRY.

TRYING TO WRITE POETRY.

A SCHOOLMASTER told one of his smaller boys that he wanted him to write some poetry.

"O, I can't sir. I don't know how," said the boy.

"But you can *think*, and you can *write*, can't you?"

"O yes, sir."

"Well, just think about something, and write down what you think, and bring it to me."

"Is that all?"

"Yes. Now I will excuse you for a little while, and you may take your slate and go out, and the first thing that pleases you, think about it—what it is there for, what it is good for, what will become of it, and so on; and write it all down, and bring it to me."

The little boy went out, and after looking about some time, he at last came across a large turnip, behind the barn, growing among some weeds. He stood and looked at it a few minutes, and then he began to write—

"Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew behind the barn;
And it grew, and it grew,
But it ne'er did any harm.

And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no bigger;
Then Mr. Finney pulled it up
And put it in the cellar.

And it lay, and it lay,
Till it there began to rot,
And his daughter Susy washed it,
And she put it in the pot.

TRYING TO WRITE POETRY.

And it boiled, and it boiled,
As long as it was able;
Then his daughter Lizzie took it up,
And put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife,
They both sat down to sup;
And they eat, and they eat,
Till they eat the turnip up."

And perhaps you will be ready to say, "It is poor stuff. I could write as good myself. If I were to send such a bit of poetry to the Editor, he would not put it in the Magazine. What has he put this in for?" He will tell you. He has put it in to show you, as this Master did, how you are to begin to write about anything. First, you must find a subject, as that boy found a turnip. Then you must think about it as much as you can. Then you must put all your thoughts in order. Then express them in the best words you can think of at the time. And last of all, look at them when you have done, and see if you cannot mend them. No matter whether you try to write prose or poetry you must do in this way.

Another thing; the first time you try you will almost be sure to make a poor mess of it, as this boy did with his big turnip. But never mind that. Every girl makes poor work of it the first time she tries to sew or knit; and every boy does the first time he tries to make a boat or a kite. But they do not mind. They try again and again, and they succeed at last and make good work. So you must try to improve your thoughts and your words, and then you *will make good work of what you write.*

DISCOVERIES AMONG THE RUINS OF NINEVEH.



DISCOVERIES AMONG THE RUINS OF NINEVEH.

Our sacred penman tells us at the close of the ninth chapter of Genesis, that "Noah lived after the flood three hundred and fifty years. And all the days of Noah were a hundred and fifty years: and he died." The tenth chapter records "*the families of the sons of Noah, after*

DISCOVERIES AMONG THE RUINS OF NINEVEH.

their generations, in their nations." There also we are told that Nimrod "began to be a mighty one in the earth. And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel" and other cities "in the land of Shinar," and that "out of that land went forth Asshur, and builded Nineveh." From this brief mention of Nineveh we learn that it was one of the first cities built by men after the great flood, and that the country was called Assyria after Asshur.

The name NIN'VEH means the dwelling of Ninus. It stood on the eastern side of the river Tigris, opposite the present city of Mosul, in a beautiful valley. The Bible does not mention Nineveh again until fifteen hundred years after this, and above eight hundred years before Christ. It had then become the seat of a mighty power. If you read the book of the prophet Jonah you will find the best and only true description of it and its inhabitants about that time. "Their wickedness had gone up before God," and though they repented at the preaching of Jonah, it appears that they soon grew worse than before, and the prophets Isaiah, Ezekiel, Nahum, and Zephaniah, foretold their impending ruin. It came; for though Nineveh was, until about six hundred years before Christ, the metropolis of the Assyrian Empire, "that great city" was then overthrown, and never rebuilt, as the prophets predicted; indeed the very situation of the city was unknown or disputed for ages. Nothing but great mounds of earth and rubbish were to be seen. About forty years ago a sculpture representing men and animals was dug out of a mound. But

DISCOVERIES AMONG THE RUINS OF NINEVEH.

the superstitious people were alarmed, and little more was done in the way of uncovering the ruins and exploring the underground passages until twenty years afterwards, when Mr. Layard, having obtained permission from the Turkish government, proceeded with great energy and perseverance to dig away the masses of rubbish, and was amply rewarded by extensive and wonderful discoveries.

We cannot tell you all he did, or even mention all the relics of antiquity he found and brought to England. But



they are now in London, and may be seen in the British Museum. We give you three specimens of the sculptures. This is the head-dress of an Assyrian king.

Mr. Layard says:—
“In the bas-relief I am describing, the dress of the king consisted of a long flowing garment, edged with fringes and tassels descending to his ankles, and confined at the waist by a girdle. Over this robe a second, similarly ornamented, and open in front, appears to have been thrown. From *his shoulders* fell a cape, or hood, also

DISCOVERIES AMONG THE RUINS OF NINEVEH.

adorned with tassels, and to it were attached two long ribbons or lappets. He wore the conical mitre, or tiara, which distinguishes the monarch in Assyrian bas-reliefs, and appears to have been reserved for him alone. It is impossible to determine from the sculptures the nature of the material of which it was made, but it may be conjectured that it consisted of bands or folds of linen or silk. It was adorned with flowers and other ornaments, and was surmounted with a small cone. Around the neck of the king was a necklace. He wore earrings, and his arms, which were bare from a little above the elbow, were encircled by armlets and bracelets remarkable for the beauty of their form. The clasps were formed by the heads of animals, and the centre by stars and rosettes, probably inlaid with precious stones. His beard was elaborately plaited, and his hair, which fell in ringlets on his shoulders, may have been partly artificial like that of the Persian monarchs, who, according to Xenophon, wore a wig. Both the hair and beard were probably dyed, and the eyes blackened with some preparation, still used by persons of both sexes in the East. His sandals covered the back part of the foot, leaving the fore part exposed, and were fastened by bands crossing the instep and passing round the great toe. The soles appear to have been of wood or thick leather.

The eunuchs and winged figures wore robes and ornaments similar in most respects to those of the king. The eunuchs, however, had no other head-dress than the *carefully curled ringlets.*"

DISCOVERIES AMONG THE RUINS OF NINEVEH.

next is a rough sketch of a winged human-headed
Beside bulls, there were winged human-headed lions,



and winged men, and winged monsters like that in the first picture. Mr. Layard thus describes the excitement of the Arabs when lowering one of the winged bulls from its former position to the ground:—

“The men being ready, and all my preparations complete, I stationed myself on the top of the high of earth, and ordered the wedges to be struck out under the sculpture to be moved. Still, however, it stood firmly in its place. A rope having been passed it, six or seven men easily tilted it over. The thick, le cable stretched with the strain, and almost buried in the earth round which it was coiled. The ropes fell. The mass descended gradually, the Chaldeans ng it up with the beams. It was a moment of great y. The drums and shrill pipes of the Kurdish musicians increased the din and confusion caused by the war—the Arabs, who were half frantic with excitement. had thrown off nearly all their garments; their long oated in the wind; and they indulged in the wildest as they clung to the ropes. The women had

DISCOVERIES AMONG THE RUINS OF NINEVEH.

congregated on the sides of the trenches, and by their incessant screams added to the enthusiasm of the men. The bull once in motion, it was no longer possible to obtain a hearing. The loudest cries I could produce were lost in the crash of discordant sounds. Neither the hippopotamus hide whips of the Cawasses, nor the bricks and clods of earth with which I endeavoured to draw attention from some of the most noisy of the group, were of any avail. Away went the bull, steady enough as long as supported by the props behind; but as it came nearer to the rollers, the beams could no longer be used. The cable and ropes stretched more and more. Dry from the climate, as they felt the strain, they creaked and threw out dust. Water was thrown over them, but in vain, for they all broke together when the sculpture was within four or five feet of the rollers. The bull was precipitated to the ground. Those who held the ropes, thus suddenly released, followed its example, and were rolling one over the other, in the dust. A sudden silence succeeded to the clamour. I rushed into the trenches, prepared to find the bull in many pieces. It would be difficult to describe my satisfaction when I saw it lying precisely where I had wished to place it, and uninjured! The Arabs no sooner got on their legs again, than, seeing the result of the accident, they darted out of the trenches, and, seizing by the hands the women who were looking on, formed a large circle, and, yelling their war-cry with redoubled energy, commenced a most *mad dance*. The musicians exerted themselves to the

DISCOVERIES AMONG THE RUINS OF NINEVEH.

utmost; but their music was drowned by the cries of the dancers. Even the Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman shared in the excitement, and, throwing his cloak to one of his attendants, insisted upon leading off the dance. It would have been useless to endeavour to put any check upon these proceedings. I preferred allowing the men to wear themselves out,—a result which, considering the amount of exertion and energy displayed by limbs and throat, was not long in taking place.”

These winged monsters appear to have been the chief ornaments of the entrances to Assyrian palaces; but their walls were covered with sculptured representations of armed men fighting or hunting, with their implements of war; and chariots, horses, and boats; as well as large slabs covered with writings, the letters of which are like the heads of arrows. Learned men are now trying to discover their meaning. When this is done, as we hope it will, it is expected that some of the writings will refer to the conquests of the Assyrians over the Jews as recorded in our Bible, as some of the sculptures now found represent processions of prisoners like the Israelites. I have just seen a copy of a letter from one of these learned men, written only a few days ago, in which he says that on one of the slabs he has found a record of this character.

And thus let my young readers see how these carved stones, after being buried from the world for above two thousand years, are brought out again to tell us that what we read in the Bible *is true*.

THE TWA BIRDS: A SCOTCH FABLE.

THE TWA BIRDS: A SCOTCH FABLE.

ONE fine simmer day I a bird did espy,
Far up in the air that flew;
Nae a clond was there, but a' was fair—
A vault o' unbounded blue.

An' sweetly it sang, till the valley rang,
And echoed the lively strain;
But soon I could see anither bird flee,
That fill'd my heart wi' pain.

A muckle grey hawk, on the moss-cover'd rock,
Had heard the enchantin' sang,
And awa' he went, like the lightning's glint,
To the spot whence the music sprang.

The little bird saw, and it sped awa'
Ower the meadow so green an' fair;
But the delicate wing o' the pair wee thing,
Soon wearied—wearied sair.

An' the pair wee thing saw no shelter nigh
To save it frae the foe;
But a terrible death by the musket's breath,
Laid the muckle grey hawk low.

Now the little bird sings, an' claps its wings,
Far up in the cloudless sky,
For there's now nae foe to strike a blow,
Or deprive it o' liberty.

You will with me agree, that from this we may see,
That if we mean mischief to do,
We may meet with some loss, our purpose to cross,
And make us for ever to rue.

THE TOUCAN.



THE TOUCAN.

is singular bird, a native of South America, is distinguished from all other birds by his enormous bill, in some species as large as its whole body, which is about the size of a jackdaw. There are reckoned about fifteen species. We confine ourselves to one specimen. The general colour

THE TOUCAN.

of the bird is black, excepting the throat, neck, and cheeks, which are of an orange-yellow, and two crimson bands, an inch broad, one crossing the breast, the other the tail-coverts. It lives chiefly upon vegetables, but it is exceedingly fond of fish. A goldfinch being introduced into its cage, was immediately seized, and the poor little bird had only time to utter a short weak cry, for within a second it was dead. The toucan then hopped with it in its bill to another perch, and when it had plucked it, broke all its bones, till the unfortunate bird was reduced to an almost shapeless mass, and in the course of a quarter of an hour devoured. In feeding, it jerked the morsels as it tore them off up in the air, and let them fall at once into its wide-distended throat; and during the whole time the toucan appeared to experience great enjoyment, hopping about from perch to perch with its prey in its mouth, and when the meal was finished, cleaned its bill by rubbing it against the perches and bars of the cage. It has been observed to return its food from the crop some time after it had taken it, and, masticating the morsel in its bill, again swallow it,—an operation strongly resembling the action of ruminating animals. In the cage it is gentle and tractable, but wild and shy out of it. It builds its nest in the holes of trees, and lays two eggs, of which the monkeys are great destroyers; but should it so happen that one of these inquisitive visitants pops its nose upon the place while the bird is sitting, its tremendous bill gives him such a salutation, that he is glad to scamper off, chattering his curses.

AN OLD STORY FOR YOUNG READERS.

to another quarter. It is held in great estimation by the natives, both on account of the delicacy of its flesh and the beauty of its plumage, with which they ornament themselves.

AN OLD STORY FOR YOUNG READERS.

WE call it so because it is one. We believe it to be founded on a fact. Some years ago we published it in another form. But most of you, perhaps all of you, have never read the tale before at all, and so we give the narrative as we now find it related.

In London, on the 1st of May, 17—, the Countess of B—— and her son, aged eleven years, were sitting in a magnificent room, at the head of a long table; around this table, filled with cakes and fruits, fifty little chimney-sweeps were seated, with clean hands and faces, and with joyful hearts.

You wonder, perhaps, to hear of these little chimney-sweeps at the table of so great a lady, and in such a beautiful room. I am going to tell you how this happened.

Some years before this Lady B—— had a son about five years old. She was a widow, and this little boy was her only child. Upon her little Charles she had placed all her affection, and this child had become the sole object of her thoughts and her cares. The great desire of the heart of the Countess was, that her son should become pious—truly converted to the Lord. She prayed without ceasing that God would touch the heart of *her child*, and turn it toward

AN OLD STORY FOR YOUNG READERS.

him. The more she prayed, and the more pains she took, the farther he seemed removed from the good end to which she wished to conduct him. He was but little disposed to attend to the subject of religion. Whenever the Bible was read to him, he became weary; thinking of other things. turning upon his seat, and looking at the furniture of the room. She prayed often herself, and she greatly desired that her son should pray also. In the hope of encouraging him she composed some prayers for him to recite each night; but Charles would never learn but one of them, "Lord, convert me—change my heart; teach me to love thee, and to love others as Jesus Christ loved us. Amen."

One day, a servant came to tell her that for an hour they had sought for Charles all about the house without finding him, that the outer gate had been kept fastened, and that the child had been all the morning amusing himself alone in the garden.

You can imagine the anxiety of his mother; she ran through the house—the garden—the neighbourhood; but no person could give her any news of her son. She sent her servants to seek him through all the streets of the city—she sent notices to the authorities—she published in all the papers the disappearance of her child, and offered a large reward to any one who would give her tidings of him.

Twenty different persons came within a few days to bring her intelligence of several children they had seen; but no one brought her any satisfactory information. One had *seen a child resembling the description of him in a post-*

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aise; another had seen a boy weeping in the streets, and sing for his mother; a third pretended to have seen a boy of the same age, clothed exactly in the same manner, amusing himself alone, casting stones into the water, upon the bank of a river; and he affirmed, that having passed soon afterwards, he was not to be seen.

This last tale made a deep impression on the mind of the mother, who no longer doubted that it was her son, and that he had been drowned. She had the river dragged, but the body could not be found. Persuaded of the death of her son, the poor mother thought of nothing but to raise a tombstone to his memory, and go there and weep.

To console herself, Lady B—— wished to have before her eyes the sweetest recollection that remained to her of her Charles. She caused to be sculptured upon a tomb a young child kneeling, and had inscribed upon the marble the prayer, "Lord, convert me—change my heart; and teach me to love others as Jesus Christ loved us. Amen."

One year, two years, and more, passed away, without bringing any solace to the grief of the Countess. Whenever she met a boy of the age that Charles would have been had he lived, she looked at him with care, questioned him with eager curiosity, and always ended by discovering, to her sorrow, that he was not her son!

One day, on returning from the country (where she had been passing some weeks) unexpected by her servants, who were occupied in cleaning the apartments, she saw, with surprise, on *entering the drawing-room*, a little

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chimney-sweep. The poor child was weeping, and large tears rolled down his black cheeks.

"What is the matter, child?" said the Countess.

"Nothing, madam—it is nothing. We are come to sweep your chimney. My master is coming."

"But why do you weep?"

"It is because," trying to restrain his tears, "it is because my master ——"

"Take courage, my boy," said the lady; tell me thy troubles."

"It is because my master will beat me again."

"Again—does he beat you often?"

"Almost every day, madam."

"And for what?"

"Because I don't earn money enough. When I return at night, after having cried out 'sweep' all the day without having got any work, he says I have been idle; but it is not my fault. I cry out as loud as I can, and nobody calls me. I can't make people let me sweep their chimneys."

"But, then, every day does not pass without work, and then thy master does not whip thee?" said the Countess.

"Well, madam; then he says to me that I don't climb fast enough—that I do not scrape hard enough; and when I come down he strikes me again; and all the time I do all that I can. More than once I have run the risk of falling; yesterday I hurt my leg: you see, madam, my trousers are torn through at the knees," and the poor boy wept again.

"And how much does he give you each day?"

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bing—only my food ; but so little that I very often
d hungry."

l, I will speak to thy master."

no, madam—he will beat me more. I complain
ly, but at night to ——"

whom ?"

God."

l what do you say to him ?"

k him to take me back to my mother."

u hast a mother, then ?"

es ! and a very good mother ; if I could go to her
l be happy."

you know where she lives ?"

I recollect only one house—one garden. It was
. The trees of the garden where I played were
ough the windows. The chimney was on the right
e this ; the door in front ; and my mother was like
ly she was handsome, and was not dressed in black
re."

B—— trembled—she could scarcely stand upon
. She sank upon the sofa ; and taking the boy by
id, she drew him near to her and continued the
ation.

l has the Lord never answered you. What do you
n you pray to God ?"

peat the prayer that my mother taught me."

l what is that prayer ?—tell it me."

child knelt down, *joined his hands, and said, with a*

AN OLD STORY FOR YOUNG READERS.

trembling voice, "Lord, convert me—change my heart; teach me to love thee, and to love others as Jesus Christ loved us. Amen."

"My child! my child!" cried the Countess, pressing the boy in her arms; "thou art my Charles."

"My mother!" said the child, "where is she? It was so that she used to call me—Charles!"

"I am thy mother, I tell thee," and sobs stopped the voices of both mother and child. They both wept, but they were tears of joy. The mother knelt by the side of the child, and exclaimed, in the fulness of her heart, "My God! I thank thee for giving me back my child!"

Coming in, the master sweep was much surprised to find his boy and this rich lady both upon their knees. She asked him how he had met with the child. He said that a man, calling himself his father, placed him in his hands for a sum of money; that this man for some time past had been ill at the hospital, and perhaps was now dead.

Lady B. soon hastened to the hospital, and found a dying man, who confessed to her that about three years since, he had stolen a child who was jumping over a garden wall; and that he took him in the hope of gaining some money, by letting him out as a chimney-sweep. Lady B., too happy at this moment to reproach him, freely pardoned the unhappy man; and she afterwards saw him die in the hope that God had pardoned him too.

From this time Charles was the joy of his mother; and *she, to perpetuate* this event in his history, assembled

THOUGHTS ABOUT HEAVEN.

r, on the 1st of May (the day on which she found a large number of the little sweeps of his age, to an entertainment, and to relate the history of to teach them that God always hears our prayers, ers them ; but oftentimes in a manner that we do it.

said at first, we believe that this tale is founded on it took place more than one hundred years ago, h things as stealing little boys for chimney sweeps uncommon. Indeed not more than seven years was taken from Leicester, and his parents feared een drowned, but after great trouble he was found by, in Lincolnshire, and restored, to the great joy his anxious and distressed parents.

THOUGHTS ABOUT HEAVEN.

was a boy, I thought of heaven as a great shining vast walls, and domes, and spires, and with nobody ept white angels, who were strangers to me. By y little brother died, and I thought of a great city ls, and domes, and spires, and a flock of white angels, and one little fellow that I was acquainted e was the only one I knew in heaven at that time. other brother died, and there were two that I Then my acquaintances began to die, and the little ntinually grew. But it was not till I had sent one le children to its grandparent—*God*—that I began

THE MOTHER CAT AND HER KITTENS.

to think I had got a little way in myself. A second went, a third went, a fourth went, and by that time I had so many acquaintances in heaven, that I did not see any more walls and domes, and spires. I began to think of the residents of the celestial city. And now there have so many of my acquaintances gone there, that it sometimes seems to me that I know more that are in heaven than I do that are on earth.

H. W. B.

THE MOTHER CAT AND HER KITTENS.



THE cat is a favourite domestic animal and is very useful in driving away or destroying such plagues as rats or mice from a house, a barn, or a farmyard. There is Pussy in the cellar, where she has caught

mouse, and is teaching her young kittens how to get the living in the same way.

I have heard many curious tales about cats. I will tell you some of them. But first let me say that animals of the cat kind are a large family, and have many relatives for lions, tigers, leopards, panthers, and many others have

THE MOTHER CAT AND HER KITTENS.

the same instincts and habits as our house cats, which are the smallest of the family, as lions and tigers are the largest. They all kill other animals for food ; they all love to sleep in warm places in the daytime, and, as they can see better in the dark, go out to seek their prey at night ; they all have whiskers on their faces, and they all spring upon their prey by a long leap, and strike it down with their claws.

No doubt cats in England were once all wild. But how or when they were tamed we do not know. Tiler says :

" The wild cat is a native of England, and may be called the British tiger ; being probably the most fierce of any wild animal that is now found in this country. It has been supposed to be the origin from which our own domestic breeds have been derived. The wild cat is considerably larger than the tame one ; but the great length of its fur makes it appear larger than it really is. Its head is larger and more flat than the head of the tame cat, and the limbs are much stronger. The colour of the coat is a pale yellowish grey, with dusky stripes, like those of a tiger, but not so bright. The tail is barred with dusky rings.

Wild cats are principally found in the mountainous parts of Scotland and Ireland ; and in the woods and hills of the north of England. In its native woods the wild cat preys upon birds, mice, leverets, and young rabbits, which it seizes in the same way that its relatives, the lion and tiger, take their larger prey. The wild cat prowls and preys chiefly during the night ; and then upon almost every animal it is able by strength or craft to overcome. From

THE MOTHER CAT AND HER KITTENS.

the natural ferocity of its disposition, it is dangerous to wound, as it is likely to turn upon anyone, and inflict dangerous wounds.

There is an old tradition of a serious conflict that once occurred between a man and a wild cat, near the village of Barnborough, between Doncaster and Barnsley. The inhabitants say that the contest commenced in an adjoining wood, and continued thence to the church porch, where it terminated fatally to both combatants. A rude painting in the church commemorates the event: and the natural red tinge of some of the stones is pointed to as evidence of the sanguinary nature of the conflict. What nonsense!

Though there is no express mention of the cat in the Scriptures, there is reason to believe that it was domesticated both in Egypt and Palestine, in the earliest ages. Mummies of cats are found in the sepulchres of Thebes; and figures of them are sculptured on monuments of the Pharaohs in Egypt.

Almost every country of the world, indeed, has its peculiar species of cat. That of the north of Russia is red, with the muzzle long and pointed, and the tail, it is said, is six times as long as the body to which it is attached. The cat of the Cape of Good Hope is blue; those of China and Japan are remarkable for their long pendant ears. The Angora cat is a beautiful, long haired species; and is remarkable for having, sometimes, one eye blue and the other yellow. By the way, it is reported, as an ascertained fact, that white cats with blue eyes, are always deaf. The

THE MOTHER CAT AND HER KITTENS.

Persian cat has long slate-coloured fur; and, in addition to these, there are many other varieties in different parts of the world."

Some of these tales we can hardly believe, and yet we cannot say they are not true, for there are many curious creatures in the world. When in the Isle of Man we saw several cats without tails, and we heard a gentleman offer a sovereign for one. The people say they were born so, but many doubt it, and suppose that their tails were cut off when they were kittens in order to get more money for them.

A dog is attached to his *master*, but a cat is attached to the *house*. I knew a farmer who removed his furniture in a wagon twenty miles to another house. The cat was put in a box to make sure of her. But when set at liberty she seemed uneasy; and next day she was gone. She found her way back to the old house.

I heard another tale when I was a boy. King George IV., when Prince of Wales, was one day walking with Charles James Fox down one of the streets at the west end of London, when Fox said to him, "I will engage to count more cats in the windows of this street than your Royal Highness, and you shall take which side you please." It was a hot day, and the Prince took the shady side as Fox guessed he would. When they met again at the end of the street the Prince had not seen one, but Fox had counted seven, which had crept into the old shop windows to bask in the warm sun.

How curious are the instincts of animals! Of some

MY MOTHER'S HAND.

things they seem to have a keener sense than we have. But there is one thing they have not, and this makes grand difference between us and them—as the Bible says of the horse and the mule, they “have no understanding to discern between good and evil. We have; and for right use of it we must give account unto God.

MY MOTHER'S HAND.

WHY gaze ye on my hoary hairs,
 Ye children, young and gay?
 Your locks, beneath the blast of cares,
 Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you,
 Who o'er my pillow hung,
 Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,
 And taught my faltering tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,
 Would bow my infant knee,
 And place her hand upon my head;
 And, kneeling, pray for me.

But then there came a fearful day;
 I sought my mother's bed,
 Till rude hands tore me thence away,
 And told me she was dead.

I plucked a fair white rose, and stole
 To lay it by her side,
 And thought strange sleep enchained her soul,
 For no fond voice replied.

That eve I knelt me down in woe,
 And said a lonely prayer;
 Yet still my temples seemed to glow
 As if that hand were there.

MY MOTHER'S HAND.

Years fled, and left me childhood's joy,
Gay sports and pastimes dear :
I rose a wild and wayward boy,
Who scorned the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed ;
Yet, ere at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
And down I fell, and wept.

Youth came—the props of virtue reeled ;
But oft, at day's decline,
A marble touch my brow congealed—
Blest mother ! was it thine ?

In foreign lands I travelled wide,
My pulse was bounding high,
Vice spread her meshes at my side,
And pleasure lured my eye ;

Yet still *that hand*, so soft and cold,
Maintained its mystic sway,
As when, amid my curls of gold,
With gentle force it lay.

And with it breathed a voice of care,
As from the lowly sod,
“ My son—my only one—beware !
Nor sin against thy God.”

That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot !
And now, though time hath set
His frosty seal upon my lot,
These temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in heaven appear,
A mother's holy prayer,
A mother's hand, and gentle tear,
That pointed to a Saviour dear,
Have led the wanderer there.

LYDIA SIGOURNEY.

ENIGMA.

ENIGMA 35.

If you, dear reader, had your wish,
I'm sure no one can doubt it,
That when you've my companionship
You'd rather be without it.

I own I am a dreadful plague,
And very few I spare:
I am one of the many ills
To which our flesh is heir.

Those who possess me always seem
In a most woful plight;
The poet Burns, though not for love,
An ode to me did write.

I am two words, and when I'm named
They always go together;

So should I only hint the first,
You soon would guess the other.

My second is a something sad,
Which none can wish to feel,
For in our heads or in our hearts
It will itself reveal.

Those who do not possess my first
Need never fear my whole,
Although with such unfortunates
We greatly can condole.

But now, I think, I've said enough,
So please in verse reveal me;
You will be very fortunate
If you should never feel me.

Sharrow, Sheffield.

J. F. A.

REPLIES.

'TIS TOOTHACHE! and its very name
Has often made me quail;
For I have felt its piercing sting,
Which made me weep and wail.

When sleepless, 'neath its restless power,
The other night I lay,
I vowed it should not me torment
Again by night or day.

Yet when to have it drawn I went,
I more than once did pause;
But soon the Dentist dragged the tooth
From my distended jaws!

Then up I rose, and marched home
With a much lighter heart;
Hoping I should not soon again
Have with a tooth to part.

S.

As answer, sir, I beg to send,
Although to rhyme I don't pretend.
If I should say it is TOOTHACHE,
I think I shall not far mistake.

Long as we sojourn here below,
Such aches and pains we all must know;
O may we reach that happy shore
Where aches and pains are felt no more.

C. M. L.

THE poet Burns might have done worse
Than give TOOTHACHE his hearty curse:
And as it makes me writhe and whine,
I feel inclined to give it mine.

M. W.

THE TOOTHACHE is a dreadful curse;
But should you seem to doubt it,
Feel it but once, and very soon
You'd wish you were without it.

W. C. F.

A few replies gave "*Headache*;" and one gave "*Sin and Sorrow*."
The above are the best of those which were right.





ALLIGATORS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

ALLIGATORS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

CENTRAL AMERICA is that long stretch of country which lies between the two great continents of South America and North America. The climate is very hot, and these dread-animals are mostly found in the muddy lakes and rivers of these countries. Mr. Stephens, the American traveller, explored these regions in 1840. When passing down one of the rivers in a small vessel called a bongo, he says :—"The river was very deep, and the banks densely wooded.

Very soon we came to a part of the river where the alligators seemed to enjoy undisturbed possession. Some lay basking in the sun on mudbanks, like logs of driftwood, and in many places the river was dotted with their heads.

Spanish historian says, that 'they swim with their heads above the water, gaping at whatsoever they see, and devouring it, whether stick, stone, or living creature, which is the true reason of their swallowing stones; and not to sink to the bottom, as some say, for they have no need to do so, for they like it, being extraordinary swimmers; for the rudder instead of a rudder, the head is the prow, and the jaws the oars, being so swift as to catch any other fish that swims. An hundred weight and a half of fresh fish has been found in the maw of an alligator, besides what was digested; in another was an Indian woman, whole, with her cloaths, whom he had swallowed the day before, and another with a pair of gold bracelets with pearls, the pearls gone, the pearls partly dissolved, but the gold entire.'

ALLIGATORS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

Here they still maintained their dominion. Accidents frequently happen; and at the Palisada, Don Francisco us that a year before a man had had his leg bitten off, was drowned. Three were lying together at the mouth of a small stream which emptied into the river. The patrol told us that at the end of the last dry season upward of two hundred had been counted in the bed of a pond emptied by this stream. The boatmen of several bungaloes went among them with clubs, sharp stakes, and machetes, killed upward of sixty. The river itself, discoloured, muddy banks, and a fiery sun beating upon it, was enough; but these huge and ugly monsters, neither bone nor flesh, made it absolutely hideous. The boatmen call them *enemigos de los Christianos*, by which they mean enemies of mankind. In a canoe it would have been pleasant to disturb them, but in the bungalow we brought our guns and made indiscriminate war. One monster twenty-five or thirty feet long, lay on the arm of a gigantic tree, which projected forty or fifty feet, the lower part covered with water, but the whole of the alligator was visible. He was hit just under the white line; he fell off, with a tremendous convulsion, reddening the water with a circle of blood, turned over on his back dead. A boatman and one of the Peten lads got into a canoe to bring it alongside. The canoe was small and tottering, and did not proceed fifty yards before it dipped, filled, upset, and threw them both into the water. At that moment there were perhaps twenty alligators in sight on the banks

ALLIGATORS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

ning in different parts of the river. We could do
g for the man and boy, and the old bungo, which
hardly moved, seemed to start forward purposely to
them to their fate. Every moment the distance be-
us and them increased, and on board all was confu-
the patron cried out in agony to the senores, and the
s, straining every nerve, turned the bungo into the
and got the masts foul of the branches of the trees,
held her fast. In the meantime our friends in the
were not idle. The Peten lad struck out vigorously
l the shore, and we saw him seize the branch of a
which projected fifty feet over the water, so low as to
him reach, haul himself up like a monkey, and run
it to the shore. The marinero, having the canoe to
lf, turned her bottom upward, got astride, and paddled
with his hands. Both got safely on board, and, appre-
on over, the affair was considered a good joke.

re more in the middle of the river, we renewed our
pon *los enemigos de los Christianos*. The sun was
that we could not stand outside the awning, but the
en gave us notice when we could have a shot. Our
down the river will be remembered as a desolation
ourge. Old alligators, by dying injunction, will teach
ing generation to keep the head under water when
ingoes are coming. We killed perhaps twenty, and
are probably at this moment sitting on the banks with
illets in their bodies, wondering how they came there.
rises we could have killed at least a hundred.

TALES OF THE TIGER.



TALES OF THE TIGER.

THE LION has been called the King of Beasts, not because he is the largest or the strongest, for the Elephant and several other animals are larger and stronger than he; because he can fight and master every other animal he encounters him, for the Tiger has been known not only to contend with him, but, in some instances, to conquer him. It may be that his majestic appearance, with his broad flowing mane, and terrible roar, have frightened nearly

TALES OF THE TIGER.

animals, and obtained for the Lion this distinction. Tiger, on the other hand, though as strong and more so, does not present so formidable an appearance. He has no flowing mane, nor does he roar like the Lion. His coat is much more beautiful, but he is more cunning and more ferocious. Of the two he is perhaps most to be dreaded.

The Tigers of India and the countries around are the most numerous in the world; and the people of those countries are fond of hunting them. They will try to take their young cubs and feed them until they are full grown, and then, having made them as strong and as savage as they can, permit them to fight with other animals for their amusement.

The Tiger is very cruel and very wicked, and shews that the wild animals are almost as savage as the wild animals themselves.

A Traveller in Java, a country beyond India, thus describes a fight between a Tiger and a Buffalo. It took place before the Emperor and thousands of people, in a large fenced pen scarcely large enough for such an encounter. He says:—

Now appeared the hero of the day—a fine black male Buffalo, with whitened horns, and a garland of flowers round his neck. He stood in the middle of the pen, and began to turn in his turn with a fierce and surprised expression.

But presently, when a royal tiger tumbled in, this became more intense. The animals, who would have looked at each other in the desert, only gazed in shy admiration; the buffalo keeping his place in the centre, wheeling round as on a pivot, with his head down and

TALES OF THE TIGER.

horns levelled, as the tiger sneaked slowly round the edge of the circle. How long this would have gone on is hard to say. The tiger, inspired at once with hate and fear, sought for a weak point, yet dared not spring; while the buffalo, stern and self-possessed, knew too well the treacherous nature of his enemy to abate his vigilance, but seemed willing to decline a combat if possible.

The music, however, had already commenced to which the actors were to fight; and as the roll of the drum, the clang of the trumpet, and the thunder of the gong became fiercer, and faster, and wilder, the movements of the combatants kept time. Confused with the noise, and with the wild gestures and exciting cries of the attendants, the animals gradually lost their self-command such as it was. At length the mad tiger sprang upon the head and shoulders of his enemy. A moment the spectators were in doubt—but only a moment; for the buffalo, without giving him time to fasten, threw him yelling back into the air. Again the tiger adopted the same stratagem—again, and again, and again, in such rapid succession, that the eye could scarcely follow his motions; but each time he was flung up again as at first, till at length he stirred no more after his fall, but lay as if dead, and was dragged away.

So much for the buffalo. But we must now show how the remainder of the tigers were disposed of, this being the second and final act of this horrid drama. A larger circular piece of ground was chosen for the new exhibition: *three hundred feet across it, and its walls were com-*

TALES OF THE TIGER.

of lines of men standing several rows deep, each with a long spear. These troops were clad in red, blue, and green jackets; and the interval between and the platform where the emperor and his visitors occupied by his guards, armed with rifles, spears, and other weapons. The circle was closed round spectators, to the number of several thousands; while roof, tree, wall, or elevation of any kind in the neighbourhood was crowded with men, women, and children. In the centre of the ring were the oblong cages of the tiger hung round with long grass. On a signal from the emperor a man set fire to one of the cages to drive the tiger out. Then struck up the music, then rolled the drums, then clanged the trumpet, then thundered the gong, shouted the men, then screamed the women; and then the tiger came from the forest, confounded with the strange salute, and fled back into his den. But not long could he stand at bay and smoke; and with slow gliding pace, and eyes flashing in desperation round the circle, he returned deliberately to the open space, and prowling backwards and forwards in front of the emperor. Sometimes he approached close; but his courage failed at the sight of the glittering blades of which met on all sides, with his body in the centre to which they pointed. Then he retreated to the state of his burning den; but deriving no comfort from the view, he stood still, as if in despair, with his jaw hanging down. At length, rousing himself, he

TALES OF THE TIGER.

made a sudden rush at the armed ring, from which he was thrown back bleeding. Galloping round the circle, he tried point after point as quick as thought, but always baffled, always wounded. At length, rousing all his energies, he made so desperate a charge near the royal stand that his enemies gave way. In an instant he was through the line; in another he had passed under a carriage in which some ladies were sitting; and in a third he had flashed by the side of the old prime minister, who sat eyeing the feat with the most unalterable coolness. But here his sudden good fortune as suddenly deserted him: the lancers were round him in a compact body; he was pinned to the ground in an instant; and he yielded up his hope and his life together.

The other tigers were destroyed in a similar manner, under circumstances of more or less excitement; and then the emperor and his guests, satisfied with the *sport*, returned with the same state in which they had come.

Such is a picture of modern sports in the East—such is what was presented to the populace of ancient Rome—such is pretty much what was tolerated in England at no very distant date. The sentiments which are now aroused amongst us on hearing of practices so revolting to humanity, mark the great advance which has latterly been made in public taste and feeling. That the spread of christianity in the East will gradually lead to the abolition of the fiendish pastimes just referred to, is past all reasonable doubt."

A BRIDGE OF MONKEYS.

A BRIDGE OF MONKEYS.

CAPTAIN REID, in his "Adventures in Southern Mexico," describes a curious scene which he and his companions witnessed:—

'They are coming towards the bridge; they will most probably cross by the rocks yonder,' observed Raoul. 'How! I can't see it?' I asked. 'It is a torrent there.' 'Oh, no,' answered the Frenchman; 'monkeys would rather go into the water. If they cannot leap the stream, they will swim it.' 'Bridge it! how?' 'Stop a moment, captain, you will see.' Their half-human voices now sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where we lay. Presently they appeared on the opposite bank, headed by an old gray chieftain, officered like so many soldiers. They were, as Raoul stated, of the ring-tailed tribe. One—an aide-de-camp, chief pioneer, perhaps—ran out upon a projecting rock, after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate to the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and parties were detached and ordered to the front. Meanwhile several—engineers no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the river. At length they all collected round a tall iron-wood tree that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost—a strong

A BRIDGE OF MONKEYS.

fellow—ran out upon a limb, and taking several turns his tail around it, slipped off, and hung head down. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipping his tail tightly round the neck and fore-arm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, hung head down. The third repeated this trick upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until at last upon the string rested his fore-paws upon the ground. The living chain now commenced swinging backward and forwards, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he swung down again. Several others of those above him repeated the movement. This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here he clutched a limb, and the chain came fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the right time, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk. The chain was now taut at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought. It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld to witness the various and zical expression of countenances along that living chain. The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question which suggested itself. Manifestly, *number one* letting go his tail. But then the end

THE WOODMAN'S BOY.

n on the other side was much lower down, and number with half-a-dozen of his neighbours, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or soused into the water. Here, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another led him in a similar manner, and another, and so on, and a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows; and running up to a high limb of the tree, they lifted the bridge into an almost strait line. Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation notified the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a melting candle, whilst the higher ones leaped to the branches, and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the forest, and disappeared."

THE WOODMAN'S BOY.

"FATHER is late," said the waiting boy;
"I'll run through the wood to meet him,
For I love to see his smile of joy
When his little son comes to greet him.

I'll take his axe from his weary hand,
And lay it over my shoulder;
I'll go to the clearing, and help him too,
When I am a few years older."

The boy set out through the forest dim—
There were prowlers watching his feet—

THE WOODMAN'S BOY.

But the wild beasts waked no fears in him,
He soon would his father meet.

And on he walked, till his little feet
Ached, and were growing weary;
"I'll rest," said he, "on this mossy seat,
For the way is long and dreary.

I cannot hear the sound of the axe,
So I think his work is done,
And father will surely pass this way,
For other there is none."

He sat him down near an old tree root,
To watch for his father's coming;
But soon a mist came over his eyes,
And his ears heard only a humming.

And down he dropped on the mossy bed,
Never thinking of fear or joy;
And a kind little whirlwind heaped the leaves
All over the sleeping boy.

When the father turned his weary feet
On the way to his home with joy;
He thought of the welcome awaiting him there,
And he thought of his darling boy.

But he cast his eyes upon the ground,
And close by the side of the way
He stopped to notice a strange little mound,
Heaped up of leaves so gay.

He passed along, then turned—impelled
By a thought both strange and wild—
He cast the varied leaves aside,
And there was his sleeping child!

He raised him gently in his arms,
And in his place he laid
A log of wood, and covered it o'er
With the leaves of the forest glade.

THE WOODMAN'S BOY.

Then he withdrew to a sheltered spot,
For he heard a fearful howl,
And soon the wolves came creeping out,
And round the mound they prowled.

And as they cast the light leaves aside,
And their glaring eyes were seen,
The father strained his child to his breast,
As he thought of *what might have been!*

Then he hasted home, but his boy slept on,
As over the ground he flew,
Of the danger threatened he nothing dreamed,
Of the rescue he nothing knew.

And the father's feet never stopped or stayed
Till he passed the forest wild,
And said, as he stood on his own door stone,
"Thank God, I've saved my child!"

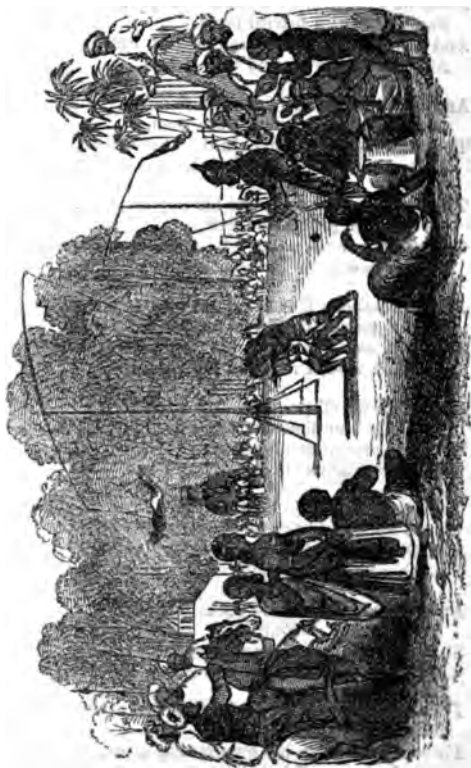
And so do we all pass through life's way,
While hidden foes surround us;
So all unconscious oft are we,
Of strong arms thrown around us.

For angel hands do bear us up,
Lest we should fall and perish;
Aye, *Our* that's stronger still, His lambs
Doth ever fold and cherish.

And when that foe who seeks our souls
To ruin and devour,
Shall find us helpless and alone,
Oh! fear not then his power,

For *Our* that's mightier far than he
Will to our rescue come;
He will take us in his own strong arms,
And bear us safely home.

S. H. B.



HINDOO SWINGING FESTIVAL.

A CRUEL CUSTOM IN INDIA.

A CRUEL CUSTOM IN INDIA.

We have shown you a picture of Indian pilgrims measuring their way to worship the wooden idol Juggernaut, by the length of their own bodies. On the opposite page is a representation of another cruel custom, called a Swinging Festival.

But here we desire to say, that we should not tell you of these cruel and horrid customs, and show you pictures of them, were it not that we want you all to feel pity for these poor ignorant people, and then do all you can to help those good men and women, called missionaries, who are gone to teach them better.

In as few words as we can, for we do not like to say much about such cruelties, we will tell you what is meant by the picture. On a certain day a great number of people will come together—sometimes thousands—to witness this horrid spectacle.

An upright pole was fixed firmly in the ground, on the top of which another was placed, which worked on a pivot; from this top pole cords were suspended; at one end a short cord with hooks attached, and at the other end a longer cord by which three men swung round the top pole with the victim suspended at the other end. The hooks (we have seen a pair of them and their cords,) were like those which butchers use to hang meat upon in their shops. When all was ready the victim would stretch himself on his face on the ground, and the hook *and of the pole* being

A CRUEL CUSTOM IN INDIA.

lowered, the hooks were stuck through the fleshy parts of his back, one on each side, and he was then hoisted up and swung round and round by the three men beneath, to the multitudes around expressing their delight by shouts of joy and noisy sounds of barbarous music. Such was, and still is, and fear in some places yet is, one of the horrid customs of India.

You shuddered, perhaps, as you read this short description. We will say no more about it. We would rather just remind you that all these bad and cruel customs are the work of the devil, who leads the people captive at his will. How different from all this is the religion of Jesus Christ, who came to destroy the works of the devil. Missionaries go to teach these poor wretched creatures our holy and merciful religion, which says to every man, "Do thyself no harm. God is Love. He is our Father in heaven. He sent His Son from heaven to save us. Jesus died for our sins. Believe on him and you shall be saved." These are good news and glad tidings that the Missionaries teach, and many of the people have heard them and believed the word; and having given up their cruel customs, are now praising God for sending them the gospel.

What we want is, that children all over England should help to send out more missionaries to the millions of people all over the earth who are yet in darkness. They should begin now while they are young, and then they will love this good work, and do more for it when they grow up to be men and women. Many children in many places

ANOTHER STOLEN SWEEP BOY.

so now, and their farthings, and halfpennies, and every week make up a large sum in a year. A ter in London says that during the past twenty the children in his schools have given *Four hundred* s in such small money for christian missions. They he money willingly, and seem to take delight in doing Once a year they all meet in one place, as many as en hundred of them, to hear how God is blessing the rs of the missionaries in heathen lands. This is ent. Next to the blessing of God, nothing is more ul than to see young people loving the sacred cause ssions.

ANOTHER STOLEN SWEEP BOY.

I have read the tale about the little son of the Countess —; how he was taken away and made a sweep boy; how his glad mother found him again. That, as we you, took place above one hundred years ago. You t think no such a thing would be done in England

Here, however, is another case of the same kind; he parents of the child were poor people. This took in the year 1853, not quite ten years ago. A Lady, wrote about it, says:—

When I was a little girl, I was much interested in those little boys whose gloomy work was to sweep our chim- and many were the tears I shed over stories of the ships to which they were *compelled* to submit by

ANOTHER STOLEN SWEEP BOY.

unfeeling masters. I daresay many children who may read these lines will recollect having been moved by similar feelings of compassion; though, at present, I would fain hope there is less need for their pity, in consequence of the measures taken for the protection of the boys, and the use of sweeping machines for the chimneys.

However, from the many stories I read, I thought of them with great compassion; and I never passed a little sweep in the street, bending under his load of soot, that I did not conjure up images of stripes, starvation, and sorrow, besides wondering how the master got possession of the lad. I could hardly fancy that any parent would willingly doom his child to become a chimney-sweeper; and, in consequence of my having read of such things, fancied every little sooty-face was stolen, in order to be taught this dirty business. When I became a woman, these thoughts were of course in a great measure banished from my mind, but they were forcibly recalled a short time ago by an occurrence which came under my own observation. I was walking towards home on the 8th of July in this present year, when I was accosted by a decent-looking elderly man, who begged to be directed to the residence of the superintendent of police. Being well acquainted with the place and person, I gave him the required information, and passed on my way, thinking little of the circumstance. Had I known what I now do, I should have looked at the man a second time; for what, think you, was his business with *the police inspector*? I will tell you. He wanted his aid

ANOTHER STOLEN SWEEP BOY.

recovering his youngest child, who had been stolen from a year before, and whom he believed to be then in the session of a chimney-sweeper. You, who are tenderly loved and cared for, will hardly think it possible that such a thing can be in our happy land; but you must remember that in writing the story of this poor lad, I am only stating a fact which has just occurred, and is well known to be really true.

His father is a stocking-weaver, living at Nottingham,* that place being noted as one of the principal seats for the manufacture of that useful article of clothing.

Little James, the stolen boy, was the youngest of his family, and at the time he was taken from his parents was seven years old. I cannot tell the exact mode in which he was conveyed away—I only know that he was missed from his home, and that his parents were almost distracted by grief and anxiety respecting the fate of their dear child. They made many inquiries, persevering, though constantly disappointed, and hoping almost against hope. They had other children, but still they refused to be comforted, because their youngest born 'was not;' so they tried and tried again to hear of their lost boy, and did everything their humble means would allow to gain intelligence of him.

A whole year passed, and still no success; when at last a gleam of hope burst upon them: they received intelligence respecting a little boy in the service of a master

* We believe he lived in Leicester.

ANOTHER STOLEN SWEEP BOY.

sweep, which agreed with their account of the appearance of their son.

You may think the father lost no time in writing to the inspector of police, and from him he had a speedy reply, bidding him come to G——,* as he believed the little sweep to be the boy of whom he was in search.

Oh, how glad the poor man was when he received that letter! He set out by railway immediately, full of hope; and yet in great dread, lest he might again be doomed to disappointment, again return in sorrow. He had just arrived when I saw him and directed him to the inspector's house.

It was then about seven in the evening, and the little sweep-boy's labour was over, when two men were seen going towards his master's door. One of these was the inspector of police; the other, the poor stocking-weaver; and, having knocked at the door, they asked to see his little apprentice. Now, the master would no doubt have been willing to comply with their request, had he got possession of the boy by right and honest means, but he had actually bought him from the cruel man who had stolen him; so he shut up little James in the gloomy shed among the soot, refusing to let him be seen. The inspector, however, was not to be daunted by his denial or rough words; for, besides feeling it his duty to sift the matter, he was the father of little boys himself, and could the better sympathise with the anxious parent at his side. When the

* Grimsby.

ANOTHER STOLEN SWEEP BOY.

er, therefore, would not be persuaded, he used force; going to the door of the shed where the poor boy was, and trembling with fear, he broke it open, and thrust him out. He was miserably dirty, for his face, smeared with soot, looked still blacker from that having been mixed with his tears and rubbed over it: but no dirt could hide him from the delighted father's eyes. The poor man knew him instantly, and could not contain his joy, but he and the boy laughed by turns, behaving, one would have thought, like a man bereft of his senses. In spite of this, the boy had sufficient presence of mind to tell the officer, before his dirty rags were taken off, that a particular mark might be found on his right shoulder, which would prove his identity; and, on his being undressed, this was discovered as described. Now, what was to be done for the boy? The only decent things he possessed were a pair of boots, which a kind-hearted teacher, noticing the boy's miserable attire, had bestowed, to enable him to attend the sabbath-school. But he was not long in the street: the inspector of police took him to his office, and, there, he was washed, went home for a shirt and waistcoat; his good neighbour furnished him with cap and trousers; while a third bestowed a jacket: so our poor little sweep was soon washed, well clothed, and restored to his grateful and happy father.

When this story was told to me, I thought how much I should have liked to see the meeting between little James and his mother. I can fancy, and so I daresay can you,

OUR CHARLIE.

how happy the little boy would be to return to her arms once more; but which of us can imagine the mother's joy? It must have been a touching scene; and I hope that little James will endeavour, by his good and dutiful conduct, to repay his father and mother for their past sorrows on his account, and thus prove his gratitude for all the love they have evinced towards their child."

This Lady concludes her tale by informing us that the wicked man who stole the boy ran away to America, and the cruel master was sent to prison for trial, but she does not tell us what punishment he received.

OUR CHARLIE.

OUR boy was sick—our darling boy;
Love's tenderest little blossom,
Inwoven in the wreath of joy
That decked affection's bosom.
We watched beside his restless bed,
We watched him late and early,
Yet to ourselves we daily said—
'Twill soon be well with Charlie.

We saw the burning fever's flush
Grow brighter every minute,
But knew 'twas not the healthful blush
That carries vigour in it.
And then we sighed, alas! alas!
When looking at it fairly,
But still we hoped that all would pass,
And soon be well with Charlie.

OUR CHARLIE.

The fever raged, and Charlie's mind—
Dear little mind—was clouded ;
His thoughts grew dim and undefined,
His mild blue eyes were shrouded.
And then our hopes had almost fled,
Or if they lingered barely ;
But then our kind physician said
That there was hope for Charlie.

And thus we oft were chilled and cheered
By changes without number—
All hopeful when the bright appeared,
All hopeful when the sombre ;
And thus with future woe and joy
We held a constant parley :
Oh ! shall we lose our darling boy ?
Or still enjoy our Charlie ?

One day a little symptom came
That had a silver lining,
And somehow Hope within the same
Her little buds was twining ;
We seized the gems and wove a wreath,
We wove it, O ! how fairly !
And put this motto underneath—
"A ray of hope for Charlie."

The crisis came, when life or death—
We knew not which—would win him,
And nothing now but blush and breath
Showed us that life was in him.
The fight was fought, the battle won—
Death was the victor early ;
He left our home without a son,
But all was well *with Charlie*.

THE YOUNG BIRDS.

For though we only saw his clay,
Our Charlie was victorious;
His spirit winged its upward way,
Unconquered, fair and glorious;
And as it soared above—above,
Through gates all pure and pearly,
It seemed to say, in tones of love—
“In heaven come find your Charlie!” N. Y. E.

THE YOUNG BIRDS.



THERE they are, the pretty young creatures, in their nice snug nest! and there is their mother with a worm in her bill, which she is just going to drop into their open mouths.

Would it not be a pity and a shame to disturb them? Only think what time and trouble it cost the parent birds to build that nice round nest, gathering twigs or dry grass to make the outside, and then lining it inside with moss and wool, and hair and feathers, to make it snug and warm. *And then, when the mother had laid her pretty eggs, how*

THE YOUNG BIRDS.

ntly she sat on them for many days and nights until
were hatched, and the shells broke, and the little
d birds were seen. Now the mother bird picks out
roken shells, and sits over her little ones to keep them
all night, and never leaving them but to find them
in the day time.

uch kind and constant attention in these birds to their
g should excite the admiration of boys and girls, and
ain them from disturbing the innocent creatures. Here
e say that there is no harm in your standing and look-
quietly at a bird's nest when the eggs are in it, if you
ot touch it or frighten the old birds away by going too
, for a nest with five or six little eggs in it is a pretty
t. But never go so near as that when the mother bird
eding her little ones, for it would be wrong to hinder
from having the food they want, and which God has
ided for them.

have written this with the hope that no boy who reads
ill be like those rough lads who go seeking for birds
that they may rob them of their eggs or their young.
n a boy takes the eggs they often get broken, or if he
them safe home, and blows them, and makes a string
em, and hangs it up in the house, it is only to let
body see what a cruel fellow he has been. And then
takes the young ones, nine times out of ten they are
to die, for how does he know how to feed them like
mother? So what use is it taking either the eggs or
young birds. Let them live, I say, and then next

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

spring and summer they will sing you some merry
to make you glad. God made them to sing and be
so dont you hinder them.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an aged man
one day.

"Yes, but what of it? It is, I suppose, a curl from
head of a dear child long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and it is
nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much?"

"It has a history belonging to it and a strange one
keep it thus with care, because it speaks to me of God
of his special care. But I will tell you."

"I was a little boy of four years old, with long curly
which in sun, or rain, or wind, hung down uncovered.
day my father went into the woods to cut up wood, and
I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him
rather at his side, watching with interest the stroke of
heavy axe, as it went up and came down upon the log,
sending off splinters with every stroke in all directions.
Some of them fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to
pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment
my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at
moment when the axe was again coming down with a

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He did not stay the stroke, and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused he thought he had killed his boy. He then recovered; I from my fright, and he from terror. He caught me in his arms, and looked at me from head to foot to find out the deadly wound he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood, nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the ground and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his axe, and found a few hairs upon its edge. He traced to the wood he had been splitting and there was a curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through, and laid bare the wood. How near was the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was falling on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he kissed up the curl, and went home with me in his arms. That lock he kept all his days, as a memorial of God's love to me. That lock he left me on his death-bed. I treasure it with care. It rebukes unbelief and alarm. It bids me to be true to him for ever. I have had many tokens of fatherly love in my threescore years and ten; but somehow this is the most to my heart. It is the oldest, and perhaps most precious. It used to speak to my father's heart; it now speaks to mine."

Now say you, my young readers? Is not this an instance of divine mercy on the part of our gracious God. And God is the same kind being who gave you life, and has loved you ever and cared for you until now. Do you love

THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS.

him and put your trust in him?—Look over your past lives, and think of the many times he has watched over you and delivered you in times of danger. When sick, and your parents thought you would die, he spared your life, and restored you to health; and in various other ways has he shown his love and care. Yes, his love is great, for he has so loved the world as to give his only beloved Son to die, so that whosoever believeth in him might not perish but have everlasting life. Children, love him with all your hearts, and in your youthful days devote your lives to his service. He alone has a right to you, for he is your Creator and Redeemer.

THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS.

“Oh, dearest mother, tell me, pray,
Why are the dew-drops gone so soon?
Could they not stay till close of day,
To sparkle on the flowery spray,
Or on the grass till noon?”

The mother gazed upon her boy,
Earnest with thought beyond his years;
She felt a sharp and sad annoy,
Which meddled with her deepest joy,
But she restrained her tears.

“My child, 'tis said such beauteous things,
Too often loved with vain excess,

THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS.

Are swept away by angel wings,
Before some ugly evil clings
To their frail loveliness.

Behold yon rainbow, brightening yet,
To which all mingled hues are given !
There are thy dew-drops, grandly set
In a resplendent coronet
Upon the brow of Heaven.

No stain of earth can reach them there ;
Woven with sunbeams, there they shine,
A transient vision of the air,
But yet a symbol, pure and fair,
Of love and peace divine."

The boy gazed upward into space
With eager and inquiring eyes,
While o'er his fair and thoughtful face
Came a faint glory, and a grace
Transmitted from the skies.

Ere the last odorous sigh of May,
That child lay down beneath the sod ;
Like dew, his young soul passed away,
To mingle with the brighter day
That veils the throne of God.

Mother, thy fond foreboding heart
Truly foretold thy grief and pain,
But thou didst choose the christian part
Of resignation to the smart,
And owned thy loss his gain.

J. C. P.

MY BIBLE CLASS.

MY BIBLE CLASS.

BY A TEACHER.

THE sabbath's sacred hours draw near;
The week of toil will quickly pass;
And I must in my place appear,
And meet my much-loved BIBLE CLASS.

God of our fathers, bless the youths;
Thy mercy doth all thought surpass;
Enrich their minds with heavenly truths,
And teach and save my BIBLE CLASS.

Blooming in youth, and full of life,
Still they must know "all flesh is grass;"
Perils are nigh, and dangers rife—
Lord, guide and guard my BIBLE CLASS.

Open their eyes and make them see
Their features in the gospel glass;
And let the Saviour's likeness be
Impressed on all my BIBLE CLASS.

Direct their feet in wisdom's ways,
And, as their pilgrimage they pass,
May all their lives be joy and praise,—
A holy, happy BIBLE CLASS.

And when that pilgrimage is o'er,
May scenes that earthly scenes surpass,
Be then revealed on yonder shore,
Before each of my BIBLE CLASS.

The gates of pearl, the streets of gold,
The great white throne, the sea of glass,
May all their eyes with joy behold—
And form, through ages yet untold,
A holier, happier BIBLE CLASS.





THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

THE YEAR was the year of jubilee among the Jews. Women, and children, all joined to hail its approach, come its happy return.

English boys and girls do not know much about . They sometimes hear, perhaps, of the jubilee of a place of worship fifty years after the erection of or the other. When the writer was a youth England had a jubilee for King George III., when he had fifty years.

The Jewish Jubilee was commanded to be kept by God himself, and you may read about it in the twenty-fourth chapter of Leviticus, from the eighth to the seventeenth verse. Read it *now*, and you will then know all about it.

When you read it you know now why they were all so glad when the Jubilee came, for then all prisoners were set at liberty, all slave servants were made free, all debts were forgiven, and if any had sold houses or lands they were redeemed. It was the time when liberty was proclaimed throughout all the land to all the inhabitants, and all ought well to be glad. Indeed the word Jubilee, which comes from the Jewish word *Jobel*, means joy and gladness. Some think it also comes from Jubal, who, in Genesis is said to be the first inventor of musical instruments which give sounds of joy and gladness.

The Jews had much to do with "sevens." The week consisted of seven days, and the sabbath was kept on

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

the seventh day, and so that was the sabbath of days. they had a sabbath of years, for on the seventh year the land rested. But the Jubilee was the Grand Sabbath came at the end of every seven times seven years.

On the first day of the year of Jubilee the priests came dressed in their long flowing robes, with their silver trumpets in their hands. The people, men, women, and children were all waiting for them, and as the priests marched blowing their trumpets they all shouted for joy.

The sound of the priests' trumpets could be heard at a great distance. All the people, near or far, were waiting to hear the first sound; and as soon as they heard it, they blew their trumpets nine times, and others farther off joined them, and they too passed the glad sound along to the next valley, until it was heard on every mountain top, and along every valley, for hundreds of miles, echoing and re-echoing all the land. Sound, you know, travels fast, and so it was not long before it was heard everywhere.

But there is another "joyful sound," louder and sweeter than that of the silver trumpets of the Jewish Jubilee. It is that which was heard in the angels' song on the plains of Bethlehem—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, good will to man." And He who was born on a night born, thirty years after, in the synagogue of Nazareth, gave these glad tidings a more certain sound when he said, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted."

LOST IN THE SCRUB.

liberty to the captives, and the opening of the
to them that are bound ; to proclaim the acceptable
the Lord."

Jesus Christ, our great High Priest, thus blow the
trumpets of the Gospel Jubilee, and after he died and rose
again from the dead, he sent his servants to spread the joy-
nings of light and love, of liberty and life, to all nations.
And be God the notes of the gospel trumpet are yet
going out, echoing and re-echoing over all lands.

The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy ;
"Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.

LOST IN THE SCRUB.

AN AUSTRALIAN TALE.

"Half breathless, from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small."

matters it, dear children, where lies the scene of the
tale. The incidents are founded on fact, and really
took place in this southern land of ours—our own Australia
not so very, very distant from our metropolis, the
Tasmanian. Names of necessity we must alter ; and
our heroine herself we shall, therefore, call Jessie.

Hastings was a little girl, having seen, perhaps,
more than five summers ; but a very fine little girl
for her age. Her eyes were very blue and merry ;

LOST IN THE SCRUB.

her hair, had it been permitted to take its own course, would have hung in natural ringlets, but it was very often platted away tightly from her brows, and tied with bits of ribbon to "save trouble." Then, I suppose, she would have had a very fair complexion, only constant exposure to the sun had so tanned her face, and neck and arms, that Jessie was a veritable little nut-brown gipsy. But what mattered all this to her? The sun and fresh air brought health to her life, and light to her eye. She was a very merry, though by no means a noisy little girl.

No—Jessie's plays were generally of the quiet kind; gathering flowers was her particular delight. She loved to get together a number of those star-like blue flowers that peep up from every road side or scrub in spring, and selecting one with a long firm stalk, to string all the other flowers upon it, till it almost seemed one flower of rare species. She knew well enough where to find the scarlet creeper, or the delicate petaled "spidee," or the no less delicate little heath blossom, known to every bush child. She loved, too, to hunt for ground berries, and could tell at a glance the little bush beneath which most were hidden. She delighted to go and stand under the trees, and watch the old magpies fly backwards and forwards to their nest of clamorous young ones, or the opossums, old and young, frisking amidst the branches, or an occasional "sailor bird" running up the bark of some stout gum tree, would woo her attention and amuse her for hours. But Jessie was not permitted to wander away from home. She was too young to be trusted

LOST IN THE SCRUB.

herself. The country around was also too wild—and deeply-wooded gullies, and wild scrub, and hills led. It was easy to lose one's self in such rude wilds, therefore Jessie was not allowed to go as far as inclined her to wish. No—the glimpses she caught of hill and gully, and rock, was when she went with her rs to fetch the cows, or to feed the bullocks with ak branches, or to cut wood. Those glimpses were ent, however, to make her love it very much.

as scarcely to be called a village where Jessie lived, there were several houses scattered here and there—, and a pretty school-house, at which all the children received both week-day and sabbath instruction.

was very proud when she was first permitted to pany her brothers to school. It was a new day in her ence when she first took her place as a visitor only in beautiful" school-house, for beautiful it seemed to her bright sunshine stealing in at windows and door light—so many happy faces.

r that day Jessie had a place in the sabbath-school, ed to go there, for she heard about God—God who ade all the flowers and trees, and birds she loved so

She heard, too, of heaven, and of what a beautiful t was—bright, far brighter than the sun, and then so ay: Jessie loved her sabbath-school.

lovely sabbath morning in May—calm, and soft, and nd balmy, as some May mornings are, Jessie stood at r of her father's house, waiting for her brother to

LOST IN THE SCRUB.

take her to school. She could see the road leading past the school-house from the place she stood. Children were already sauntering along it in their Sunday attire. She was as impatient to be off as any of them. There she stood in her clean dress and pinafore, with shoes shining brightly, clean socks, and smooth glossy hair, neatly parted under her little blue sun bonnet. Eyes as blue as her bonnet, and as happy a little face as ever took shelter beneath a hood were hidden there, and yet but half hidden, for they would make themselves seen.

"Be quick, oh! do be quick, Bobby," she exclaimed every now and then to her brother, who was rather slowly making preparations to accompany her. "School will be in, I know it will," she continued, and Bobby at last thinking by the clock on the mantle-shelf that there was some truth in what she said, soon joined her.

"Remember the cows, Bobby; you can fetch them in with you when you leave school," said their mother, appearing an instant at the door before they got into the road.

"All right," shouted Bobby back again in tones more vehement than respectful. We do think some of our colonial lads require rubbing up a bit on this score. How little do such replies as this savour of the love and affection due to a fond mother! "All right" substituted for the gentle and simple reply of "yes, mother."

But we must not forget our tale; our young readers, we know, will be anxious to get to that, will be anxious for the hours of sabbath-school to pass, and for the dispersing of

LOST IN THE SCRUB.

lren down the hill side in various directions as soon
ignal for exit was given. The morning did pass,
oubtless to some, to others as quickly, and the sun
ning just as brightly, and yet more warmly than
reminding one not a little of some of the May
gs of Old England, only perhaps a trifle colder, as
and his sister came out of the school door.

"cows, Bobby," reminded Jessie.

"ow," replied Bobby, rather impatiently, for he was
n having a little talk with a class mate, and did not
g disturbed. So the little girl stood very patiently
brother's side, waiting till he was ready, amusing
meanwhile by looking towards the hilly ranges
them, and wondering what was on the other side of
lls. They looked so pleasant in that bright morn-
, the trees threw such dreamy shadows over them—
gullies between, what flowers must grow there!
sigh got into a dream herself, but from it she was
udely awakened by her brother, who had moved on,
r shouted—

"r, Jessie, what are you standing there for?"

an after him quickly, for he did not wait; but she
y little when she again reached his side. The blue
re still fixed on those grand hills.

of their way lay along the road past the school-house,
an opposite direction to their home, which was
in the village itself. It was a long way, and what
t and the warmth of the sun, and the salt beef they

LOST IN THE SCRUB.

had taken from their dinner bags, both Jessie and brother were very thirsty; so when they had walked a mile and a half from the school they agreed to call house that stood in their way for a drink. They had done this before, and went boldly forward now. The of cold delicious water was handed to Jessie first, and while her brother was slaking his thirst, an operation quite so quickly accomplished, true to her thoughts, little girl ran round the house, and looked again at the and the green slope in particular, which lay at the back the house.

"How nice to run up that slope!" she thought. "I not be long, only just while Bobby goes after the c I can be back in time," and with but little thought to right or the wrong of the matter, away she crept under fence, and up the hill she ran almost as swiftly as on her favourite opossums. Silly little Jessie! Nau little Jessie! She had passed the boundary line, and presently so entangled in the hills and gullies beyond, she was thoroughly bewildered, and could not even g her way back.

Dear young readers, have you ever for a day, an hour even for a few minutes, lost a younger brother or sister whom you have been placed in charge; if so, you imagine somewhat the feelings of poor Bobby as he returned from the house and found Jessie was gone. At the moment, indeed, he did not believe her lost. He thought *most likely she had run round the house to hide; and*

LOST IN THE SCRUB.

d carelessly lashing his leg with a slip of wattle he thered on his way, contented himself with calling three times, "Now, Jess, I can't wait here all day." en there was no response to his call—when, instead usual quick run, he waited and waited, and she still : make her appearance, he hurriedly began to look , uttering threatenings as he did so.

give it you when I get you, Miss Jess; I'll teach you a." But Jessie was far beyond hearing; she was e to be found.

to be found? No, though her brother, now thoroughly red, searched hill and dale, high and low, shouting oing, and threatening alternately. His sister lost, uld he go home? what would be said there? He led his exertions, behind bushes, trees, logs, any hat he thought it possible for her to have concealed

but in vain—all in vain—he could see no trace of e sister. He gave up the search at last, thinking it kely that she had found her way home, and resuming aless manner after that thought, he idled away his play, leaving the cows to graze as they would.

us getting late when he at last thought of returning

He had now to make up for lost time, so, hastily ng the cows together, he hurried along the home-ath. Now, indeed, he began to reflect upon the ility of his sister not having reached home, and if l not, what tale could he tell? *Jessie, the little pet missing. What would be done or said?*

LOST IN THE SCRUB.

What would be said or done? What, indeed; Bobby knew he was not entirely free from blame; he knew, in the first place, he had not looked well enough or long enough after his sister; he had not troubled himself sufficiently about her while she was with him. In the second place, instead of loitering away his time in idle play, he should have gone home at once to give the alarm, or to make sure that she was at home. It was now dusk, and should Jessie not be home, he justly feared punishment. He put his cows into the stock-yard, and slunk in-doors.

"Where's Jessie?" was his mother's first exclamation, as he sullenly took his seat in the chimney corner.

"Don't know," was the muttered reply.

"Don't know! Where on earth, boy, did you leave her?"

"She was getting a drink at Mrs. —, I aint seen her since."

"Not *seen* her! exclaimed his mother, rising in alarm and anger"—not *seen* her—have you left her at Mrs. —?"

"No; she's not there. I suppose she's somewhere up in the scrub. I looked for her, but couldn't find her."

"You bad boy you!" and a sharp stroke from the whip of his father fell upon the boy's shoulders. The cottage was in an instant uproar. Well it might be. The poor mother's frantic exclamations—the father's loud and angry questioning—and Bobby's cries made up the scene of confusion. The neighbours immediately round the cottage *were soon* in possession of the sad tidings.

How were they to recover the missing little one? for it was

LOST IN THE SCRUB.

uite dark, and the country round, as we have before de-
d, abounded in deep gullies or ravines, thick scrub,
rocks and creeks. Beyond the village, at intervals,
shepherd's hut; all the remainder was wild and un-
ited. The fate of little Jessie seemed almost certain;
was not in human nature to abandon her to her fate,
less in the feelings of a father and mother, whose
nation pictured their lost little one in that dark scrub,
and terrified. Mr. Hastings had plenty of com-
ns in his search. The neighbours eagerly responded
call of anguish, and a little band of men, with lights
y description they could carry, set forward at once on
nearly hopeless search, scattering themselves in
es over all the adjacent country.

at think you, dear young readers, must have been the
mother's feelings during that terrible night of sus-
? What think you must have been her agony, as a
before dawn her husband returned weary and sad from
ain search! Little Jessie could not be found. No;
se deep gullies, or amidst the haunt of wild dogs, she
have cried herself to sleep, or perhaps perished with
and cold.

I that mother remember amidst her agony that God's
wer sleeps, and that even then it was resting on her
one? Did she seek *His* aid, who has promised to
and answer? We know not. But the rest we will
re soon.

ENGLISH WILD FLOWERS.



ENGLISH WILD FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL flowers ! to me ye fresher seem
From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,
Than those that flourish by a garden-wall ;
And I can image you, as in a dream,
Fair, modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small—
I love ye all !

Beautiful gems ! that on the brow of earth
Are fixed as in a queenly diadem :
Though lowly ye, and most without a name,

ENGLISH WILD FLOWERS.

Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,
As light awhile into the world once came—

I love ye all!

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow!
The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes—
Our own blue-bell—the daisy, that doth rise
Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow;
And thousands more, of blessed forms and dyes—

I love ye all!

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew!
Fanned in your loveliness by every breeze,
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees:
I often wish that I were one of you,
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas—

I love ye all!

Beautiful watchers! day and night ye wake;
The evening star grows dim and fades away,
And morning comes and goes, and then the day
Within the arms of night its rest doth take;
But ye are watchful wheresoe'er we stray—

I love ye all!

Beautiful objects of the wild bee's love!
The wild-bird joys your opening bloom to see,
And in your native woods and wilds to be.
All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move;
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free—

I love ye all!

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide,
And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side!
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell;
And though the worldling, scorning, may deride—

I love ye all! NICOLL.

WILLIE WAKING UP.

WILLIE WAKING UP.

SOME have thought that in the dawning, in our being's freshest glow,
God is nearer little children, than their parents ever know,
And that if you listen sharply, better things than you can teach,
And a sort of mystic wisdom, trickle through their careless speech.

How it is, I cannot answer; but I knew a little child,
Who, among the thyme and clover, and the bees, was running wild—
And he came one summer evening, with his ringlets o'er his eyes,
And his hat was torn to pieces, chasing bees and butterflies.

"Now I'll go to bed, dear mother, for I'm very tired of play!"
And he said his "Now I lay me," in a kind of careless way:
And he drank the cooling water from his pretty little cup,
And said gaily, "When it's morning, will the angels wake me up?"

There he lies, how sweet and placid! and his breathing comes and goes,
Like a zephyr moving softly, and his cheek is like a rose;
But his mother leaned to listen if his breathing could be heard—
"Oh," she murmured, "if the angels took my darling at his word."

Night within its folding mantle hath the sleepers both beguiled,
And within its soft embracings rest the mother and the child;
Up she started from her dreaming, for a sound had struck her ear—
And it comes from little Willie, lying on his trundle near.

Up she springeth, for it strikes upon her troubled ear again,
And his breath, in louder fetches, travels from his lungs in pain,
And his eyes are fixing upward on some face beyond the room,
And the blackness of the spoiler from his cheek hath chased the bloom.

Nevermore his "Now I lay me" will be said at mother's knee,
Nevermore among the clover will he chase the humble bee.
Through the night she watched her darling, now despairing, now in hope,
And about the break of morning did the angels take him up.

E. H. S.

SUSETTE AND JULIE.



SUSETTE AND JULIE.

THESE two French girls had been neighbours and companions from childhood. As they grew up they became more closely attached to each other. They were like twin sisters, for they were born in the same month of the same year; and their tastes were so alike that they could easily agree to dress in the same manner. Only in

SUSETTE AND JULIE.

one thing did they differ—Susette wore something round her neck which Julie did not. What was it? It was a string of black jet beads with a cross at the end of it.

The parents of these girls were honest and industrious people living next door to each other; but the parents of Susette were papists, and the parents of Julie were protestants. But they were good-natured people, and did not vex each other about religious matters as some people are fond of doing. One family went to the great church where the priest performed ceremonies which they could not understand, but in which they believed, and the other went to a plain little church where the pastor prayed and talked about things which they could both understand and believe.

Susette and Julie did not often talk about the things they saw or heard at their places of worship; but one day after they had gone together, each with a basket of clothes, and spread them to dry on the green grass of the churchyard, Susette, who was full of admiration of what she had seen and heard, said, "Oh, Julie dear, you should have been at our festival yesterday and have seen and heard what I did. You would have been delighted."

"Indeed!" replied Julie, "Why what did you see and hear? Tell me." And so the conversation went on in this way.

SUSETTE.—Why we had a grand procession, and grand singing, and priests in grand dresses, and grand candles, which made the grand pictures in the windows look grander still. It was altogether grand!

SUSETTE AND JULIE.

JULIE.—I know your religion is a very grand religion, Susette, for you have told me so before.

S.—Yes, it is. I wish you had been with me yesterday. I wanted you to be there, but I did not like to ask you ; and yet I am sorry you do not see such grand sights. You have nothing like them in your religion.

J.—I know we have not. But we have what I like as well.

S.—Have you? What is it?

J.—Oh ! nothing grand to look at at all.

S.—Well, if there is nothing grand to look at, I think it must be a poor dull religion. What do you do?

J.—As you wish to know I will tell you. We all go quietly to the little old church and sit down. Then we all join to sing a hymn of praise to God. Then our pastor gives thanks and prays for us all, and then he reads from the Bible, and then he preaches about Jesus, who died to save us from our sins ; and then we sing a song of praise to the Saviour, and come away.

S.—And is that all ?

J.—Yes, that is all the way we have. But the singing, and reading, and praying, are not always alike. They are different every time ; but the preaching is always about Jesus.

S.—And nothing about the Blessed Virgin. We always pray to her to save us.

J.—I know you do. But we do not. We pray to God, through Jesus Christ. The Testament says that the mother of our Lord was "blessed and highly favoured," but it nowhere tells us to pray to her.

SUSETTE AND JULIE.

S.—How do you know, Julie?

J.—Because I have read it all through, and I am sure it does not say that we are; and more than that, it does not say that any one ever did pray to her.

S.—Perhaps not in your Testament.

J.—Nor in your's either.

S.—Well, that I dont know; for the priest says that I am not to have a Testament yet, because there are in it some things hard to be understood.

J.—I dont know what he means, for I never read a more easy book in my life. It is much easier than that book you lent me about Abelard and Heloise.

S.—But does it make you wonder as much? I like a book that makes me wonder.

J.—Then let me tell you, Susette, that the most wonderful things that the world has ever known are in the Testament; and what is better still, they are all true. I dont think you can say that of the strange tales told in that book of the loves of Abelard and Heloise. I think they were a couple of very silly people.

S.—Oh, Julie, for shame! you should not say so. Dont you know they were saints?

J.—I know you call them saints; but I think they were sinners, and very silly sinners. The saints of the Testament were not like Abelard and Heloise.

S.—You tiresome little Huguenot! You would make me believe that you know more about such things than our *learned priests and doctors*. Take up your basket and let

CÆSAR DUCORNET.

1. If I hear you talk much longer you will make me a heretic too.

—You began the talk, Susette, by telling me of your doings at your grand church. But if you are afraid of talking any longer I am willing to give over. I only my dear Susette, would read her own Testament for herself, and then she would know that all I have told her is

Come, one kiss before we go, for we must yet be as friends as ever.

—With all my heart, Julie, for I love you though you are such a heretic!

CÆSAR DUCORNET,

FRENCH BOY WHO WAS BORN WITHOUT ARMS OR HANDS.

For boys and girls who have no defects in their limbs or senses, think their everyday duties great hardships. They say, "I can't!" and "Oh dear!" and "What shall I

They think they have very hard times because they have lessons to learn or work to do. What foolish children! They do not know what hardships are. They ought not to be in a glass for fear of seeing their own faces.

I might tell you of several boys and girls who had just hands for complaining of hardships, but who, nevertheless were cheerful, full of courage, and ingenious enough in great victories over great difficulties. I will give you a sketch of one.

CÆSAR DUCORNET.

About fifty years ago there was born at Lisle, in France, at the dwelling of a poor shoemaker, a child which seemed a child. It had no arms. Its legs were little than bony stalks, while it had but four toes on each foot. Yet the good shoemaker and his wife loved this infant, and named it Cæsar. Why they gave so help child this high-sounding name I cannot tell; they could not have done it from any hope that he would become a soldier, like the mighty Roman. Yet Cæsar called him; and little Cæsar having no arms, began early to make good use of his feet. When he became enough to think, he did not lie down and cry, "I can anything; I've got no arms!" Not he, he had too no spirit for that. But he began to do with his feet and what other boys did with their hands and fingers.

Thus, with his feet, Cæsar threw the ball, cut with knife, drew lines on the floor with chalk, and even drew figures from paper with his mother's scissors! And he did these things well too—better than most boys of his age. Brave little Cæsar!

One day Cæsar was found with a pen between his feet, trying to write the alphabet on paper. This fact was shown to an old writing-master, who was so pleased with the efforts, that he offered to teach him to write without arms. The offer was accepted, and in one year the armless child wrote as well as some boys in the old writing-master's school! Again I say, "Brave little Cæsar!"

Cæsar next tried—not his hand, but his foot, at drawing.

CÆSAR DUCORNET.

covered his copy-books with sketches and designs, were so striking as to attract the notice of an artist. The artist was astonished. He got Cæsar admitted into the Academy of Design. Will you believe it! In a few years Cæsar won the highest prizes in all the classes through which he passed. Then the people cried, "Brave Cæsar!" and were proud of the boy who painted without arms!

Cæsar now adopted painting as his profession. He went to Paris, joined the Royal Academy, and won the second and third medals. His pictures and portraits were in great demand. Princes and noblemen became his patrons. His pictures were placed in churches and picture galleries. Some of them were of great merit, as well as of great size, and were all carefully preserved.

But how could he paint large pictures? Let a gentleman who once visited him while he was at work tell you.

We shall never forget the impression we received upon entering his painting room. There extended upon an easel, a huge canvas, on which the image of the General was beginning to assume the semblance of life; and across the whole extent of the canvas ran, with incredible agility, like a fly upon the wall, the stunted trunk of a man, surmounted by a noble head, with expansive brow and eye of eagle, and wherever the apparition passed along the canvas, it left the traces of colour behind him. On approaching the picture nearer, we were aware of a lofty but slender figure standing in front of the canvas, up and down and across the steps and stages of which climbed, and crouched, and

CÆSAR DUCORNET.

twisted—it is impossible to describe how—the shapeless being we had come to see. We saw then that he was deprived of arms; that he had no thighs; that his short legs were closely united to his body; and that his feet were wanting of a toe each. By one of his feet he held a palette—by the other, a pencil; in his mouth also he carried a large brush and a second pencil. And in all this harness he moved, and rolled, and writhed, and painted in a manner more than marvellous! For some minutes we had remained standing in the middle of the room, forgetful of ceremony, and stupified and mute, when there proceeded from this shapeless being a voice, musical, grave, and sonorous, saluting us by name, and inviting us to be seated. Then the apparition, gliding down the whole length of the scaffolding to the ground, advanced, or rather rolled towards us, and with a bound established itself on the sofa at our side. It was thus that we found ourself, for the first time, in the company of Cæsar Ducornet, the historical painter.

In the course of the conversation that followed, he exhibited so much joyous humour, so much frank cordiality, as won our affections completely. Forgetting everything else, we saw in him only a distinguished man, whose friendship we coveted, and with unreflecting instinct we held out our hand. Ducornet smiled sadly with a look towards his armless shoulders."

Thus did this wonderful man conquer his difficulties. For thirty years he toiled on in this way, until his feet were struck with paralysis. Then his great heart broke, and on

OLD DOGS AND YOUNG PUPS.

h of April, 1836, Cæsar Ducornet died in the arms
ather.

my children, from this sketch, what wonders may
, what hindrances overcome, what victories won, by
, patience, cheerfulness, and perseverance. If any
ever think your lot a hard one, remember Cæsar
st, and take courage.



OLD DOGS AND YOUNG PUPS.

they are altogether, not barking and biting, but
and happy. The old ones look very sober and
ful, but the young ones are as full of life and play
can hold.

always a pleasing sight to see young creatures play-
at their mothers. Even the young cubs of a lioness

OLD DOGS AND YOUNG PUPS.

will play about her, just as these pups are doing about their mother—romping, and jumping, and tumbling and playing, please. When they grow up to be big dogs they may perhaps, shew savage or bad tempers, but now they are gentle and playful as little lambs.

So have I seen some boys and girls who, when they were little children were playful and good tempered, but when they grew bigger became quarrelsome and illnatured; then I thought of the words of that little song—

"But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise."

Animals like dogs know no better, but children do know better, and so they are more to blame if they give evil tempers and bad passions. Indeed some dogs teach us lessons of kindness. Here is a little tale of one:—"A young man took a dog with him to the river in Paris, intending to drown it. They got into a boat and rowed down the stream. He had not gone far before he threw the dog into the river. The poor dog then tried to climb up the side of the boat, but his cruel master pushed him back into the water. At last the young man himself fell into the river, when the dog immediately took hold of him, and kept him above the water till some one came and took him out; and so his life was spared."

What a lesson for some boys and girls does the conduct of this dog give! I hope you do not want teaching a lesson.

ARNE AND HIS MOTHER.

ARNE AND HIS MOTHER.

A Norwegian Tale.

On the top of a hill covered with fir, heath, birch, and
r, in a lonely part of Norway, little Arne was

His mother's name was Margit; and she was the
child of a poor widow, who, we are told, "managed
farm at Kempen like a man," and at this time "owned
cows, sixteen sheep, and half an horse."

Nils, the
becomes the husband of Margit, and leads her a
able life, being of dissipated habits and addicted to
ing.

The trials of the mother and child are very touchingly
bed. Arne, who had been his mother's treasure and
lation, was gradually becoming estranged from her by
vil influence and the sneers of his good-for-nothing

On one occasion he was so very naughty
mimic his mother's mode of singing, poor Margit
evidently no singer, and her voice suffering more-
from the tearful hoarseness which too often ob-
ed it. She was deeply hurt and offended at the
ess disrespect evinced in this instance by her boy,
aid nothing, took up her work, and went out quietly
other part of the building. Arne was immediately
m with remorse at his cruelty:—

He threw himself on the ground, wept aloud, and
l to hide himself for ever in the earth. He could
st, he rose and left the house. Passing by the barn,

ARNE AND HIS MOTHER.

he there saw his mother sitting making a new shirt of fine cloth for him. It was her usual habit to sing a Psalm while sewing: now, however, she was silent. Then Arne could bear it no longer; he threw himself on the grass at her feet, looked up in her face and sobbed bitterly. Margit left off her sewing, and took his head between her hands. 'Poor Arne!' said she, putting her face down to his. He did not attempt to say a word, but wept as he had never wept before. 'I was sure you were kind at heart,' said she stroking his head.—'Mother, you must not refuse what I am now going to ask,' were the first words he was able to utter.—'You know I never do refuse you,' answered she. He tried to stop his tears, and then, with his face still in her lap, he stammered out, 'Do sing a little for me, mother'—'That, you know, I cannot,' she said, after a pause.—'Sing something for me, mother,' repeated the boy. 'or I shall never be able to look you in the face again.' She went on stroking his hair, but was silent. 'Do sing, do sing, mother dear,' he entreated, 'or I shall go so far away you will never see me any more.' He lay with his head in his mother's lap, and she began to sing in a low tone—

'Lord take the child in thy strong hand.'

She sang some more verses. Arne lay still; a beautiful peace seemed to enter his whole being, and under its soothing influence he slept. The last word that he heard distinctly was 'Jesus,'—it transported him into regions of light, and he fancied that he listened to a chorus of voices but his mother's voice was clearer than all. Sweeter tone

"WE SHALL ALL BE CHANGED."

he thought he had never heard, and it seemed to him that he prayed to be allowed to sing in like manner; and then at once he began gently and softly, and still more softly, until his bliss became rapture, his voice grew louder, and then suddenly all disappeared. He awoke, looked about him, listened attentively, but heard nothing but the little rivulet which flowed past the barn with its usual ripple: the mother was gone, but she had placed the half-made shirt and his jacket under his head for a pillow."

From "*Peasant Life in Norway*."

"WE SHALL ALL BE CHANGED."

An American Tale.

On one of our autumn days, during what we call our Indian summer, when the beaver and the musk-rat do their last work on their winter homes, when the birds seem to be getting ready to wing themselves away to milder climates, when the sun spreads a warm haze over all the fields, a little boy went out into his father's field. There he saw a little worm creeping towards a small bush. It was a rough and ugly-looking thing. But it crept slowly and patiently along, as if it felt that it was a poor unsightly creature.

"Little worm," said the boy, "where are you going?"

"I am going to that bush yonder, and there I am going to weave my shroud and die. Nobody will be sorry, and that will be the end of me."

"No, no, little worm! My father says that you wont die.

OUR DARLING BOY.

"Yes, it will indeed. But if we would have our bodies changed and made like holy angels at the last day, we must have our souls changed and made holy now. Jesus Christ can do this for us, and he will do this for us if we ask him, for he loves us, and wishes to make us all happy for ever.

OUR DARLING BOY.

ENTER the darkened chamber with a slow and noiseless tread,
For the treasure of our household, our darling boy is dead;
His little hands are folded upon his peaceful breast,
He's free from pain and sorrow now, his spirit is at rest.

The tiny curls of paley gold cling round the marble brow,
And o'er the eyes so mildly blue, the waxen lids droop low;
His gentle lisping voice is hushed, its joyous tones no more
Will greet our ears beside the hearth, or round the cottage door.

The dainty shoes in which we used to case his chubby feet,
Are lying idle on the floor beside his cushioned seat;
His pretty toys are scattered about the nursery floor,
His little crib is vacant—he will never fill it more.

He will kneel no more beside it, like some bright angel fair,
And with dimpled hand uplifted breathe forth his infant prayer;
He seemed like some bright sunbeam come down from heaven above,
To fill our lonely home with light, our heart with holy love.

But now he has returned again to his Father's home on high,
To wear a richer diadem than monarch e'er can buy;
And though our darling's left us, and our anguish none can tell,
We bow submissive to His will, who "doeth all things well."

We'll lay him in the graveyard, 'neath the tall and waving grass,
Where daisies lift their modest heads to greet us as we pass,
And when our day of life is spent, and we are called to go,
We'll strive to meet our darling in a land that's free from woe.

THE LONG-LEGGED FISHING BIRD.



THE LONG-LEGGED FISHING BIRD.

if you look at the picture you will see that he is made on purpose to catch fish. For he has not only long to wade in the water, but he has a long neck to reach deep into it, and a sharp hooked bill to lay hold of a with; only let him get hold of one and he will take if it should be as slippery as an eel, that it does not way from him, for its bill has something like teeth on dges to hold it fast.

THE LONG-LEGGED FISHING BIRD.

All birds have been classed into various kinds, and this bird, which is called the Flamingo, is of the Crane kind. But it is the most extraordinary and beautiful of them all. Its body is not much larger than that of a goose, but with its long legs and neck it is taller than a tall man. The legs are not thicker than a man's thumb, but very strong, as if they were all bone. The feathers on its back are of various colours, purple on the back, and red on the wings, and almost white with brown streaks beneath. It is now chiefly found on the African and South American coasts.

When first discovered in these then unfrequented regions it was so tame, that it would allow itself to be taken with ease, but it has now become one of the shyest of the feathered race; and "whether birds confabulate or no," it has learned, from the experience of others, to shun the dangers which proved so fatal to its unsuspecting progenitors, and to avoid those places where they were snared—a lesson which it were well that the young would also learn. They now frequent the most deserted scenes, salt-water swamps, and low-lying, uninhabited islands, and are generally seen together to the amount of two or three hundred, forming a line resembling at a distance a long brick wall guarded by a vigilant watch, who warns them of the approach of an intruder by a loud shrill scream. The nest is of the most curious construction, formed entirely of clay, raised above the surface of the marsh, and hardened by the heat of the sun or of the bird, presenting exactly

LOST IN THE SCRUB.

rance of a chimney pot, but solid, except at the top, where there is a cavity for the reception of two eggs and the body of the female, who sits astride upon the column, long legs hanging down by the sides to the water—a position to which she is forced by their length. The flesh of the flamingo is good, but the tongue was held as a delicacy by the luxurious Romans; and one epicure of antiquity, with a cruel and foolish waste, caused fifteen hundred of these tidbits to be served up in a single dish at an imperial feast.

LOST IN THE SCRUB.

I have told you how Jessie was lost, and how they sought for her all that long night in vain.

Daylight brought with it renewed hope and vigour; and with daylight the news of the lost child was scattered far and near. The search was renewed by larger numbers—the whole neighbourhood was in a state of intense excitement. Mothers who had little ones of Jessie's age folded them to their bosoms, weeping tears of sympathy for the poor benighted woman, "who refused to be comforted," for *her* little one "was not." How many were the warnings given to the troop of children in that village. How many the warnings held out in case of any future wanderings in the scrub. The question of the day was again and again repeated, "Is she found?" "Any tidings of the child yet?" But day passed on, and night came, yet Jessie was not found.

LOST IN THE SCRUB.

The schoolhouse was closed, for who could teach under such circumstances? what mother thought of sending her child to school? The school-master was among the number of the most active seekers. He traversed hill and dale in his search. Sometimes wandering by a slender creek, running at the bottom of a dark gully, thick with huge gum trees; sometimes on the topmost height of almost perpendicular hills, looking down into the deep gully beneath, upon the top of the tall gum trees that seemed lost in the depths below; sometimes clambering rude masses of rock to obtain a better view around him, peeping into hollow trees, pushing aside the dense scrub, or even fathoming water-holes, but as vainly as before. Night set in again, and Jessie was not restored.

Another fearful night! and oh! its agony to the poor parents! Dear little blue-eyed Jessie, would they never see her again? or if, indeed, she was found, would it not be as a cold and lifeless corpse? Was it possible that fright, and hunger, and cold, had not already done the work? Poor broken-hearted mother! deep must have been thy anguish; deeper still if thy trust was not in God!

Morning dawned again! The sun shone brightly on the green herbage, but it brought no joy to the cottage of the Hastings. Nothing had been heard of their child. All the men of the neighbourhood turned out now, properly organised into different bands, and meeting at intervals to convey intelligence. They met indeed, but vainly. Nothing, *nothing* could be traced of the lost little one. Through

LOST IN THE SCRUB.

that long day they continued the search; but night once more set in, a witness to its fruitlessness. Again the lights peered vainly through the darkness, gleaming like stars among the scrub; or sending broad flashes over creeks and rocks, till the sunlight of another morning arose upon the scene, bringing no sunshine to the heart of the bereaved mother. Three nights in that dark scrub, and amidst those trackless hills! Jessie could not be alive! No! The darling of her heart was by this time cold and dead! She gave herself up to despair.

Search was not less diligent. If possible, it was redoubled. Still went forth the banded groups of men. Still they met to tell only of failure. At last one party had something to relate. Little footsteps had been traced leading to a deserted hut, and in that hut the little blue sun-bonnet and pinafore, soiled and torn, had been discovered. The sight of these sorrowful trophies renewed the anxiety of the seekers; though now almost all hope of finding little Jessie alive was gone.

Through that day and through the night the search went on. At night the howling of wild dogs was heard, and there were fearful forebodings of the fate of the missing one. The storekeeper shook her head as she uttered the whispered fear that Jessie had already become the prey of the hungry animals. Many hearts re-echoed the terrible thought!

And thus Thursday morning dawned. The hearts of all were sad and weary. A gloom was upon the little village.

LOST IN THE SCRUB.

But small hopes were now entertained of even discovering the body. Mr. Hastings and all who could leave their work were still out seeking. How heavily were the imperative duties, the household duties, of the poor mother performed! How difficult she felt it amidst her sorrow to attend to the necessary wants of her remaining children! And yet this duty must be done. Hope was almost dead in her bosom. Indeed, she was beginning to think of her child as no more: yet her heart still refused to be comforted. On that morning her cows stood long in the stockyard, lowing to be milked; and when at last she compelled herself to action, pulled her sun-bonnet over her grief-worn face, and with her milk-pail turned to her accustomed duties, she did it in silence, for the tears that had hitherto flown so plentifully, now refused to descend, and her heart felt still and cold: she was hopeless.

And, as she sat bending gloomily over her milk-pail, the schoolmaster came and leaned against the fence. We can imagine the words of consolation he breathed into her ear. We can well imagine how he sought to soften her heavy trial, by pointing to Him who has promised support, and aid, and comfort; to Him who is ever the refuge of the weak, the weary, the despairing. We can imagine that he spoke of the little ones whom Jesus had blessed on earth; that he yet had great love for little children, and bade the disconsolate mother hope that if her little one had indeed been enfolded in the arms of death, her spirit was with the *angels of God*.

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kind and gentle, doubtless, were the words that spoken; but suddenly, with a piercing shriek, she sprang to her feet, and tearing through the fence, frantically down the road, exclaiming, or rather crying, "My child! my child!"

Jessie was found! Advancing along that road was she with the missing child in her arms! Can you imagine, dear children, the feelings of the mother as she held her darling to her breast, and covering it with her kisses rushed wildly into her home, sobbing and crying by turns? Can you not fancy how soon that little room and indeed all round the house, was filled with eager relating neighbours, or how rapidly the news spread "lost was found?" That scene, dear readers, is too true for any pen or pencil to describe. We can only mention some of its interesting details.

Little Jessie! what did she? Turning her wondering face to her mother, all wet as it was with that first tears, she simply said—"You won't beat me, mother."

She was answered by a still wilder caress. "Beat her?" said the mother. "The lost one! the precious lamb! her own little Jessie! her mother's heart revolted at the thought.

"She slept tranquilly in her own little bed that night." How had she fared those weary days? Children, remember that Jessie was very young; she could not tell the connected narrative. That she had fed upon the milk everywhere plentiful among the hills, and had lain

LOST IN THE SCRUB.

down to sleep at night amidst the trees and scrub, was all she could tell. A shepherd's wife had discovered her the evening before, about sundown, in the bed of a dry creek, four miles from home. She was wandering up and down in the creek when she discovered her, evidently preparing to lie down for the night. Taking her to her own hut the woman kindly and cautiously gave her food, fearing to give her much after being so long without any. She then tenderly undressed her, and placed her to sleep on her own bed. Jessie told where she lived, begging at the same time not to be taken home, for her mother would beat her. The kind woman would have instantly set off with her, notwithstanding this, but her husband was absent, and she was afraid of leaving the hut and her own little ones at night. She was, therefore, obliged to wait till the morning.

But now all was joy; all doubt and anxiety was over.

Had Jessie acted rightly? No. And young as she was she was conscious of wrong doing. She had before been punished for her love of straying away. This she remembered; and, in consequence, she dreaded the punishment she knew she deserved. It was uppermost in her mind when she was found. She knew her sin; her disobedience. But was it punishment she met with? Oh no! love, only love.

Dear children, can we draw no lesson from this true story? Yes, surely we can; one of interest to old and young. All have sinned. All have erred, and "strayed like lost sheep." All have wandered into the paths of sin in the same manner as little Jessie. But there is a Shep-

LOST IN THE SCRUB.

; a kind, a tender Shepherd : He seeks the lost, and
He seeks it is to find. You, dear children, each of
are wandering ; wandering from the Shepherd of your
; wandering among the flowers of the world, and
flowers are withering ; wandering, like Jessie, in
path meadows." Yet Jesus has promised to "seek
save the lost." He loves children ; he loves to have
lambs in his fold. Ah ! keep close to the Good Shep-
Wander not away from him ; for only at his side can
be in safety.

And then, dear young readers, we may learn a second
lesson from our tale : that of the safety and happiness of
obedience. Jessie knew she ought not to have strayed
from her brother's side ; she had often been warned
of this fault. Depend upon it, dear children, that the path
of duty is at all times the path of safety. "Obey your
parents," is a command of God ; and, if this be broken,
disobedience must be the consequence.

Some years have passed since the incidents of our tale.
The little blue-eyed Jessie has grown a fine bouncing girl,
fat, laughing cheeks, and shoulders that bear no trace
of her former wanderings. Four days and nights she wandered in the scrub. No
doubt she still remembers those days : no doubt she recol-
lects the joy of her restoration ; and doubtless she has
been careful ever since to avoid the fault that led to so
much misery.

And may be the blue eyes of this very little girl may read
the pages. If so, though *she may not* recognise names,

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it is just possible she may the circumstances; and to also we would say, Keep close to the Good Shepherd, d Jessie. Stray not away from Him, for the path that le from Him goes down to death.

Dear little wanderer, whither away,
Over the hills and over the brae?
See, the last sunbeam is closing the day.

See how the dew on the wattle is falling;
Hark! how the owl to its fellow is calling;
Hush'd are the birds and their musical numbers,
Even the gay little honey-bee slumbers.

Whither, sweet wanderer, whither away,
Over the hills and over the brae?
See the last sunbeam is closing the day.

Dark look the hills that were shining so brightly;
Wild dogs are seen in their cavities nightly;
Loudly they howl, and their hunger is fearful—
Little one! well those blue eyes may be tearful.

Whither, sweet wanderer, whither away,
Over the hills and over the brae?
See the last sunbeam is closing the day.

Home! hie thee home! ere the last sunbeam closes;
Each little head on its pillow reposes;
Chill is the night breeze that sweeps all around thee—
Little one! little one! darkness has found thee.

Whither, sweet wanderer, whither away?
Each little bird is asleep on the spray;
Daylight has faded—ah! wherefore delay?

MAUD JEAN FRANC, Authoress of "*Marian*

South Australia.

THE WIDOW AND HER FOUR BOYS.



THE WIDOW AND HER FOUR BOYS.

ARAH Goodwin was the name of a poor seamstress residing in the city of New York. She lived in a little cottage at the back of some houses in a low part of the city. He was not wholly friendless ; but those whom she knew, and who would have aided her in her struggles, were very poor, and could not. So she, a widow with four boys from

THE WIDOW AND HER FOUR BOYS.

the ages of four to nine years, struggled through winter's cold and summer's heat, providing her little family with bread. Her boys were good children, always in their home after nightfall, and giving their mother every cent (half-penny) of their little earnings, as often as they found work to do. At last the mother fell sick, and through a weary illness she had no other attendance save the occasional help of a neighbour, and the constant aid of her poor little boys. It was touching to behold their kind ways and to hear their gentle words. Everybody said that they would be blessed in coming years, for their thoughtful love towards their poor mother.

The widow recovered: but it was now the middle of a bitter winter, and their little stock of fuel was nearly gone. As soon as her strength permitted she walked through the cold of a cheerless day to the shop of her employer, and told him her pitiful story. But he said they had not one stitch of work to give her. With a sinking heart, but praying, to keep her courage up, the poor woman went from shop to shop until it became late; and, what with tears and the darkness, she could hardly see her way home.

"If Mr. Hart had himself been there," she said to herself, bending to the strong wind, and drawing her scanty shawl closer about her, "I know he would have given me a little work."

As she whispered thus to herself, a tall gentleman passed by her, and as he did so, something fell to the sidewalk and *lay upon the crusted snow*. Sarah paused as the gentle-

THE WIDOW AND HER FOUR BOYS.

sed on ; she looked, and found a purse ! But suddenly a thought occurred to her that not one cent of the money was honestly hers. Starting forward to find the owner of the purse, she walked hurriedly up the street, but at the temptation, should she arrive at her home to find her hungry children, might prove too strong for her

to visit the great hotel, as she stood thinking which way to take, she saw the stranger enter. Timidly crossing the street, she made her way into the hall, and there, bewildered by the light, knew not what to say, till twice asked what she wanted. Of course she could do nothing to describe the stranger. But he had already gone ; she must call on the morrow, they said.

Next morning, having eaten nothing—for she could not get a farthing of the money—she was admitted into the room where sat the stranger. He arose as she entered, looked angry until she presented the purse. Then he, with pleased surprise, laid down his paper, took the purse, and carefully counted the money over.

"All safe," he said, "you have not taken ——"
"One piece, sir," she said eagerly, trembling as she

"seem poor," remarked the stranger.

"I am poor," she replied.

"A family, I suppose?"

"Four little boys, sir ; and I am a widow."

"Nonsense ! so I suppose ; that's the old story."

THE WIDOW AND HER FOUR BOYS.

"Ask Mr. Hart, the tailor, in — street; he knows well; he knows that though I am poor I am honest."

"Now tell me, did you not expect a large reward for the

"I did think, perhaps —" and she turned to the

"Stop, stop! you know you would never have returned the purse, had you not expected to be well paid for it."

"Sir!" said the widow, her voice rising beyond its usual tone.

The stranger paused, holding the purse in his hand, then drawing forth a small coin, offered it to her.

For a moment she drew back; but then, remembering that her poor boys were hungry at home, and in because there was no fire, she burst into tears as she took saying, "This will buy bread for my poor children," hurrying away, sought her own home.

It was four o'clock on the same day; Sarah Goodwin by a scanty fire, busy in sewing patches on the very clothes of her four boys.

"Run to the door, Jimmy," said she to the eldest, loud knock was heard.

"Oh, mother!" the boy cried, returning, "a big bundle for us! What is it? What can it be?"

"Work for me, perhaps," said the widow; but on opening the large package, there came to light four suits of clothes, with four neat black caps for her boys. Overcome with wonder, her eyes fixed on the words, "A present from the fatherless;" while the boys, laying hold of their suits of clothes, danced about the floor shouting for joy.

THE WIDOW AND HER FOUR BOYS.

"What's in this pocket here? what's in this pocket?" cried Jimmy, thrusting his hand into it, when lo! out came the very purse and the money the widow had returned that morning.

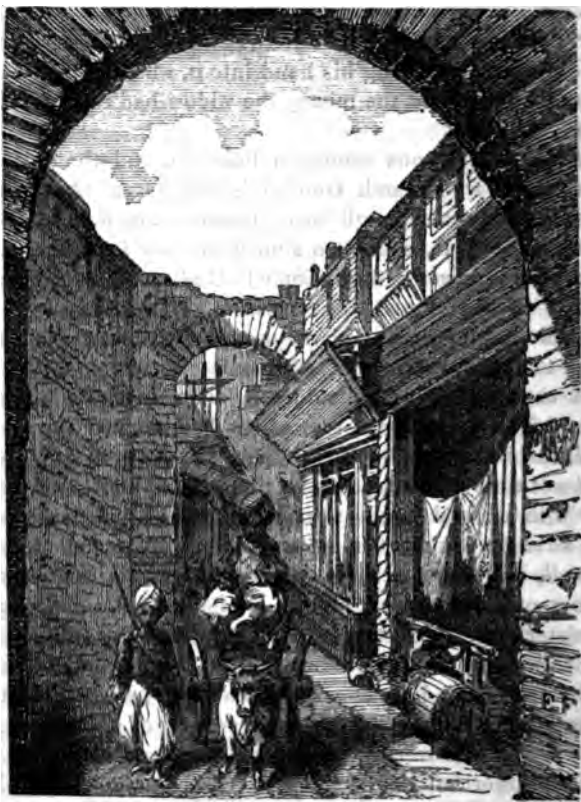
A scene of joyous confusion followed, and the voice of praise rose from Sarah Goodwin's full heart. Again and again she counted the glittering treasure, fifty dollars (about ten pounds). It seemed an almost endless fortune. How her heart ran over with gratitude to God and the stranger!

She could not rest, till, throwing on her bonnet, with cheeks glowing now with hope and happiness, she went back to the hotel to pour forth her thanks.

A carriage stood at the door laden with trunks behind. The driver mounted the seat as she had reached the steps, and, turning her head, there within sat the stranger. She had not time to speak; but he nodded his head, as he saw her with clasped hands standing there. Sarah never saw the stranger again. She opened a little shop and stocked it well, and put her boys to school. To-day she is the owner of a respectable store. Of her four boys, two are ministers, one is a doctor, and the other a thriving tradesman.

Sarah never knew who the man was; but if he is living, and should ever hear of widow Goodwin, he will have the consolation of knowing the good results of this generous deed toward the worthy woman and her four boys.

This American tale is said to be founded on facts. By how many ways can the Lord send help to the widows and the fatherless who trust in Him.



A STREET IN CAIRO.

GRAND CAIRO.

GRAND CAIRO.

ENGLISH MISSIONARY who went to India by what is the Overland Route in October, 1861, in giving an account of his journey through Egypt, says--

we were now on the waters of the Nile, and I shall never forget the scene of almost fairy loveliness that presented itself; at times we gained glimpses of the pathless extending as far as the eye could reach, but for the most part our view was bounded by the beautiful valley of the Nile, decked with topes of graceful palms and stately

there were fields of sugar canes and many other whose names I did not know; vegetation seemed to flourish, while here and there we saw the Arab villages with their thatched houses, lofty minarets, and white-domed tombs of the Shieks.

At nine o'clock at night we reached Grand Cairo; we found comfortable accommodation at Shephard's Hotel, and retired to rest. On the following morning it was decided that we should have two days' stoppage here, to meet the delay of the Marseilles passengers. This was good news to all; we were so fatigued with our previous journey and its attendant privations, that we really needed it. There were so many strange and interesting things to engage our attention, that the time could not be profitably spent. Facilities for going out were at hand, and in a short time we made up a party of a Swedish gentleman, an English clergyman, and

GRAND CAIRO.

myself; we engaged a Coptish dragoman, or guide, professedly a christian, and as soon as we showed our heads outside the door, a crowd of donkey boys made a rush, shouting as they did so, 'Hea, gentlemen, dis very good donkey, go like a steamer. Hea, hea!' We secured one for our guide, and one each for ourselves, and then sallied forth. We found them very fine creatures, full of spirit, and in every respect very different from those in England. I especially admired a large white one, which was peculiarly graceful in all its movements; our only difficulty with them was not in urging them on, but in holding them back, as they seemed determined to race away as fast as they could gallop. We first went to the mosque of Mehemet Ali; as we entered the outer court we were requested to put over our own shoes some cloth ones, provided for the purpose. I was actually awed by the scene of magnificence that opened upon me; in front there was a spacious court, in the centre of which an alabaster fountain played, a colonnade surrounded it, supported by massive marble columns; turning to the left we entered the interior of the mosque. The carving, gilding, and all the ornaments are superb; the very walls of the interior are of exquisitely polished Egyptian alabaster. It was six years in building, and cost more than a million sterling. I sighed as I left the place, musing on the myriads of immortal souls fatally misled by the wiles of the false prophet. I had on my way met crowds of these deluded creatures on their pilgrimage to *his idolatrous shrine*.

GRAND CAIRO.

From the mosque we went to the citadel, which is only a few yards distant; this commands a fine view of the city, and a wide expanse of country beyond. A few miles away, and in full view on the left, stood the mighty pyramids, the wonder of many ages past, and promising to continue so for many yet to come. On the right the ancient land of Goshen lay. The 'Father of waters' pursues his stately course through the valley he has beautified; while far away—far as the eye could reach—lay the boundless deserts of Lybia and Arabia. I could not help reflecting on the different feelings the same scenes had excited in the minds of the Jews thousands of years ago, when they were sojourners in this strange land; but everything was to me so strange, and appeared so plainly to bear the stamp of hoar antiquity upon it, that I should have been but little more surprised if I had actually found myself in the company of the patriarchs, or witnessing the heavy toil of the Hebrews as they tried in vain to satisfy the demands of their cruel Egyptian taskmasters. Immediately at our feet lay the city, like one mass of flat roofs, with surrounding parapets, balconies, and towering minarets.

We afterwards visited the gardens and summer palaces. But I was more deeply interested with the scenes presented in the streets and bazaars; these I imagined were as they had been for thousands of years. On one hand we saw 'two women grinding at a mill;' here also we saw the latticed windows which are several times referred to in the

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word of God. These lattices are generally placed over the doors. The doors are many of them adorned with inscriptions in Arabic characters in much the same way the Israelites were taught to write the law of God upon the posts of their houses, and upon their gates. Many other illustrations of Scripture passages were presented as we rode along the streets. When we came near the bazaars, the masses of people became so dense that we were obliged to dismount and go on foot, and the streets became narrower than before. Pieces of matting, and in some places of board, were stretched from house-top to house-top across the street to exclude the rays of the sun. As we penetrated still further into the labyrinth of the streets, the pushing and squeezing were indescribable. We were on several occasions unable to move; and here, as I have observed in all gatherings of the orientals, there was the same vociferous shouting and yelling I have before referred to. In all matters of *doing* they are deliberate enough, but in *talking* they have surprising animation, nor do they ever seem to tire. The shops in the bazaars are very small, indeed they look like recesses in the wall, or rather like large boxes with lids towards the street, the lids opening upwards, so that articles are suspended from them. They are generally about four feet square, and are raised from the street between two and three feet; on this raised floor the lordly merchant sits smoking his hookah from hour to hour; he has all his wares in arms' reach, so that he rarely rises even to serve a customer. It is in the bazaars that

GRAND CAIRO.

their talking propensities develop themselves to their full extent; they never seem to make a bargain without a long consultation. I noticed particularly, as I entered, a richly dressed native lady bargaining for a piece of silk, and found to my surprise, when I passed the same place two hours afterwards, that she had in hand the same piece of silk, was sitting in the same position, and was talking apparently in the same strain. All kinds of fruits, jewellery, silks, and stuffs were exposed for sale, and many things which were peculiar, such as paper lanterns, and long Turkish pipes.

On the following day it was proposed that we should visit the pyramids, which were only ten miles away, but we learnt that owing to the unusual overflow of the Nile the roads were impracticable; but had it been otherwise I could not have gone. For when I rose in the morning it was to find myself so stiff that I could scarcely walk, and almost sick with weariness. I laid myself down upon a couch in one of the front rooms, in such a manner that I could overlook the street, and soon found plenty of entertainment. As the day advanced the heat was becoming intense, not a leaf stirred in the grove of trees in front, and the hum of the city had gradually subsided. My reflections took a melancholy turn as I recalled to mind some of the last affecting scenes through which I had passed at home; a feeling of sadness was rapidly stealing o'er me, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the sweetest, the most delicate music I had ever heard; I could not see

THE OLD CANOE.

from whence it came, and could scarcely think it earthly, it was so very exquisite—' there were harpers, harping with their harps.' "

THE OLD CANOE.

WHERE the rocks are grey, and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep,
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
Lies at its mooring the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wing that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between,
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull " too-hoo !"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave;
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding the mouldering dust away;
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower ;

THE OLD CANOE.

While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again,
It floats the length of its rusty chain ;
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime ;
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

O ! many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand ;
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick—
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings,
Have grown familiar with sterner things.
But I love to think of the hours that flew,
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray threw,
Ere the blossoms waved, or the green grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

E. B. P.

WILLIE AND THE APPLE.

WILLIE AND THE APPLE.

LITTLE Willie stood under an apple-tree old ;
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low ;—how he longed for a bite,
Though he knew if he took one it wouldn't be right !

Said he : " I don't see why my father should say,
' Don't touch the old apple-tree, Willie, to-day.'
I shouldn't have thought, now they're hanging so low,
When I asked for just one, he would answer me ' No.'

He would never find out if I took but just one—
And they do look so good shining out in the sun ;
There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn't miss
So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low, mournful strain
Came wandering dreamily over his brain.
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of conscience quite frequently played.

And he sung : " Little Willie, beware ! oh, beware !
Your father has gone, but your Maker is here !
How sad you would feel if you heard the Lord say,
' This dear little boy stole an apple to-day !'"

Then Willie turned round, and, as still as a mouse,
Crept slowly and carefully into the house ;
In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray,
That the Lord would forgive him, and please not to say,
"*Little Willie almost stole an apple to-day.*"

NEP SAVED THE SHIP.

NEP SAVED THE SHIP.

A FEW years ago, a sea-captain from Boston, America, when at Havre, in France, obtained there a fine little rat terrier, which he called "Nep." Little Nep soon learned to like the vessel, and he would run up rope ladders like a little sailor, though he could not come down without help. After the vessel had been at sea some time, when they began to approach land, before it could be seen by the men, Nep would mount high up on the forward part of the ship, and snuff, and snuff, and bark, and show signs of joy. His keen scent enabled him to smell the land long before it could be seen. He would also detect the approach of another ship when he could not see it, in the same way.

When Nep had been to sea with his master about two years, the *Hortensia* (that was the vessel's name) had been to New Orleans for a load of cotton, and was on her way out of the Gulf of Mexico into the Atlantic Ocean. For some days there had been "squally" weather, with light baffling winds, and the vessel had not sailed very rapidly; but she was in a dangerous neighbourhood, and a constant watch was necessary; for along the coast of Florida are long low reefs of islands and bars, which have caused the destruction of many a vessel. It had been the captain's watch in the early part of the night—that is, the captain with a few men remained upon the deck while the rest slept, then the others, at the sound of the bell, came upon deck, the mate took charge of the ship, the men who had

NEP SAVED THE SHIP.

been watching went below, and the captain, after telling the mate to call him before three o'clock, went below and "turned into" his berth to sleep. Nep lay at his master's state-room door, for that was his sleeping-place. There is in the Florida Straits a large and dangerous rock called the Double-Headed Shot Keys. A light-house is built upon it, so that vessels may be kept from running upon it in the night. "Be sure to call me by three o'clock," said the captain, "as by that time we shall be up with the Double-Headed Shot Keys, and sooner if there is a change of weather."

The night wore on, and all was still but the plashing of the water; the mate went below to get something from his chest, sat down upon it for a few minutes, and before he knew it was fast asleep; the men on deck supposed all was right, and one by one they too fell asleep; no one was awake but a Spanish youth, whose turn it was to be at the wheel—that is, the helm, where they steer the vessel. Meantime, the wind changed, a stiff breeze sprung up, the sails were filled, and the *Hortensia* plowed through the ocean briskly, straight toward the Double-Headed Shot Keys. The Spanish youth at the helm knew not of the danger, neither could he see ahead from where he stood, for the great sails concealed the view of the light-house; but Nep, good sailor that he was, had already discovered that land was near—he smelt it, and he saw the light. He rushed down to his master's state-room, and barked and jumped up to him as he lay in his berth. "Get down! be

NEP SAVED THE SHIP.

still, Nep!" said the sleepy captain. But Nep would not be still—he only barked the louder. "Be still!" said the captain again, and he pushed the dog away. Again the faithful little fellow jumped up, pulled his master's sleeve, and took hold of his arm with his teeth. Then the captain, thoroughly roused, began to think something must be the matter. He sprang up, and Nep ran forward barking; the captain's head no sooner came above the deck than he saw what was the matter. Right a-head was the fearful rock and the light-house, and the ship plunging toward it at the rate of nine miles an hour! He seized the helm, the ship struggled, swung round, and when her course was shifted, she was so near the rock that in three minutes more she would have struck and been a wreck. The sleeping sailors were roused to their duty, and the astonished mate rose up from his nap on his chest to learn that but for the faithful dog the waves might already have closed over him.

Do you wonder that the captain thinks his dog is worth his weight in gold? He has been offered large sums of money for him, but money cannot buy him. He does not go to sea now. Nep went as long as his master did; and now he makes himself quietly useful at home by catching rats in the neighbourhood. He is six years old, and may live to a good old age, the pet and admiration of all who know him. The power of scent in some animals is truly wonderful.

LIGHT.

LIGHT.



LIGHT and DARKNESS come into our days and nights. We all know what they are, and we all love the light because we love it more than the cause of the darkness which it drives away. But we might not know its value so much if it were not for the darkness. The king was right when he said, "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

But there is a darkness and there is a light which we cannot see with the natural eyes of our body. There is a thing as darkness of mind, and there is such a thing as light coming into the mind to drive that darkness away.

Our Lord Jesus Christ said many wonderful things when he came into the world. He said what no man ever said or ever could say. Here is one of his sayings, "I am the light of the world." As if he had said, "You men are all dark; you do not know about your souls, which are worth more than the world; about your dead bodies rising again from the grave; about your own sinful hearts; and about your danger of falling into hell; about ME as the Sa-

LIGHT.

world ; and about my Great Father's house in heaven
h I am come to fetch you. I am come to tell you
th about all these things, so that you may not walk
ness, but have the light of life."

se who listen to these words of Jesus Christ come
darkness into Light. They are turned from dark-
light, and they become light like him. For he said
, "Ye are the light of the world." This means that
as shed light upon them, they are to shed light upon

And now you may know what he meant when he
Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a
but on a candlestick ; and it giveth light unto all
e in the house. Let your light so shine before men,
ey may see your good works, and glorify your Father
is in heaven."

you may know too what his beloved disciple John
when he wrote—"This then is the message which
e heard of him, and declare unto you, that God is
nd in him is no darkness at all. If we say that we
llowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and
the truth : But if we walk in the light, as he is in
ght, we have fellowship one with another, and the
of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

O may we reach yon world of light,
Where brightest beauties ever shine ;
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view the glory all divine.

THE LITTLE HAND.

THE LITTLE HAND.

THE night-lamp beam falls mellow
O'er my baby's sleep, and lo !
His little hand lies on the pillow,
Like a rose-leaf on the snow.

Four dimples, just like each other,
Dot across its tiny span,
And every wee finger begs " Mother,"
As plain as picture can.

And she thinks of the must-be and may-be,
Like deeds of a dreamed-of land,
All to spring, in the future of baby,
Out of that pet right-hand !

Will you work, my little beauty,
For God, and the good of all ?
Or make a play-thing of duty,
As you now do of rattle and ball ?

Will your fat palm ever be muscle,
And your velvet skin grow firm,
For life's old hurry and jostle
To bear the brunt of your term ?

Will you strike with its mighty hammers,
Little thing with a touch like down ?
Or sweep, where the sea-storm clamors,
Your way to a high renown ?

Will you drive its coultter or spindle,
Or the keels of its ocean-train,
Or pen living thoughts, to kindle
The souls of the sons of men ?

To think—that life is so awful,
With its rush of sinew and brain,

OUR TRUE HOME.

The race of the lewd and the lawful,
For power, and glory, and gain !
And to think—for saint and for sinner,
The offers of earth are one,
And the wisdom that saves the winner,
Lies locked in the far Unknown.
And to think—O, deeper and deeper,
The pain of my wonder steals—
If the strength of yon little sleeper
Will open the golden seals !
But enough—rest there on your cushion,
Chubby pet, in the lamp's soft shine ;
And rest my heart from its wishing,
In the calm of a trust Divine.
Though a care that is like no other
Is on me, and long must be,
There is One more kind than a mother,
In heaven caring for thee.
And my upward faith still lingers,
For the promise seems to stand,
A cross in those tender fingers,
A staff in that little hand.

B. W. R.

OUR TRUE HOME.

O'er many a weary mile,
And lonesome way, my child must roam,
Far from the welcome smile,
Of her own happy home.
Through many a scene
Of brighter green ;
Yet oft she'll wish she had the swallow's wing,
Back to the one loved spot her longing soul to bring.

OUR TRUE HOME.

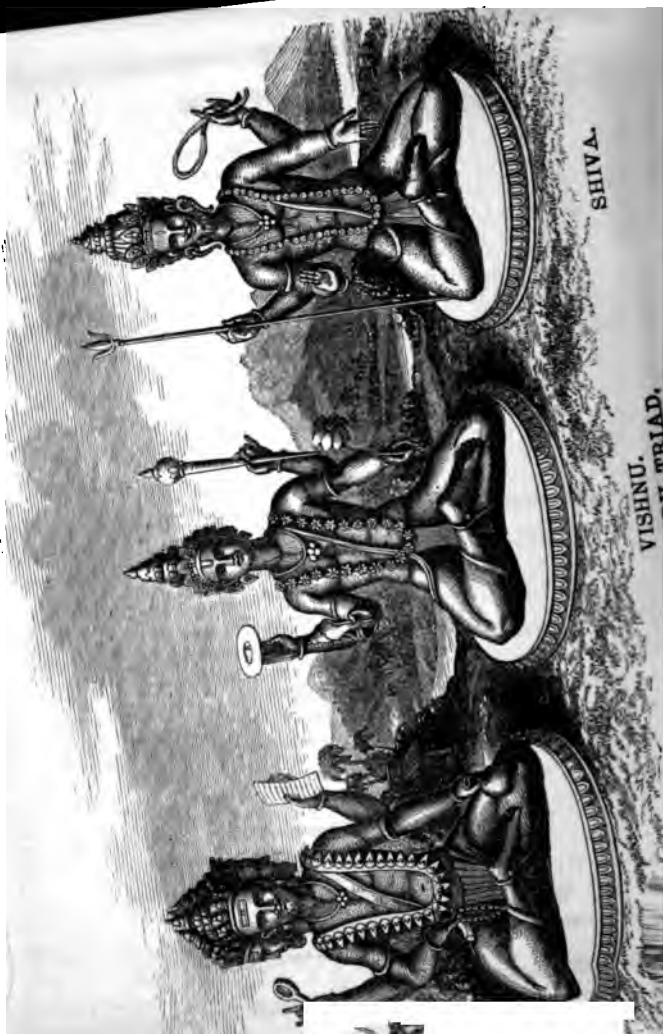
It is not that my child doth dwell
In high and spacious halls,
For home is loved as well,
Though mean and narrow be its walls.
Sweet to the poor
Their lowly door,
And glad are they to reach the wicket-gate,
As proudest lord who comes back to his halls of state.

Should earthly homes be sweet,
Their chain of love ne'er break,
Yet many an empty seat
Will death and sorrow make;
And each loved face
That lent its grace
To that glad board, shall fade away,
Like flowers that wither fast in Autumn's shortening day.

There is but one sure home
Where peace is ever found;
Whose links where'er you roam
Can never be unbound.
It is the rest
Of spirits blest,
When from the world they turn with Him to dwell,
Whose holy peace alone its bitter strife can quell.

Seek then that home of peace!
Its charms how pure they shine!
Its love shall never cease,
No death its links untwine.
Oh! make your nest
On Jesus' breast,
Whose love will light this dark and dreary way,
And still shine more and more unto the perfect day.





THREE FALSE GODS OF THE HINDOOS.

THREE FALSE GODS OF THE HINDOOS.

WHEN you first looked at the strange figures on the opposite page, I dare say you wondered what they could mean. They are representations of the three chief gods, or idols, worshipped by the people of India, under the names Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva; and the tales they tell about them are as foolish as the worship of them is wicked.

BRAHMA is the first; and is said to have sprung from Brahm, who they say passed his time in a state of stupid sleep; but he once awoke, and then these three came from him. Brahma, you see, has four heads and four arms, and so they call him the *Creator*, who made earth and water, after which he made some wise men and women. From one of these men sprang gods, and giants, and all other men; but the men which were made last were of four classes, or castes;—the brahmins, or priests, who came from his mouth; the soldiers from his arms; the merchants from his thighs; and the poor from his feet. This god has a book in one hand, a string of beads in another, an alms-dish in the third, and a bottle in the fourth. The god is made partly of gold, and dressed in white; but he is not much worshipped; he has only one temple in India. Other gods have many.

VISHNU, the second, is called the *Preserver*. He is like a black man, with four arms, and is dressed in yellow clothes. He, too, has something in each hand to indicate his power and actions. This god is said to have appeared

THREE FALSE GODS OF THE HINDOOS.

nine times, and has to come once more. To this idol children in families are taught to pray. The Hindoos have much to say in favour of Vishnu, but they fail to tell what he has done, or what they expect from him.

SHIVA, or the *Destroyer*, is the third. He appears as a white man, with four arms, holding emblems of his power. Sometimes he is represented as having five heads. The tales told about him are too foul and filthy to be written, and yet he has more temples in India than can be counted ; far more than any other idol. Hence he has more worshippers than any, or perhaps more than all the other idols put together.

Vows were wont to be made to Shiva, in fulfilment of which the most cruel practices were observed. It was at festivals in honour of Shiva that those revolting scenes were to be beheld, when his deluded followers had their tongues split, and their sides bored ; when some of them walked on fire ; and when the horrid cruelties connected with the swinging festival were practised. The authority of the British government has interposed to stop these cruel rites. They are now discontinued, or if they are practised at all, it is not on the great scale they once were.

Such are the worse than childish tales of the Hindoos about their gods, showing how true it is that when men forsake God, then God forsakes them ; their foolish mind is darkened, and professing to be wise, they become fools. No wonder that in the Bible we read how the Lord hated and punished idolatry. It is the greatest sin of which the

THREE FALSE GODS OF THE HINDOOS.

d has been guilty, being nothing less than high treason against the Divine Majesty. For "we know that an idol is nothing in the world, and that there is no God but one." How stupid must the people be who worship things out even life. "But our God is in the heavens, he will do whatsoever he pleased. Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not: they have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not: They have hands, but they handle not; they have feet, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them: so is every one that trusteth in them."

We have often told you that hundreds of good men and women have gone to give these wretched idolaters the truth, and tell them of the true God, and of Jesus Christ whom he has sent to save us. Do all you can now, and as you live to help them; and pray, and you can pray for him, for prayer is wishing, and you can wish that the day may soon come when "The gods that have not made heavens and the earth, even they shall perish from the earth, and from under these heavens." Then will the idols be utterly abolished, or cast to such blind creatures as the mice and the bats, and the name of the living God be glorified, and all men worship him on earth as angels do in heaven.

"Haste, happy day, the time we long to see!"

THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.



THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.

PERHAPS no country ever presents a more charming prospect to the man of reflection than is seen in the south part of New England, towards the close of May, or beginning of June. Those who have ever spent this season of the year in that part of the country need not should attempt to describe the loveliness of many natural scenes. The traveller is here often seen to alight on horse as he arrives at the top of an eminence, and with a kind of joyful surprise, to throw his eyes around the little glens filled with the abodes of contentment and peace, and richly stored with the choicest gifts of nature. There is likewise something so exhilarating in this prospect that the heart, not frozen by the cares of this life, will warm and throb with gratitude to the Author of mercies. Before such scenes, too, will the so

THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.

christian be raised to that world where every beauty is lasting and perfect.

It was at such a season of the year, at the close of a pleasant day, that I was slowly ascending a high hill, as the clear red sun was setting with such a stillness as might attend his last adieu. From the top of the hill I could count the spires of several village churches rising among the thick trees; while just under its brow a most beautiful river was smoothly gliding between the luxuriant hills which stood on either side, till it reached the sea, with which it mingled with a gentle murmur, as if unwilling to be swallowed in oblivion. On the banks of the river below me stood a pleasant and quiet village, which seemed to unite activity with innocence and contentment. I rode slowly onward, now admiring the wisdom and goodness of God in the grandeur of the distant hills, or now gazing at the pencilled floweret, which seemed to wave its fragrant head in gratitude, or the little songsters that were pouring forth their last evening lays in praise, ere they betook themselves to rest. It was not long ere I approached the house of an aged minister, where I had engaged to call. A plain neat house was pointed out as his residence; and it was not till I had loudly and repeatedly knocked, that the door was opened by the venerable man himself. He received me with parental kindness of look, though a calm expression of grief, and a finger placed upon the mouth, gave me to understand that he was now actually weighed down by unwonted sorrow.

THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.

"My only child," at length said the good old man, "on whom I leaned for comfort in my old age, is now no more! It was this very morning that I was thanking God for the blessing of such a child to cheer me during the remainder of my pilgrimage here; but she, too, is taken away, that my heart may not be too strongly bound to earth! She was my all in this world; but she was the Lord's; to whom she had lately given herself, and he has called her to himself. Oh! I ought not to lament that which is doubtless her gain; for I know

————— 'There is a shore
Of better promise; and I know at last,
When the long sabbath of the tomb is past,
We two shall meet in Christ to part no more!'

I was about to offer the feeble consolation of sympathy, when I saw approaching the door a great number of people, who were bringing in the lifeless corpse of a beautiful girl of about sixteen years old. The venerable minister pointed to the group as an explanation of his sorrows—he covered his face with his handkerchief, but was refused the alleviation of tears. The collection of people consisted of most of the villagers, who had left their houses on hearing of the accident which I am relating. The young lady, whose lovely corpse was now placed in the entry of the house, had attempted that afternoon, in company with a companion, to cross the river on an errand of mercy to a poor sick family on the opposite shore. She was the subject of a late revival of religion, under the direction of her own beloved father; and she had now begun to exercise

THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.

that benevolence in which the true disciples of Jesus ever delight to engage. The two young ladies were in a little skiff, under the direction of a man who was afterwards discovered to be somewhat intoxicated. By carelessness or incapacity to act, he upset the boat in the deepest part of the river. The man and one of the girls saved themselves by clinging to the sides of the boat till assistance could arrive; but the lamented Eliza S—— was separated from the others. The still waters soon wrapped their liquid sheets around, and encircled her in their bosom! She

"Fell into the deep: her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid like, awhile they bore her up
Like to a creature native and endued
Unto that element; but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor girl down to muddy death."

She made a few faint struggles, and then sank, no more to rise alive. A few bubbles rose and broke on the surface of the water, just in time to inform those who had come to save her, that her immortal spirit had for ever fled. They carried the body on shore, where every suggestion of medical aid was exhausted in vain endeavours to recall the cold body to life. After the last hope of effecting this was over, her remains were brought by the feeling villagers to her father's house. And it was these remains at which we were now gazing. The countenance was still fair and highly intelligent; and so composed that it seemed almost impossible that the spirit should not be still slumbering within. We all gathered round, *and all felt ourselves to be too near*

THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.

the grave not to be silent and solemn. The aged father bent over the cold form of his child; and though he did not weep, yet every one saw that his grief was too big for tears. He steadfastly gazed at the beautiful face of his daughter, whom he had so tenderly loved, and who he too well knew could never more gladden his heart, or receive his blessing. His remembrance of the past and his anticipation of the future seemed to struggle for ascendancy over his feelings. He gazed—and though for a time he said not a word, he plainly saw that every tie to earth was now severed, and his looks seemed to pray—

“Soon may this woe-worn spirit find the bourne
Where, lulled to slumber, grief forgets to mourn!”

The hardy villagers looked upon their pastor as if he would willingly have taken a share of his grief, had it been possible, into their own bosoms; but they were too weak to attempt to offer any audible expressions of sympathy. They well knew that at a time like this, few could do so with profit. The women stifled not their grief, but vented to their feelings in tears; the youth and children poured out, in the fulness of sobbings, the overflowing of their hearts; while the little child stood mute with astonishment, and seemed conscious that he was a witness of something too big for utterance. The pastor had now so far exchanged the feelings of a father for those of a christian as to be able to speak, and inquired for little Mary. “Here!” said a little girl of about eight years of age, who had been clinging to the skirts of his coat, and weeping as if

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heart would break, "here I am! Oh, my dear Miss Eliza—my dear Miss Eliza!" The old man took her little hand within his, and could then mingle his tears with her's. After giving vent to his feelings, he spoke with a calmness that was truly surprising. "Let us stop our crying, Mary!—we cannot do Eliza any good, and she does not need our tears. She sleeps sweetly, and we should not disturb her rest." "Asleep! and will she awake again?—oh, will she wake again?" asked the weeping child with great eagerness. "She will wake again; at the morning of the resurrection she will wake from this sleep. Do you remember what she told you last spring?" "What?—when she came to see my sick mother at the poor-house, and took me home and told me I might live with her, and she would never leave me?—Oh, yes! I remember she told me how that God was a father to good little children, and that all good people go to God when they die, and live with the angels in heaven. Oh! she told me this, and I know she has gone there. She was too good not to be with God; for she used every day to ask me to kneel down with her in her little room, and then she would pray to Jesus Christ for me—she must be gone to heaven. But what shall I do without her to teach me my lessons, and to tell me about God? Oh, my good best friend is dead!"

"Not your best friend, my child. God is your best friend; and if you will give him your heart, he will be your father; and whenever you die, you will go to him, and meet Eliza again. You shall *live with me* while I live; and

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when I die, there will be one from under my roof to follow me to the grave. And you," said he, turning to his affectionate congregation, who were almost all, to an individual, standing before him, "you will receive my sincere thanks for your kind sympathies in this hour of sadness. Though my heart is almost ready to burst with sorrow, yet I should be wanting in duty towards you, and towards my Master, should this opportunity pass without my urging its improvement. You are aware that, among all the doubts of hardened men, none have ever dared to deny that we are mortal. How often have we all been called to stand around the lifeless clay of our friends and neighbours; and as we conveyed them to the cold mansions of the dead, how solemn has the voice come to our ears: 'Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh!' Who stands before me whose heart has never been touched with grief at the loss of friends? Where is the person who has never been called to weep at the departure of those who were dear? The mother whose offspring perished from her bosom in the very bud of its existence—the parent—the child—the husband—the wife, have all alike seen the gates of the eternal world open, and their friends and neighbours pass out, never to return! We all know these warnings; we know that we must soon follow; and why can I not persuade you, my friends, to look beyond the verge of the grave, and even now begin to lay up treasures in heaven? Oh! do this, for you are immortal, and cannot *cease to exist*; do this, for you are probationers, and must

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one day die ; do it, for your time is uncertain, and you *may* die soon. When this morning's sun arose, the corpse that is lying before me was in the flush of health, and bade fair to sojourn here for a long time to come. But she is gone, and has left us in this world till a few more rolling suns shall see us placed as low as herself. You will soon follow your pastor to yonder grave-yard ; for besides the infirmities of age, I have an assurance within me that I shall have but a few more opportunities to warn you to prepare for death. Consider, then, your being, your destiny, your character, your lives, and see whither you are going. Let the voice of my dear child speak to you—Prepare to meet thy God. Be ye also ready."

The good man ceased ; for the multitude of feelings and thoughts which rushed upon him choked his utterance ; but there was something in his calm and heavenly look, in his solemn and trembling voice, and in the attending circumstances, that made an impression upon his audience never to be effaced. We all were mute, as if listening to a voice from the world of spirits ; and I presume no one will ever be free from impressions there received ; and it is not unlikely that the great day of account will exhibit results of that occasion which were never imagined on earth.

On a cold autumnal day, but a short time since, I visited the grave-yard of this village. I was alone, and the memory of the past came rapidly before me as I saw the neat white marble raised over the sleeping dust of Eliza S——. Her father, too, was lying beside her ; for he was right in pre-

RAVAGES OF DEATH.

dicting that his labours on earth were almost closed. The father and mother were here waiting for the arrival of the great decisive day ; and the daughter was lying between them. " They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths were not divided." I was sad while viewing the simple inscriptions on the stones, and not a little affected when I found the following lines on the tomb of Eliza, which were probably written by her father ere he died :—

" Beneath this stone, so feebly reared,
Eliza gently sleeps ;
Here shall the sighs of grief be heard,
For here a father weeps !

Here rest, Eliza, free from pain,
And free from mortal care ;
Parent and child will meet again,
And wip'd be every tear !"

RAVAGES OF DEATH.

DEATH is, in itself, a most serious and distressing event. It is nature's supreme evil, the abhorrence of God's creation—a monster, from whose touch every living thing recoils ; so that to shrink from its ravages upon ourselves, or upon those whom we love, is not an argument of weakness, but an act of obedience to the first law of being—a tribute to the value of that life which is our Maker's gift. Death destroys both action and enjoyment—mocks at wisdom, strength, and beauty—disarranges our plans—robs us of our treasure—desolates our bosoms—breaks our heart-strings—blasts our hopes. Death extinguishes the glow of kindness—*abolishes* the most tender relations of man—and severs

WHICH IS THE HAPPIEST DEATH TO DIE?

from all that he knows and loves. Death flings him, ine, without any avail from the experience of others, into ate of untried being. No wonder that nature trembles ore it; reason justifies the fear; religion never makes it of it; and he who does, instead of ranking with heroes, hardly deserve to rank with a brute.
Over the ravages of death "Jesus wept."

WHICH IS THE HAPPIEST DEATH TO DIE?

party of friends were talking on this serious subject, when the solemn event described in the last lines of these verses took place.]

WHICH is the happiest death to die?

"Oh!" said one, "if I might choose,
Long at the gate of bliss would I lie,
And feast my spirit ere I fly
With bright celestial views.
Mine were a lingering death without pain—
A death which all might love to see,
And mark how bright and sweet would be
The victory I should gain.

Fain would I catch a hymn of love
From the angel-harps that ring above,
And sing it as my parting breath
Quivered and expired in death:
So that those on earth may hear
The harp-notes of another sphere,
And mark, when nature faints and dies,
What springs of heavenly light arise."

"No," said another, "no not I;
Sudden as thought is the death I would die;

WHICH IS THE HAPPIEST DEATH TO DIE?

I would suddenly throw my shackles by,
Nor bear a single pang at parting,
Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,
Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,
Nor feel the hands of love that press me,
Nor the frame with mortal terror shaking,
Nor the heart where love's soft bands are breaking;

So would I die!

All bliss without a pang to cloud it!
All joy without a pain to shroud it!
Not slain, but caught up, as it were,
To meet my Saviour in the air!

So would I die!

Oh! how bright
Were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight!

Even so,

I long to go—

These parting hours how sad and slow!"

His voice grew faint, and fixed was his eye
As if gazing on visions of ecstasy;
The hue of his cheeks and lips decayed—
Around his mouth a sweet smile played;

They looked—he was dead!

His spirit had fled

Painless and swift as his own desire;

The soul undrest,

From her mortal vest,

Had stepped in her car of heavenly fire,

And proved how bright

Were the realms of light,

Bursting at once upon the sight!

RURAL SUMMER SCENES.

RURAL SUMMER SCENES;

OR, A WALK IN THE COUNTRY.

"God made the country, but man made the town."

In the pleasant month of June, being only a few
m London, I went up to see the Great Exhibition

What I saw there I cannot tell you now, but I
you before long. I mention this now only for the
aying that after I had seen the grand things which
re exhibited, as well as many others in that very
il place called London, with its thousands of
and miles of streets, along which hundreds of
cabs, and carriages are always making such an
ng din, I was glad to leave it with all its grandeur
ar; and when from the window of the railway

I again saw the green fields and the spreading
e cottages and farm-houses, the woods and brooks,
it to myself, "Well, those may live in noisy Lon-

like, but as for me I love the quiet country ten
times better." Indeed I felt as if I had escaped
ler a heavy burden of care and anxiety.

At my young readers think that I did not admire
t beautiful things I saw. I did admire them very
it having once seen them that was enough. It is
o when we go to look at the things which man
They may be beautiful—very beautiful, but they
sume new forms of beauty, they are always the

RURAL SUMMER SCENES;

same. It is not so with the works of God; they are always putting on new forms of beauty, both in the heavens above us, and on the earth and sea beneath us; and especially in the animal and vegetable world. It is for this reason that we never can be tired of looking at his works.

Come then, and let us take a walk to look at some of them. We may do so at no expense and at little trouble. Beside, the walk will do us good. We shall not have to breathe the same air with above fifty thousand people, as we did in the Exhibition, and scarcely have room to move about. The air will be as pure as Heaven made it, and we shall have plenty of room to go just where we please.

Rising early, in ten minutes we are clear of the town, and climbing the hill-side we reach the solitary cottage which stands alone at the top. Here we have a fine view



of the country all beyond, spread out to our view like some great picture. Beneath, at our feet, about a mile off, is a small village, nestling among its tall ancestral trees, as quiet as a baby asleep in its cradle. The smoke is

curling up from the crooked chimneys of the straw-thatched cottages, and we can just make out the ivy-mantled tower of

OR, A WALK IN THE COUNTRY.

the old parish church, and the red-tiled roof of a small Methodist chapel. Look at yon brook, like a stream of silver, as it runs in and out, first one way and then another, through the green meadows of that lovely valley. Over the village, on the hill which rises beyond it, embowered in the trees of the thick wood which shelters it all round except in front, is the 'squire's mansion, looking down with a kind of lordly dignity on the humble village below. The whole scene is so beautiful that we are already repaid for the trouble we have taken. But let us descend the hill.



Before we reach the village we stop to look at a few cows in the pasture across which we are passing. Betty, the milkmaid, has been here before us, and the patient creatures have quietly yielded her a good pailful of fresh

sweet milk, which, setting on her head, she has carried safely home. Some of them have begun to eat again, one is lying down, and another seems to be thinking about what *she* shall do, as if she had not yet made up her mind which would be better. I always think the cow must be "wondrous wise," for she always looks so very sober and thoughtful. But I am glad that Mr. Bull is not with them. He

RURAL SUMMER SCENES;

always seems so sulky, and ready to run at one, that not like to be in his company at all. Good-bye to quiet cows, and many thanks for the delicious milk give us every night and every morning. I do not what we should do without it. Truly Robert Rob was right when he said,

"God gave a noble blessing when he gave the cow."



Looking over the fence into the field we see a flock of sheep quietly lying down under the shade of some trees. They have laid themselves down to sleep on the grass last night before it was

dark, and they were up this morning before it was light. So they have had a good breakfast of fresh grass this morning, and are now lying down to rest out of the sun. There are some lambs among them as big as their mothers, though they were only born a year. But I can tell which are they, for they have not the wool sheared off their backs. Pretty harmless creatures, how happy and contented you look. You must think of him who called himself the "Good Shepherd" and said that all the men and women who followed

OR, A WALK IN THE COUNTRY.

s sheep, and that all the children who loved him
s lambs. Are you one?



But let us go on.
This is the last green
field before we get
to the village, and it
is called the home-
field. Look! yon
boy, who is making
fast the gate, has
turned a mother-
sow and her litter of
young pigs into the

They were shut up in their own sty last night, and
the young things slept on the straw as sound as a
l as near to their mother as they could thrust them-
They were all snoring away until Bob, the farmer's
bought them a bucketful of breakfast, and kicking at
or, poured it out into the trough. The old sow
him first, and giving her young ones a gentle kick to
them, they all jumped up, and you should have seen
they did scamper and tumble one over the other to get
rough! Some put their feet inside of it, and some
it into it, while the old sow stood outside of it eating
hard as she could, but sometimes pushing her big
against some saucy young one to make it get out of
. They soon gobbled it all up and left the trough
lean, and now they come *romping* and jumping

REMEMBRANCES OF FIFTY YEARS.

about among the green grass as happy as pigs know to be.

Well, I love to see all creatures as happy as they can whether they be cows, or sheep, or even pigs. Why should they not? God gave them for our use; and as they are very useful to us, we ought to treat them kindly, and thankful to him for his goodness.

But now let us turn back, for we have been out hours already. We are beginning to feel hungry, and at the time we get home again breakfast will be quite ready and we shall have a good appetite to eat it. We will go into the village this time, but will come again in the afternoon when the corn gets ripe and look at the reaper who will be busy cutting it down on yon wide open field on the other side of the village. It has only just come in now, and looks green like the grass, but if we have plenty of sunshine, it will soon turn yellow and be ripe for the harvest.

REMEMBRANCES OF FIFTY YEARS.

How often busy memory
Retraces former days,
And paints, in vivid colouring,
Our childhood's words and ways.

How well I can remember,
Though always half afraid,
How I shared my sweets and playthings
With the little cottage maid.

REMEMBRANCES OF FIFTY YEARS.

For she never contradicted,
Or crossed my childish whim;
And I liked her kitchen better
Than any parlour trim.

Poor little one, the sunshine
No brightness shed on thee,
For thy young days were clouded o'er
With sin and misery.

The house of God again I see,
Where I was wont to go
On Sabbath days with grandmother—
'Tis fifty years ago.

The old square pews, the faded baize,
The grand brass chandelier,
And every kind familiar face
Are to my memory dear.

The beautiful old gardens
That now are in their prime,
And looking just the very same
As in the olden time.

The trees put on their spring array,
The sweet white lilies grow
Where I saw them when a little child,
Full fifty years ago.

Then the flowers every summer
Resume their vestments gay,
The fruit hangs on the same old trees—
But our fathers, where are they?

And in that pleasant garden
In thought again I see

REMEMBRANCES OF FIFTY YEARS.

A cherub child, the first sweet pledge
Of mutual love was she.

Her dimpled hand is holding
Twin cherries ripe and red,
And a wreath of glossy ivy
Adorns her fair young head.

But soon a white-robed angel,
In pity and in love,
Came down and took this cherished one
To a better home above.

And other smiling prattlers,
Who always had to spare
Of lovely looks and greetings kind—
Where are they gone? Ah! where?

Look up, behold a shining band,
Like angels bright and fair,
A golden harp is in each hand—
Our loved ones are there.

Thus some are taken, others left,
Whose heads are getting hoary;
But count each silver hair a gem
To form a crown of glory.

For in the path by Jesus mark'd
Their steadfast feet have trod,
And the incense of a holy life
They have offered up to God.

May we all at last, as pilgrims
To the holiest of fanes,
Meet where the sun no more goes down,
And the King of glory reigns.

M. BAC

BLIND JANE.

BLIND JANE;

HER HISTORY, RELATED BY HERSELF.

I was the youngest of eleven children. My father was the manager of some lime works; he was a man of very sober and industrious habits. I knew, however, but little of him, as I had the misfortune to lose him when very young; and I was left, with seven other little ones, to the care of my poor bereaved mother.

To her I was always the source of much anxiety and sorrow, as I was blind from my birth. She felt more for me than for all her other children. I have heard her say, that as my eyes were apparently bright and good, she did not discover my want of sight till I began to walk, and that she then immediately took me to some of the principal medical gentlemen; but all their kind efforts were utterly in vain; they left me as they found me—surrounded with total darkness.

I have also heard my mother say, that she had some neighbours who were so unfeeling and so wicked as to reproach her on account of the blindness of her child; intimating that it was a judgment on her for her sins. She used to tell me that she felt much consolation on this subject from John ix. 2, 3. Our Lord's disciples asked him, saying, "Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind? Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God

BLIND JANE; HER HISTORY,

should be made manifest in him." This, my mother said, she hoped would be the case with me.

My poor mother struggled hard to procure us a living. She laboured diligently through the day, and often through the night, and fared hardly too. She made gloves, and took in knitting, and I used very early to take care of the neighbours' children. My mother used every morning to take me and my two little brothers and sisters, and read a chapter or two, and then she knelt down and prayed with us. She was accustomed to say that prayer never hindered anybody, and that she found it fitted her for the labours of the day. I was about twenty years of age when she was taken with the fever. She was very happy in her affliction, till three days before she died, during which she was delirious. Her memory will be ever dear to me; and I earnestly hope to follow her to glory. I well recollect kneeling down, and commending her departing spirit into the hands of my dear Saviour.

The Lord early taught me to love his great and holy name. When I was about ten years of age, I was deeply convinced that my heart must be changed by the grace and Spirit of God, or that I could never be happy. I also saw that I must flee for refuge to Jesus Christ as my only Saviour, and have an interest in his love. I knew I was a sinner, and I was greatly alarmed lest I should be cut off in my sins, and finally perish. I employed many hours of the day, and of the night too, at a throne of grace, crying *to God that he would have mercy upon me through Jesus*

RELATED BY HERSELF.

One evening I was in very great distress, and I with great earnestness to the Friend of sinners. Only hope sprang up in my heart, and I thought I a voice repeatedly uttering the promise, "I will not, not leave thee; I will never, never forsake thee." This gracious declaration afforded me much comfort. This, I thought, was all I wanted; and very often since this promise of Scripture has been matter for pleasing meditation and grateful joy.

"Which promise oft I call to mind,
As through some lonely path I go,
And sacred consolation find,
And strength to fight with every foe."

I shall never forget this period of my life; it was a season of peculiar joy to me. I often rose at four o'clock in the morning, and walked in our little garden for prayer and meditation. I was delighted with the singing of the birds; that I had heard of the works of creation would come into recollection, and raise my thoughts to God.

After the death of my mother, a brother who resided at Bath wished me to live with him. He was always very kind to me; but his wife treated me cruelly, often denying me the necessaries of life. Even when exceedingly ill, she refused to bring me a little water. For five or six years my mother-in-law did all she could to make my life miserable. God brought me out of this house of bondage. A person who knew my situation, invited me to live in her house. I went. There were five children. I endeavoured to be myself useful; and I taught them to repeat many

BLIND JANE; HER HISTORY,

chapters in the Bible, which I had learned. Here I was indeed at home; but the husband of my friend, through the imprudence of a partner, was cast into prison, and died soon after. The widow and children were then in much affliction, and I was obliged to leave them. But I hear that God has provided for them, and they are now in very good circumstances; so true is the promise, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me."

The blessed God provided for me another habitation. A person who lived near my brother was inclined to give me houseroom, on condition that I would help him in his family. The mistress used sometimes to read the Bible to me, which was a great privilege and comfort.

Soon after this I was unwell, and went into the hospital. I thought I should have died, but God had mercy on me, and raised me up again; and a poor family gave me lodging for three months. I was then advised to go into the country, and I came into this neighbourhood, where God has raised me up many friends, as you well know.

I got much better from my visit, and about a fortnight after I heard that, through some kind friends, there was a room allotted to me in an alms-house. I had been seeking this with much anxiety for five or six years, but had, for some time, given up all hope of obtaining so desirable a home; and now, without any effort on my part, God sent me to one. It is, I assure you, a very comfortable, nice, *clean* place, for which I am very thankful. How merciful,

RELATED BY HERSELF.

and how astonishing have been the ways of Divine Providence to me.

You have often been so kind as to pity me on account of my blindness; but I am not so helpless as you imagine. There is a poor old woman who lives in the next room to me in the alms-house, who cannot do much for herself; but I wait on her, wash her clothing, sweep her room, light her fire, cook her victuals, and pour out her tea for her. I am able, too, to mend my own clothes, and in every way to do for myself. Perhaps I am more thankful than I should be if I could see. When I have made a fire, and it burns up without my having been hurt, I cannot help praising God for it. Oh, I can never be thankful enough!

“Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life;” and “having obtained help of God, I continue to this day.”

This is all very good; and what a lesson it teaches! Here was a poor blind girl, left without father or mother, unable to work for her own living. Yet she listens to the good words of God; hides them in her heart; and trusts in him. “When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.” These words she had heard, and she believed them, and she was blessed in believing them, for there was a fulfilment of that which was spoken. The Lord did take her up, and became more to her than father or mother, for he made her one of his own children. Two things she mentions, which I hope every

THY MOTHER.

young reader will not forget—she felt that her heart
be changed, and she must fly for refuge to Jesus Christ
she could never be happy. And so must you. And a
very beautiful thought was that:—“*Perhaps I am
thankful that I should be if I could see.*” Think of it.
Well was that said poor blind one! for thine eyes
they been opened to behold the things done all about
thee, would have seen so much that would have filled
tender mind with grief, as to make thee wish they might
closed in all their former darkness till that day when
will open never more to close, and see, in yonder
land, the King in his beauty, and behold unblench
unimagined radiance of his throne. (Isaiah xxxiii. 1)

THY MOTHER.

Be gentle to thy mother; long she bore
Thine infant fretfulness and silly youth;
Nor rudely scorn the faithful voice that o'er
Thy cradle prayed, and taught thee lisping truth.
Yes, she is old; yet on thy manly brow
She looks, and claims thee as her child e'en now.

Uphold thy mother; close to her warm heart
She carried, fed thee, lulled thee to thy rest;
Then taught thy tottering limbs their untried art,
Exulting in thee fledging from her nest;
And, now her steps are feeble, be her stay,
Whose strength was thine in thy most feeble day.

THE ANGEL AND THE INFANT.

Cherish thy mother ; brief perchance the time
May be that she will claim the care she gave ;
Past are her hopes of youth, her harvest-prime
Of joy on earth ; her friends are in the grave ;
But for her children, she could lay her head
Gladly to rest among the precious dead.

Be tender to thy mother ; words unkind
Or light neglect from thee, will give a pang
To that fond bosom where thou art enshrined
In love unutterable, more than fang
Of venom'd serpent. Wound not her strong trust,
As thou wouldst hope for peace when she is dust !

O mother mine ! God grant I ne'er forget,
Whatever be my grief, or what my joy,
The unmeasured, unextinguishable debt
I owe thy love ; but find my sweet employ,
Ever through thy remaining days, to be
To thee as faithful as thou wast to me !

THE ANGEL AND THE INFANT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN REBOULLE.

An angel his place near a cradle took ;
His visage shone with a radiant gleam ;
And he seemed on the infant's face to look
As in mirror pure of a crystal stream.

" Oh ! come to our home, sweet babe so fair !"
He whispered, " Come, come with me now !
For we shall be happy together there ;
The earth is unworthy of such as thou.

LONGING TO PRAISE WITH ANGELS.

Here gladness is never without alloy ;
Some pang from its best delights will rise ;
A wail will ring through its shouts of joy,
And all its pleasures are mixed with sighs.

So come, dear babe, through the fields of space
Thou shalt fly with me to a brighter sphere ;
My God will not, in his boundless grace,
Suffer thee longer to linger here.

Thy Saviour has sent me to fetch thee home
To the Father's house in heaven above ;
So come with me, my sweet child, come,
To the world of life, and light, and love !"

Then slowly unfolding his snow-white wings,
The angel ceased, and aloft they fled,
Where they soon lost sight of earthly things—
Alas ! poor mother ! thy child is dead !

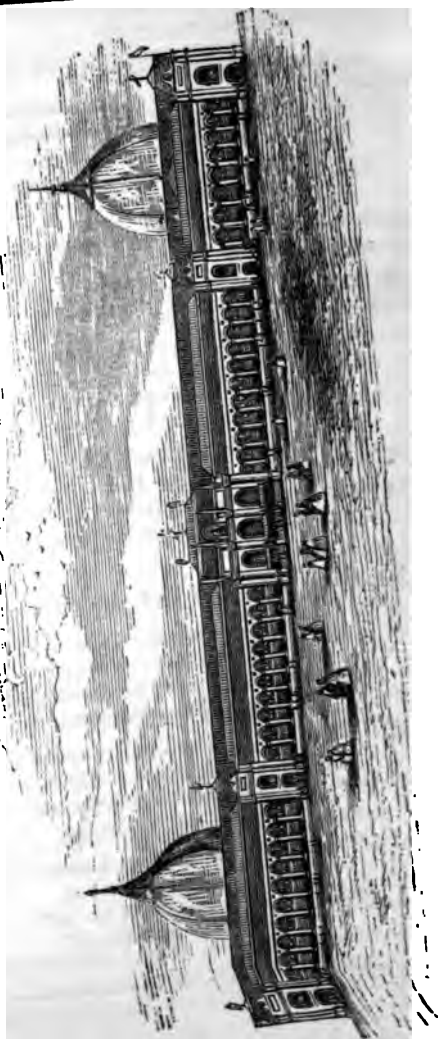
LONGING TO PRAISE WITH ANGELS.

Now let me rise and join your song,
And be an angel too ;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

Where ye that love my Saviour sit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at his right hand
I'd give them both away.





THE SECOND GREAT EXHIBITION.

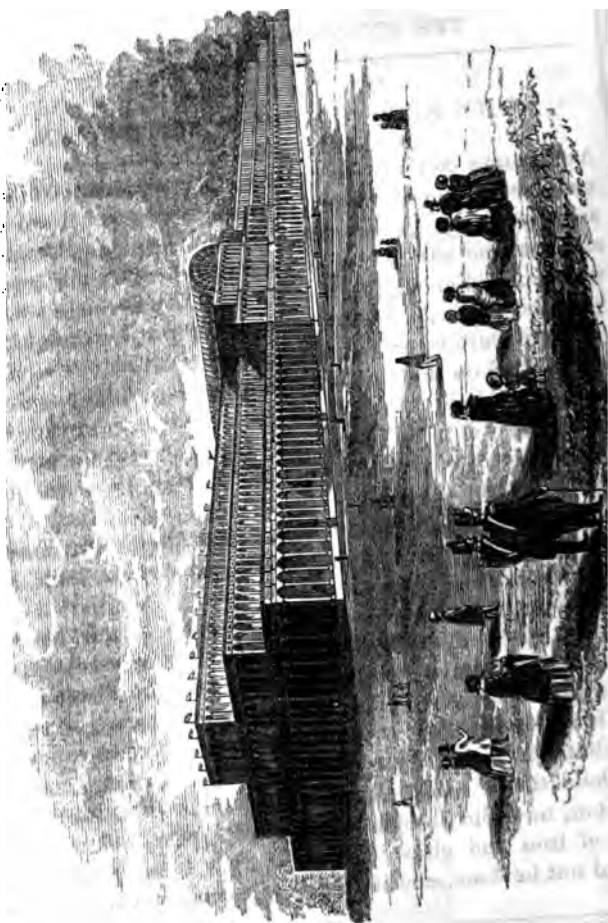
THE SECOND GREAT EXHIBITION.

It is now eleven years since the First Great Exhibition opened, those of our young readers who were then at your age have now become young men and women; you who now read these pages were either not born, or not old enough to read what we then wrote about the Crystal Palace," and all the grand things it contained.

The picture before you is of the Great Exhibition which opened on the first day of May, 1862. The picture on the other side is of the Crystal Palace which was opened on the first day of May, 1851. If you look at both the pictures you will see that the outside of the Crystal Palace is more beautiful than this.

What you may know something about the Crystal Palace, I will first tell you who proposed it, how it was built, and what it contained.

PRINCE ALBERT, the excellent husband of our beloved Queen, was the wise and good man who proposed to have in London a great exhibition of all the most wonderful things in the world, and people of all nations were invited to see them. But the question was, where can they be exhibited? for there was no place in London large enough to hold them. After much thought and talk about it, Mr. Paxton, now Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P., proposed to build it of iron and glass in Hyde Park. It was said that it could not be done, and if it could, it *could not be ready in*



THE SECOND GREAT EXHIBITION.

But it was, and was opened by the Queen on May 1, 1861.

At the time, it was said to be the most wonderful building ever erected by man, and it was. It covered eighteen acres of ground, and was 1851 feet long, (the date of the 1456 feet broad, and 64 feet high. There were 330 miles, 200 miles of window sash bars, and 900,000 feet of glass, weighing 400 tons. The galleries were one mile, and the tables eight miles in length. The floors only were of wood. The cost of the whole was £150,000. And the

work of the work was completed in about three months. Visitors from all parts of the world were expected, and they came in numbers of hundreds of thousands in England and Wales, Ireland and Scotland, who had never been to London before, and were now, by cheap trains, to see this great sight.

The opening of this beautiful building with its rich decorations was a scene of grandeur such as even London had not seen before. It was a fine day. From nine to twelve o'clock, crowds of the rich and noble, officers of the army and foreign ambassadors, all in splendid dresses, were present—the ladies were seated, but the gentlemen stood. At twelve o'clock, the Queen and Prince Albert arrived, with the Prince of Wales, (dressed as a young highlander,) and the Princess Royal, (in white frock, and a wreath of spring flowers round her head,) the Crown Prince (now King) of Prussia, and his son, (since married to the Princess Royal,) and other royal visitors. The Queen ascended the Chair of State under a canopy of blue velvet, the national anthem

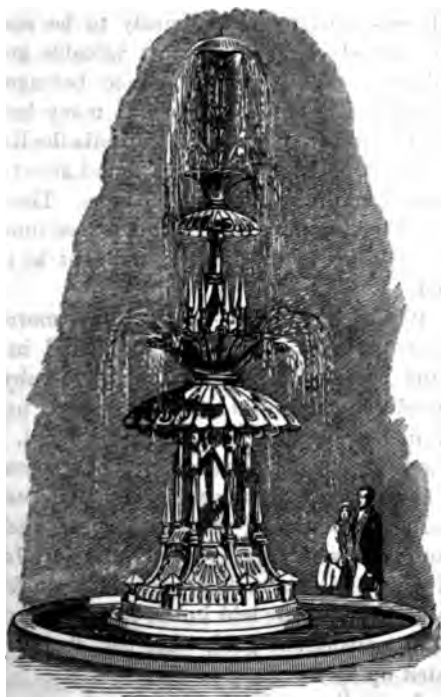
THE SECOND GREAT EXHIBITION.

was sung, and prayer was offered. The hallelujah chorus was then performed, during which the representative of the Emperor of China stepped forward in front of the chair of state, bowed to the ground before the Queen, and retired. Her Majesty smiled, and the people were surprised and pleased at this singular and unexpected act of respectful homage.

A procession was then made round the building. Among the distinguished men then present, but since dead, beside the illustrious and lamented Prince Albert, might be seen, walking arm in arm, those two old veterans, the Duke of Wellington, (82 that day,) and the Marquis of Anglesea. On returning to the chair of state, the Queen declared the Exhibition opened. And then that splendid vision vanished—never to be repeated by the same characters! Such, alas! is the vanity of all human glory.

"But what was there in this grand place?" you are ready to ask. To tell you all would be impossible. There were the natural productions of nearly all the countries of the earth, and works of art from all nations, together with the most superior and excellent of British manufactures, forming altogether such a collection of wonders as the world had never seen in one place, and all brought together by kind and peaceful invitation only, none being compelled to bring one single thing. One thing I may mention. Between the two trees covered by the glass roof, and in the centre of the building, was a crystal fountain, of *which this is a picture*. It was so large, that four tons

THE SECOND GREAT EXHIBITION.



glass were used in its construction, and when it
all play, and the sun shone on it, the falling drops
sparkled like thousands of brilliant diamonds.

THE SECOND GREAT EXHIBITION.

As I have just mentioned diamonds, it reminds one which was sent by Her Majesty to be seen at the exhibition, and which was the most valuable gem in the whole collection. This diamond once belonged to the Great Mogul, and is said to be worth many hundred thousands of pounds. It was called in India the Koh-i-Noor or the Mountain of Light, and was found about one hundred years ago in the mines of Golconda. The history of this diamond is singular; it was stolen five times, and at last it was given up to the British, and sent to the Tower of England.

Beside this rich diamond were many more precious things; more perhaps than could be found in any place in the world. There was the finest ruby and the finest emerald in the world, and the largest pearl—two and-a-half inches in circumference, and beryl, sapphire, topaz, amethyst, garnet, chalcedony, chrysoprase, sardonyx, chrysolite, opal, turquoise, malachite, cairngorm, quartz, and “all manner of precious stones,” such as we saw the foundations of “that great city, the holy Jerusalem, garnished with, as it descended “out of heaven from above.” Ah! if its foundations are laid in the gems of earth, and its streets all of transparent gold, what can that city be when lighted up by the glory of God!

But this large diamond when the sun is not shining on it, only looks like a piece of thick glass, not cut into any regular shape, and about the size of a walnut, but *rather longer*. How strange it seems that it should

MAKING THE BOAT.

ed to be worth such an immense sum of money, and
ur one soul, my young reader, put into the scale
t a bushel full of such diamonds, would outweigh
ll; yea, if the highest mountain upon earth were all
amond—a real mountain of light!—yet would your
e worth more than it; for so HE said who knew its
and came to save it from being lost. “For what
profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and
s own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange
soul?”

“What is the thing of greatest price
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in CHAIR is found.”

I must stop now; next time I will try to tell you
bout this Second Great Exhibition.

MAKING THE BOAT.

A TALE FROM AUSTRALIA.

ix,” said little Charles Willerton to his elder brother;
y, you promised to carve me a boat out of this nice
f wood, but I think you forgot it yesterday; will you
day?”

s, to be sure I will,” returned Harry, “put the wood
e knife down, and it shall be done by-and-bye.”

t, Harry, will you do it *now*?” asked the child again,

MAKING THE BOAT.

"I should so much like to have it, and you said you make it yesterday."

This was rather an unfortunate remark, for "puttin' was one of Harry's great faults; perhaps, indeed, had conquer than any of the rest. So he answered soon sharply, "But how can I forget it if you leave it beside now run away, don't you see I'm reading?"

That was the very thing Charles did see, and he was afraid the wood and the knife stood a poor chance of getting attention from his brother when he was gone, but his petition did not induce Harry to part with the box to commence operations there and then.

However, Charles was a good little boy, and the cost him a sigh to go away with such an uncertain prospect of obtaining a boat, he did as he was told, leaving Harry in undisturbed possession of the room and his book.

For a few minutes Harry did not feel quite comfortable. He thought of yesterday's broken promise, and the consequent disappointment to his brother. Then the recollection of the little beseeching face, and the gentle tones of the child when he pleaded that the boat might be done only to-day, but "now," made him half inclined to set aside his book, especially when he considered he had answered Charlie quite so kindly as he might have. Besides, how often had his mother cautioned him against the habit of delaying what conscience said ought to be done at once. Harry's evil habit was almost conquered

MAKING THE BOAT.

time; he had nearly determined to listen to the advice of conscience; but unfortunately he dallied. "I will just read to the bottom of this page first," said he to himself; "the paragraph ends there, and then I will cut out such a beautiful boat for Charlie."

He re-opened the book which had been resting on the table, with one finger on it to keep the place. But when he had read to the bottom of the page, the end of the chapter looked so near, that Harry thought he might as well finish it; and so he went on, getting more and more interested in the story, and of course thinking less of what he had promised to do. A whole hour passed thus, and though the wood and knife lay beside him, both were as much forgotten as though they had never been brought. While Harry's eyes were fixed on his book, he never noticed that little Charlie had stolen in quietly several times, to see whether the boat was in progress or no. After every visit, the expression of disappointment on his face grew stronger, until at length he lost all hope, and stayed away entirely.

Still Harry read on, and just as he finished the last chapter he received the summons to tea. "Oh, dear me!" said he, "I was just going to begin Charlie's boat. What a pity! I wish I had done it sooner. And after tea there will be lessons to learn. I must try to work very hard at them, so as to have time to make it before I go to bed; then it will be ready for him when he gets up in the morning."

But Harry could not help feeling very unwilling to meet his little brother at the tea table, and he advanced with

MAKING THE BOAT.

lingering steps, repeating to himself, "I do wish I had away the book, and done as Charlie asked me."

The sight of Charlie's disappointment did not matters; even the child's silence was a reproach; thought Harry, "it is very plain he doesn't believe I to do it at all."

As a friend of Mrs. Willerton's was there, a little more was spent at the table than usual. Consequently, could not begin his lessons so soon: and when he recollected that he had put off writing an exercise, might have been done the night before, and to-morrow must be given in. Instead, therefore, of having an hour to spend on Charlie's boat, he could scarcely finish his lesson by bed-time. "I will get up earlier in the morning, and do it done before Charlie is down stairs," said he.

But when morning came how was it? He awoke too early he thought, and that it would be no use to get up for half-an-hour. He would lie so long, and then—the end of the half-hour saw him as little inclined to move as he had been to lay down his book on the preceding night. At the conclusion of the paragraph that ought to have terminated his reading. In fact, he deferred moving until after tea he fell asleep again, and instead of being earlier than he had barely time to dress before breakfast. Then he had to hurry off to school the moment he rose from the table, thinking to himself all the way as he went "Charlie never trust me again; I wish I had done the boat at last."

At noon, Harry did not stay a moment in the play-ground.

MAKING THE BOAT.

but hastened home, now fully resolved to fulfil his promise. He went to the place where he had left the materials for the boat, but they were gone. He sought Charlie, and as soon as he came in sight, said, "Charlie, I will make your boat now; where is the wood?" "Thank you, Harry," replied his brother, "it is too late, I have got it done. I thought you might be busy, or forget it again to-day, so I asked Tom, and he made me a very nice boat; see!" and he held up just such a one as Harry intended to make.

The child turned away with his new treasure. Ah! how far more precious it would have been as the work of a willing brother's hand. Gladly would Harry have used his utmost skill for Charlie now. But regret was in vain; it was too late.

May you not learn a lesson from this simple story? Is the conduct of Harry with regard to his brother, like yours in respect to One far higher? While you have been reading how he acted, you may have thought him very foolish and wrong, and felt certain you would have behaved differently. But are you quite sure? Harry would have been sadly grieved if any person had said he did not love his brother, and yet you see how he preferred his own gratification, to listening to Charlie's request.

For perhaps you say you love Jesus Christ. But do you love Him so much that you are willing to lay all aside to follow Him? He has given children a special invitation; are you willing to accept it now? He asks you to do something for him; can you, young as you are, lay aside *some* tempting

THE HUMP-BACKED GIRL.

pleasure to devote your time to Christ's service? And will you do it to-day? There is no young child too young to die; so there are none too young to take up the cross and follow Jesus. Will you, then, young lambs of Christ, listen to your Shepherd's voice? "Not putting off" what He invites you to do, but come willingly and now. Yes! hear Him now, for "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. To-morrow may be too late."

Melbourne.

EPSILON.

THE HUMP-BACKED GIRL.

THE little cripple passed along
The quiet village street;
The clothes she wore were patched and old,
Yet very clean and neat.
Though she was sickly and deformed,
Her face was sweetly fair;
And the glossy curls around her brow
Proclaimed a mother's care.

Ere long she passed the village school,
As, from the open door,
A train of boys came shouting forth,
Glad that their tasks were o'er:
A few, more boisterous than the rest,
Themselves erect and strong,
Began to mock the hump-backed girl,
Who quickly walked along.

Once, Jenny uttered sharp retorts,
When jests like theirs she heard;

CHILDHOOD'S HOURS.

But now that grace had changed her heart,
She answered not a word ;
Only the blush that dyed her cheek,
And the tear that down it stole,
Showed that their coarse unfeeling taunts
Had sunk into her soul.

Arrived at home, poor Jenny sought
Her chamber, small and bare—
Methinks those thoughtless lads had wept
If they had seen her there :
Beside her lowly bed she knelt,
And sent this prayer to heaven—
“ O, Father, help me to forgive
As I have been forgiven.”

Dear children, 'tis from God above
Health, strength, and beauty come ;
And He, in wisdom, has withheld
These precious gifts from some :
Be kind to such, and learn to keep
The golden rule in view,
Nor ever let a cripple hear
A cruel taunt from you.

CHILDHOOD'S HOURS.

Up in the blue and starry sky,
A group of Hours, one even,
Met, as they took their upward flight
Into the highest heaven.

And they were going there to tell,
Of all that had been done

CHILDHOOD'S HOURS.

By little children, good or bad,
Since the last rising sun.

And some had gold and purple wings,
Some drooped like faded flowers,
And sadly went to tell the tale
That they were misspent hours.

Some glowed with rosy hopes and smiles,
And some shed many a tear ;
Others had some kind words and acts
To carry upward there.

A shining Hour, with lovely plumes,
Went up to tell a deed
Of kindness which a gentle child
Had done to one in need.

And one was bearing up a prayer
A little boy had said,
Full of humility and love,
While kneeling by his bed.

And thus they glided on, and gave
Their tidings dark and bright,
To Him who marks each passing hour
Of childhood's day and night.

Remember, children of the earth,
Each Hour is on its way,
Bearing its own report to heaven,
Of all you do and say.

RURAL SUMMER SCENES.

RURAL SUMMER SCENES;

OR, A WALK TO THE HARVEST-FIELD.



WE did not go before breakfast this time, but waited until the afternoon, when, having had an early cup of tea, we started.

Neither did we go over the fields past the cottage on the top of the is time, but took the horse-road which goes past the ndmill; for we thought we should like to look at it a nearer. At a distance it looked like—I dont know

Not like a house, or a barn, or a stable, or a cow-but like the skeleton of some huge giant, with big arms. When we drew nearer, we found it was a crazy umble-down old thing, which might have been blown ong ago, had it not been propped up by a large beam xd behind it. And then we thought, ah well, poor ill, it is with thee as it is with some of us old folks, ast worked hard in thy day, in fair and foul, to find for others, and now thou art left to decay and neglect old age! Stand where thou art a little longer, if it y to teach such a lesson as this to all who pass by. come along. Dont let us stop any longer looking at

RURAL SUMMER SCENES;

the old mill. We came out to be glad, and we must not be sad. Down the hill we go, more than twice as fast as we came up it on the other side, and soon reach the village below. But what's the matter now! For though it is a fine warm day, nearly all the doors are shut, and no men or women, or lads and lasses, to be seen, only a lot of little children running and rolling, tossing and tumbling, shouting and screaming, on the village green round the ancient stone cross, near which an old grandmother sits on a rush-bottomed chair knitting, and now and then peeping over her spectacles and watching the merry young things around her, and thinking, perhaps, of the days, for they remind her of them, when she, as young and as merry as they, played on the same spot. But her play-fellows of those days—where are they? All gone, and she will soon follow them. Such is our life!

But a truce to such thoughts. We see how it is now. All who can work are gone into the great corn-field on the other side the village, and we must go too. Passing through the old church-yard, the gates of which are not locked up—we are always sorry and vexed when they are—we are soon where we want to be. It is one of those open corn-fields, not yet enclosed, such as might be seen all over England once, but of which few remain now, where every farmer knows his own acres by the wooden landmarks his father's had set up.

There they all are—men and boys in groups all over the *wide field*. Bright shine the golden ears in the sunshine

OR, A WALK TO THE HARVEST-FIELD.

y are moved to and fro by the gentle wind, like quiet of the sea. The men, bending to their work, are y cutting down handfuls of the ripe corn, which boys l them are binding into sheaves and setting them it in shocks, while the women and girls are spread all ose parts of the field which are already cut, busy as icking up the scattered ears which the reapers have ed, and the jolly old farmer who stands there looking m, does not say one cross word, but seems satisfied ankful for the abundant crop which God has given

this is a glorious sight! One of the most glorious seen in happy Old England, where now, blessed be no rude alarm of angry foes disturb our peace and . How we wish it were so all the world over!



We wander through the field, and at the further end we see a group of reapers, sitting on a grassy bank, under the wide-spreading branches of a noble old oak, which has afforded its pleasant shade to many generations.

have left their work for half an hour to rest and h themselves. With what an appetite they seem to

RURAL SUMMER SCENES;

enjoy the brown bread and cold fat bacon the farmer's servant girl has brought for them. Take my word for it they relish their coarse fare more than many a rich man does, who is now sitting down to a dainty dinner with his wife and daughters, waited upon by powdered servants in rich liveries.

But we wont go near them—no, for that might disturb them. We will sit down here on this high and dry bank, under the shade of this ash tree, where we can see all the field, and watch them at their work, for we too are tired now.

Hark how the bees come buzzing by! They are as busy as ever, poking their long noses first into the cup of one wild flower and then into another, and fetching out all the sweets they can lay hold of to carry away to their hive, near the old sunny wall in the cottage garden.

And here, look here at this little ant at our feet! See, it has got a grain of corn, as big and much heavier than itself, which it is dragging up the bank to carry down into its nest. How strong the little creature must be to move such a load. There, the grain has slipped down a little way! but see, the spirited creature is at it again. It wont give it up. We watch it for a long time, and at last it succeeds. Plucky little fellow! thou hast taught us a lesson of patient perseverance that we must not forget.

But, come, we must be thinking of going home, for see, the sun is just dipping his large red face behind yon distant hill, and tinging the long white streaks of cloud above him with his rosy hues, giving the farmers and their men a fair

OR, A WALK TO THE HARVEST-FIELD.

of another fine day for their work to-morrow. And the loaded wagons of corn are moving off the field to the village. They will be there before us. We return by the way we came, but when we get into the orchard, we cannot help stopping a short time to see how the apples are. We can spell out the names of those who sleep below, and strong arms once reaped those fields, but are now old and unknown.



Passing on, we step over the large broad stones which serve for a bridge over the brook that bubbles by. And yonder, where the water widens, is Sam, the farmer's boy, on the old white mare, lead-

and the black horse down for a drink, and at the same time cool their hot iron-shod feet in the clear stream. Sam is fond of his horses, and is willing to wait a bit longer for his own supper than he may feel thirsty and make them feel comfortable before he leads them into the stable for the night. When he has filled their manger with sweet new hay, he will go to the kitchen and take his seat with the men at the long deal table, and it almost makes



A VISIT TO THE HARVEST-FIELD.

one hungry to think of the savoury and reeking of
cabbage and bacon, boiled together, that will be
before them.

Good night, honest, hard-working labourers, that
our fields! May the blessing of the Lord be upon you!

————— May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.

A VISIT TO THE HARVEST-FIELD.

Come away! come away!
Tis the harvest-home day,
And we must help garner the grain;
Come away! come away!
In the field let us play,
And ride home on the loaded wain.

Come away! come away!
No schoolroom to-day,
We are all to be merry and free,
Come Walter and Annie,
Come Jessie and Fanny,
Get ready to go out with me.

Now for it, quick march,
Put a little more starch
In your collar bone, Bertie and Fred;
I say, Master Frank,
Please to keep in the rank,
And you, Harry, now hold up your head.

Here now we disband,
We are free of the land,
And now you can go where you please;

A VISIT TO THE HARVEST-FIELD.

Look, there are the men
With the waggon, and Ben
With the horses all under the trees.
We'll have dinner at one ;
Oh ! wont it be fun
Like Gipsies to sit on the ground ;
Come, Harry, with me,
I want you to see
Where the pretty blue hare-bell is found.
And mosses and fern,
Both grow by this burn,
Mother bade me bring home some of each ;
And she told me to day
To learn while at play,
The lessons that wild-flowers teach.
Hark, the hum of the bees
Among the lime trees,
What a sweet dreamy sound they are making ;
" All work and no play "
Is their motto to-day,
I should think from the pains they are taking.
And look at these ants,
How they think of their wants ;
What a load that old fellow can carry,
Dont disturb them now, Frank,
Or play them a prank,
They work harder than you or than Harry.
But dinner is ready ;
I see Master Freddy
Is running to tell us, I'm thinking ;
Come let's go ahead,
Where the tablecloth's spread—
I'm quite ready for eating and drinking.

THE WHITE ANTS OF AFRICA.

Oh! what a display,
This is quite a field-day,
Such a row of nice tartlets and pies,
With a rear-guard of buns,
And ginger pop-guns,
You have taken us quite by surprise.

And now let us raise
Our voices to praise
The bountiful Giver above,
And thank him that we
Are permitted to see
Such proofs of His kindness and love!

MARY EUG

THE WHITE ANTS OF AFRICA.

THE ants in our country are often mischievous lit-
tures, especially when they dig their nests in the gr-
of a gentleman's garden. A short time ago I saw :
as fifty or sixty nests on one grass-plot. They had
up the soil from beneath to build their nests, and h-
destroyed by pouring hot water on them, which of
destroyed the grass and spoiled the appearance
grass-plot.

But such annoyances are trifling when compar-
the ravages of the vast swarms of large white ants ir-
There this insect is an incessant pest to the traveller
he rests for the night. He cannot lay any of his !

THE WHITE ANTS OF AFRICA.

traps on the ground for fear of their being eaten into, or wholly devoured by white ants. They are very fond of soft wood, and will spoil a good plank in one night. They throw up mould against the object of their attack, and under this covered way they carry on their depredations with extraordinary despatch. Suppose you have left a box on the earth, or against the side of a hut, for a few days; when you come to look at it, you find a little mould cleaving to it, and, as it were, gluing it to the earth or clay wall. On removing it, you find all the under part of the wood gone, a thin surface alone remaining, which falls into dust on being touched. The cunning insects do not make holes quite through the wood, lest their operations should be discovered.

But this source of annoyance is also a means of promoting public good. The white ant is one of nature's scavengers. The immense mass of wood which falls in the African forests and plains would produce a pestilence, if left to rot slowly on the surface of the ground; the routes also would be obstructed. But now, as soon as a branch or tree comes down, it is attacked by the white ants, which soon devour its pith and fibre, so that the first heavy rain breaks the thin shell and mixes its remains with the soil; and the whole soon disappears. So do native towns when they have been deserted for a short time. The rafters of bamboo which supported the thatch of the huts are destroyed by them; the roofs fall in, and become a prey; the walls of unburnt clay are washed down by heavy showers; and nothing

THE WHITE ANTS OF AFRICA.

remains of the late habitations of men save a few mounds of earth which the white ants now occupy.

Some of the houses of these ants are five hundred times higher than themselves. They are frequently twelve feet high, and some are even twenty feet high, and large enough to contain twelve men! Were our houses built according to the same proportions, they would be twelve or fifteen



times higher than the London Monument, and four or five times higher than the Pyramids of Egypt, with a suitable base! Some of these ants, of a smaller kind, build their houses like a pillar, three feet high, whose shape resembles a mushroom, having an over-hanging roof: in all there are a number of

apartments, galleries, and magazines. If you could examine one of them by first getting rid of its inhabitants, you would be surprised at the accuracy and beauty of its internal structure. It is composed of arched chambers, galleries, and magazines, all of them communicating with one another and with the royal apartments in the centre. It has roads, bridges, and staircases, built in the most scientific manner. The skill of this creature probably exceeds that of any other except civilized man.

Each town or colony consists of three distinct orders.

THE WHITE ANTS OF AFRICA.

ghest class, or nobility, are the only perfect insects, wings; they are of great size, being equal in bulk of the labourers, and seem to enjoy a short life of ; they neither work nor fight. But their honours hort duration. As soon as their four wings have o maturity, they either sally forth, or are driven out, and form new settlements. Then the air is full of they fly at random, knocking against your face and ing else that comes in their way. In a few hours ghts are terminated, and all their soaring is gone . They lose their wings, and become the prey of isects, and reptiles; or they fall into the water and

They are also captured, roasted, and eaten by the . A few pairs only out of many millions survive, and und by some of the lower class of ants who are at re by them elected kings and queens. One pair a colony. The new sovereigns are immediately i in a large chamber of clay, from which they have ss, and which protects them from enemies. Their subjects begin the work of building about the royal d provide for the future "hope of the nation." The soon becomes very big, resembling a large white She is said to reach to 20,000 or 30,000 times the y size, and to become 1,000 times larger than the She then produces eggs with extraordinary rapidity 50,000 to 100,000 in twenty-four hours, which are carried away by the labourers, and placed in the d apartments prepared for their reception.

THE WHITE ANTS OF AFRICA.

The second class is the military or fighting order. They do nothing else than act as police or soldiers. They are a much larger and more perfect insect than the lowest class, but inferior to the nobility. They are fierce and vindictive, so that great care must be used in approaching a settlement, especially with hostile purposes. The bulk of the population consists of labourers, which are nearly a hundred times as numerous as the soldiers. They are about a quarter of an inch in length, and resemble our ants. By a wonderful instinct given by the all-wise Creator, these insects pursue their respective occupations with consummate skill and perfect order, each knowing its own sphere of labour, and actively performing it, as if it were the only work to be done under the sun. It is a wonderful community. Should you ask why the same insect lays three kinds of eggs at the same time, which will undergo different stages of development, and become labourers, soldiers, or princes,—how elect their sovereign,—why they treat royalty with so much honour, and yet imprison it more closely than a Cæsar, emperor,—how each comes to know its own power, fill its own place,—how they understand architecture, even the building of arches, which the ancient Egyptians did not know,—to these and all other queries we can only reply that they are amongst the mysteries of nature. The facts are so. Let him who thinks that such a marvellous economy could be produced by chance or from inert matter, explain it if he can. We see the finger of God.

GOING HOME.

GOING HOME.

O BROTHERS and sisters, growing old,
Do you all remember yet
That home, in the shade of the rustling trees,
Where once our household met?

Do you know how we used to come from school,
Through the summer's pleasant heat;
With the yellow fennel's golden dust
On our tired little feet?

And how sometimes in an idle mood
We loitered by the way;
And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,
And in the fields to play;

Till warned by the deep'ning shadow's fall,
That told of the coming night,
We climbed to the top of the last long hill,
And saw our home in sight!

And, brothers and sisters, older now
Than she whose life is o'er,
Do you think of the mother's loving face
That looked from the open door?

Alas, for the changing things of time;
That home in the dust is low;
And that loving smile was hid from us,
In the darkness, long ago!

And we have come to life's last hill,
From which our weary eyes
Can almost look on that home that shines
Eternal in the skies.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,
Still let us move as one,
Always together keeping step,
Till the march of life is done :

For that mother, who waited for us here,
Wearing a smile so sweet,
Now waits on the hills of paradise
For her children's coming feet !

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

THIS book is all that's left me now !
Tears will unbidden start ;
With falt'ring lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart ;
For many generations passed,
Here is our family tree ;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped ;—
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah ! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear ;
Who round the hearthstone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill !
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear ;
How calm was my dear mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear !

GOOD MORNING.

Her angel face—I see it yet !
What thronging memories come !
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried ;
When all were false I've found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give,
That could this volume buy ;—
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

F.

GOOD MORNING.

“ O I am so happy ! ” the little girl said
As she sprang like a lark from her low trundle bed ;
“ Tis morning, bright morning ! Good morning, my father,
O give me one kiss for good morning, my mother !
Only just look at my pretty canary,
Chirping his sweet good morning to Mary.
The sunshine is peeping straight into my eyes,
Good morning to you, Master Sun, for you rise
Early to wake up my birdie and me,
And make us as happy as happy can be.”
“ Happy you may be, my dear little girl ! ”
And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl.
“ Happy you can be, but think of the One
Who wakened this morning both you and the sun.”
The little girl turned her bright eyes with a nod—
“ Mother, may I now say, Good morning to God ? ”
“ Yes, little darling one, surely you may—
Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray.”

"MY SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART."

Then Mary knelt down, and with her sweet eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies ;
And two little hands folded over each other,
Softly she spoke on the lap of her mother—
" Good morning, dear Father in Heaven," she said ;
" I thank thee for watching all night by my bed ;
For taking good care of me in the dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful light ;
O keep me from evil and danger this day,
Kind Jesus who taught little children to pray."
An angel looked down in the sunshine, and smiled,
But she saw not the angel—that beautiful child.

"MY SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART."

My heart, LORD ; yes, take it ; 'tis vile and depraved,
Defiled by corruption, pollution, and sin,
Enslaved by its passions, by satan deceived ;
Yet take it and make it, dear Saviour, like thine.

My heart, LORD ; yes, take it ; 'tis wrapt in thick darkness
"Till on it the sunbeams of righteousness shine ;
To chase the sad gloom and its darkness enlighten,
Shine on it, dear Saviour, and make it like thine.

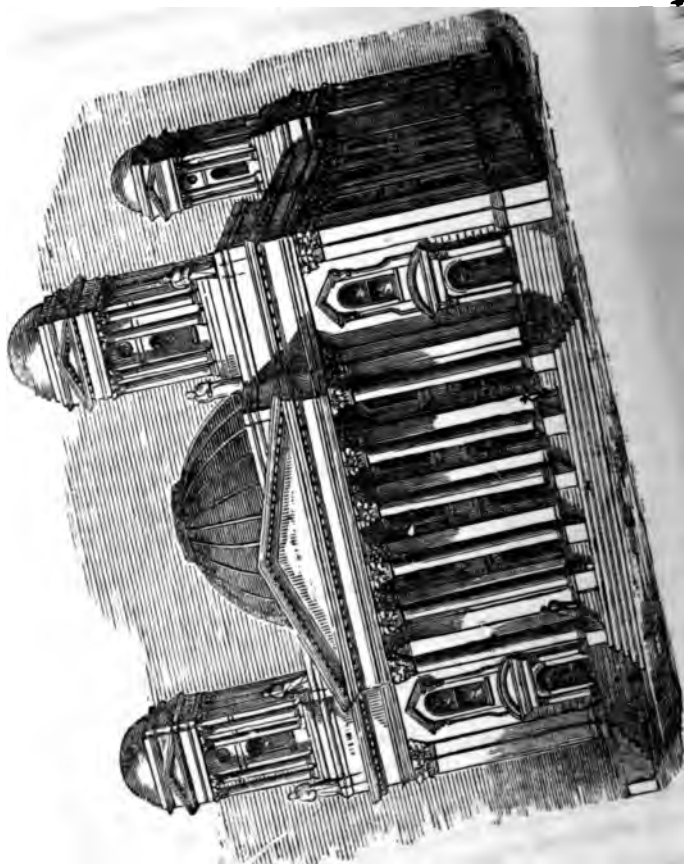
My heart, LORD ; yes, take it ; 'tis hard and unfeeling,
And needs the sweet influence of mercy divine,
To bow down its pride and soften its hardness,
And make it as meek and as lowly as thine.

My heart, LORD ; yes, take it ; 'tis fickle and faithless,
And oft-times it bows at deception's low shrine ;
Oh, let thy good Spirit transform and remould it,
And make it, dear Saviour, entirely like THINE.





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THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

the name of the large place of worship represented picture on the opposite page. Sometimes we give of parish churches; this is a picture of a baptist

There is something remarkable in its history, or n that of the young minister for whom it was erected. ll therefore first tell you something about him.

LES HADDON SPURGEON was born at Kelvedon, in June 19, 1834. His father and grandfather were nent ministers, and he had also the unspeakable ge of being taught when a child by a pious mother. his early acquaintance with domestic and public), the reading of the Bible and books of a religious sr, in all of which he appears to have taken much e.

re he was six years old he could read with a tone phasis that were remarkable. His favourite author time was John Bunyan, with whose "Pilgrim's Pro- he was quite delighted.

pears that he spent several years of his early life s venerable grandfather, who observed of him, "I remember ever hearing of his speaking anything but th."

parents removing to Colchester, he was sent to a ble school, where for four years he made remarkable s.

en about ten years of age, he was spending a vaca-

THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

tion with his grandfather at Stambourne. The anniversary sermons for the Missionary Society were preached in his grandfather's chapel whilst he was there. The preacher was the late Rev. Richard Knill. This earnest and devoted servant of God left behind him a fragrant memory. Inscribed under the portrait of this self-denying missionary is this motto, 'Brethren! the heathen are perishing; shall we let them perish? God forbid. Richd. Knill.' Before family prayer,' says his grandfather, 'my grandson read a chapter, and our friend Knill was very much pleased, and said, 'I have heard old ministers and young ones read well, but never did I hear a little boy read so correctly before.' He called him to his side, laid his hand on his head, and said, 'I believe God will raise him up for some remarkable work. I hope he will one day fill Rowland Hill's pulpit.' It appears to me,' continues the grandfather, 'as if he spake under the spirit of prophesy. When Mr. Knill first heard of my grandson being in London, he wrote to me for his address. The reason he gave was, being then from home, with a large party of friends, after dinner, the conversation turned upon a young preacher who was pastor of the New Park Street Chapel. Mr. Knill inquired his name, and the answer given was—'Mr Spurgeon.' 'I know him,' said Mr. Knill. 'No, no,' replied his friend; 'I think not.' 'Yes, I do, sir,' returned Mr. Knill. 'I saw him at his grandfather's house some years ago, when I preached in the village for the missionary cause, and have always been convinced that he would one day be an extraordinary character

THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

stian world. I remember,' continued Mr. Knill. e lad into the garden; I conversed with him, and h him, and found that he possessed a mind far s years.'"

told that he sometimes made essays at preaching his brothers and sisters alone in some retired giving early indications of the sphere of life and ick his mind was even then directed.

lucated and disposed, we need not be surprised t yet a boy he became familiar with the leading of the gospel, or that his thoughts and desires rds the ministry.

aving the school at Colchester, he was sent to an d college at Maidstone, where he remained one re, as at Colchester, he was among the first in rizes for successful study. In 1849, he engaged stant in a school at Newmarket, where he pursued of French and Greek. It appears that his friends m to enter some college, as a student for the

But he could not persuade himself that this was uty. Indeed his mind, when at Newmarket, was by passing doubts on religious subjects. The ge had not yet been wrought in him. He *knew*, l not *feel*, the power of the Gospel. But doubt quiry and prayer, and led by the Holy Spirit he d peace and joy through believing in Jesus the ith all his heart.

time after his *conversion* he became a baptist,



THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

first engagement as a preacher was at a small village nbridge while he was yet in his teens. Hearing of a promising young man, the managers of New Park chapel, London, sent for him to supply the pulpit, and the people invited him to be their minister. He did soon had such crowds to hear him that the chapel crowded and yet there was not room. He then preached in the great room of Exeter Hall, and afterwards in the Fardens Music Hall. At these places, lords and ladies and clergymen, were to be seen among the crowds which always filled those places.

When it was determined by Mr. Spurgeon and his friends to build a very large place of worship, to hold six thousand persons. They set about this great work in 1859, the place was opened in March, 1861; and the cost upwards of £30,000, was paid for before it was completed.

The spacious edifice more than equals the expectations of those who have visited it: for convenience of arrangement, beauty of aspect, and above all for the conveyance of the multitude, it is superior to any other building of equal dimensions. The ground floor, with the exception of that immediately under the eastern gallery, is level. The roof is open; they are of stained wood, and constructed on the most modern plan. At the western extremity, about twenty feet between the floor and the first gallery, is a raised platform, surrounded by a massive mahogany hand-rail, supported by painted white and green. In the centre

THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

of this platform is the baptistry—a beautiful specimen of marble-work. It is intended always to be open. Above this platform, and level with the first gallery, is a similar platform, but smaller, and communicating with the lower one by a flight of stairs on each side. This upper platform serves for a pulpit. It will allow the preacher to move about while he is delivering his sermons. At about equal distance two rows of galleries of considerable depth stretch round the building. From the basement to the arches of the roof high ornamented columns support the whole. The building lighted with about 140 burners, placed round the basement of each gallery, 320 jets adorning the capitals of the columns above the gallery, and several subdued lights in the cupola. There are sittings for 4,200 persons, but it is believed that 6,000 may, without inconvenience, be accommodated.

By an ingenious arrangement each stream of people entering or retiring from either of the galleries are entirely removed from the other. Sixteen doors permit an audience of six thousand to quit the building in five minutes. The pews are numbered from 1 to 598. Below there is a school room, which will seat 1,500; and a lecture hall, or secondary chapel, that accommodates 1,000. There are eleven vestries and six class-rooms, all spacious, well lighted, and replete with convenience for ministers, deacons, elders, students and committees.

Ever since its erection this capacious place has been filled with attentive hearers every Lord's-day. During the season of the Exhibition it was filled to overflowing and

AN INDIAN TEMPLE.

could not gain admittance. No doubt many were
ers who come from curiosity, to see the place or hear
acher ; and yet it is pleasing to indulge the hope that
who did gain admittance heard words, which under
ssing of God might lead them to seek for eternal
ough Jesus Christ our Lord.



AN INDIAN TEMPLE.

we just read of a christian place of worship in which
nds of people may stand to worship God, or sit to
is glorious gospel. The above is a representation of
lian temple erected in honour of some stupid idol
by men's hands. India is full of these temples.

AN INDIAN TEMPLE.

Some are very large and magnificent places, and others are small and mean in their appearance, but they are all devoted to the worship of idols.

Idolatry is an awful sin. It is nothing less than high treason against the majesty of heaven—the most high God, who is KING of KINGS, and LORD of LORDS, the sovereign Ruler of the whole universe.

Only think of millions of men, women, and children, bowing down to a senseless image. But this is an old sin. In the days of the psalmist this great wickedness was common in the earth, as you will find on reading the hundred and fifteenth Psalm, which Dr. Watts put into verse in these lines, as adapted to popish as to pagan idolaters—

“Heaven is thine higher court, there stands thy throne,
And through the lower worlds thy will is done ;
Our God framed all this earth, these heavens he spread ;
But fools adore the gods their hands have made ;
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.

Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears ;
The molten image neither sees nor hears ;
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move,
They have no speech, nor thought, nor power, nor love ;
Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols and their moveless saints.

The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold ;
The poor, content with gods of coarser mould,
With tools of iron carve the senseless stock,
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock ;
People and priest drive on the solemn trade,
And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.

Be heaven and earth amazed ! 'Tis hard to say
Which are more stupid, or their gods or they :
O Israel, trust the Lord ; he hears and sees,
He knows thy sorrows and restores thy peace ;
His worship will a thousand comforts yield,
He is thy help, and he thy heavenly shield."

but long as idolatry has prevailed in the world, the days come when it will be known no more, for the word of I declares that "the idols shall be utterly abolished," that word never fails. Indeed the time is fast coming. Many many of the temples are in ruins. So the christian missionaries tell us ; and we must all do what we can to help the good men who are gone to teach these dark idolaters "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth," and that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.

When any one has made a promise he should try to perform it ; and so, as I promised to tell my young readers something more about this great sight, I must try to do as much as I would.

But there were so many wonderful things to see that I hardly know how to begin, and I expect that when I have written I shall not know how to leave off.

Our visit, for I had my old companion with me, was made on the 3rd and 4th of June. So we spent two whole days, from the opening to the close on each day, in moving

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.

slowly about into every part of the vast building ; and very hard work it was, as many others would tell you beside ourselves.

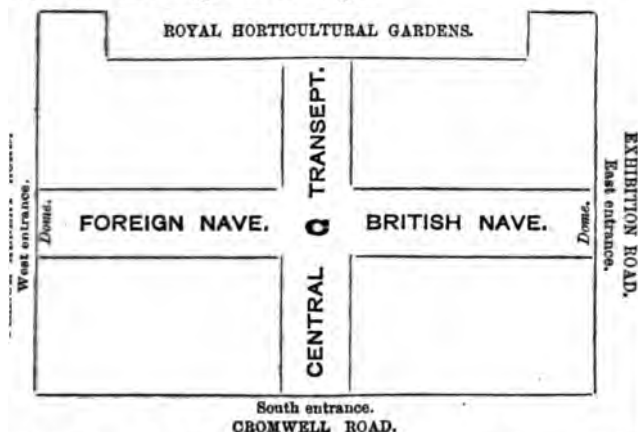
I must first tell you that this exhibition, like that in the Crystal Palace of 1851, was proposed by the late Prince Albert, the good husband of our beloved Queen ; but, to the great grief of her Majesty and the whole nation, he did not live to see it completed ; for he died in December, 1861, while it was in the course of erection. And hence it was that at the opening in May, neither the Queen nor the Prince of Wales could be present, and the proceedings were conducted with more of sadness than joy.

The first exhibition was erected in Hyde Park, where green grass and noble trees added to the beauty of that novel palace of glass ; but this was built on ground bought with the profits of that, between Kensington Gardens and Brompton, with only broken fields and a few new houses beyond it on the western side.

In approaching the building we see nothing but rough brick walls, like a gaol or barracks for soldiers, with very little ornamental work, except at the entrances ; over two of which, that on the east, and that on the west, are two great domes, 160 feet wide and 250 feet high, much larger than the great dome of St. Paul's Cathedral ; the south entrance you may see in the centre of the picture at page 266, the north entrance is in the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society. On the east, west, and south sides, are three spacious roads for carriages.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.

But no sooner do we enter the building than we find ourselves surrounded by scenes of surpassing grandeur and magnificence. That you may have an idea how the inside is laid out this rough sketch is given.



But this plan does not show all the ground occupied; long sheds for manufacturing machinery and agricultural implements run up the east and west sides of the Horticultural Gardens, covering nearly as much ground as this in which the works of art and natural productions are exhibited.

Passing in at the south entrance in Cromwell Road, two pictures arrest our notice; the large one representing the mail-clad barons of England compelling King John to sign

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.

the Great Charter of English liberties ; the smaller one we could not look at without shuddering. In a kind of cell were several open barrels of gunpowder ; a desperate Italian was bending on one knee at the side of the door, his eyes lifted up as if offering a last prayer, in his right hand a flaming brand, which he was about to dash into the open barrels ! What scene in history it represents I am not aware. The execution of the painting was as perfect as the subject was horrible.

But let us pass on, we did not come to be horrified but delighted ; we shall soon find something more agreeable, and that we may think of without shuddering.

We now walk on until we come to the centre, marked in the plan with a C. We have here a view east, west, north, and south of the ground floor, and the galleries above. We know not how to describe the scenes now presented, as we turned to look along each of the nave and transept avenues. But if any one wishes to enjoy sensations of wonder and delight, such as he never felt before when looking at any earthly scenes, he should get some friend to lead him blind-fold from the south entrance up to this spot, and then take the bandage from his eyes. Words then, he could hardly find, to express his surprise and pleasure.

Under the domes at the eastern and western entrances are raised platforms, from which a full view may be had of the whole length of the nave, which, when filled with moving crowds of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, is a splendid and exhilarating spectacle.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.

le the building, over the eastern entrance, is an
se clock face, the hands of which are so long and
hat we do not know with what we could compare
but no one need be at a loss to know "what o'clock
if he be standing on the western platform at the
e end of the building.

ral suitable inscriptions in English and Latin appear
us appropriate places. Around the bottom of the
1 Dome, in large yellow letters, is this, "O LORD,
ICHES AND HONOUR COME OF THEE; THOU REIGNEST
LL, AND IN THINE HAND IS POWER AND MIGHT, AND IN
HAND IT IS TO MAKE GREAT."

of the Latin inscriptions was—"DOMINI EST TERRA,
SITUDO EJUS," which, given in English, as on the front
Royal Exchange, reads, "The earth is the Lord's,
e fulness thereof."

ve told you that the first exhibition covered about
n acres, this covers about twenty-six, with 450,000
ore flooring. The cost of the first was £150,000.
hole cost of this is estimated at £300,000. The
of the first were £500,000. What they will be from
not yet known, but on the one shilling days we be-
ore than 50,000 visitors have usually attended. For
ign of this, Captain Fowke, of the Royal Engineers,
d £5,000.

Picture Galleries extend the whole length of the
ide on the Cromwell Road, and as far as the domes
east and west. That on the south is divided, one

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.

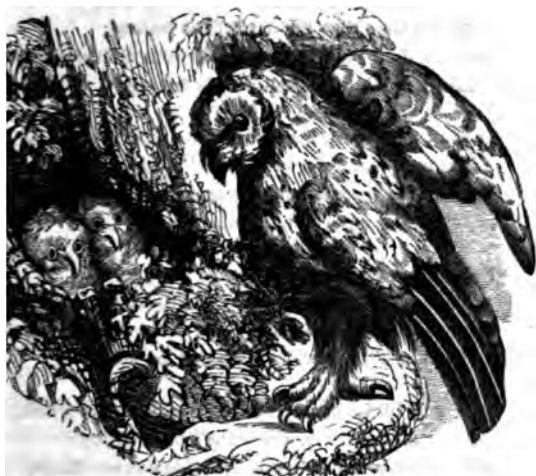
for British pictures, and the other half for Foreign. This grand gallery is 1152 feet long, and 55 feet wide. Those on the east and west are 800 feet long, thus giving nearly 2000 feet, or more than one-third of a mile, for some of the finest pictures of all nations.

About one-half of the whole building is devoted to the productions of Great Britain and her colonies, and the other half to those of other countries. France, next to our country, occupies the greatest space. This time America cuts a sorry figure. At the former exhibition the United States sent many contributions of great value, but now they are too busy in the dreadful work of biting and devouring one another. What an enemy is war to peace, and to all its useful and happy pursuits!

In the erection of this spacious structure, twelve millions of bricks were used, beside 5,000 tons of cast iron, and 15,000 tons of wrought iron. There are 12,000 iron girders, 987 iron columns, 116,000 feet of iron and lead piping, 15,000 feet of zinc gutters, and 14,000 feet of iron railing. Of wood 20,000 loads were used, and about thirty miles of sash bars and glass for windows, beside tons of thick glass for the roofs and courts.

Having now introduced you into this vast edifice, and told you a few facts respecting its situation, appearance, and erection, we shall next tell you about some of the curiosities that were there exhibited, many of which were very remarkable.

MOTHER OWL AND HER YOUNG ONES.



MOTHER OWL AND HER YOUNG ONES.

W sure, mother owl, you're a very queer fowl,
And your ways are as odd as your looks ;
All that is told, both now and of old,
In pictures as well as in books.

Some people's eyes you look very wise,
When you sit there as grave as a judge ;
I know you better—you can't read a letter,
And so all your wisdom is fudge !

MOTHER OWL AND HER YOUNG ONES.

You seem quite as still as a mouse in a mill
All the time that the daylight is lasting ;
And you dont want to eat, neither sour things nor swee
Like a monk in his cell who is fasting.

So dont take alarm little mice, for no harm
You need fear from such an old noodle ;
For she sits there a-thinking, and winking, and blinkin
As quiet as any young poodle.

Nay, do not say so, for full well I know,
Though she looks so sedate and demure,
She has got some long claws, and a very hook nose,
Which she'll use when she can I am sure.

Only wait till its dark. See ! she springs like a lark,
From the corner in which she's been sitting ;
And on her broad wings, which wide out she flings,
Away o'er the fields she is flitting.

To pick up the mice, which she claws in a trice,
As many as now she can carry ;
And then she will track the nearest way back
To her nest, in a very great hurry ;

Where her young ones are waiting to have a good baitin
With mouths open wide for the feeding.
Now must not these owls be mischievous fowls,
When this is the way of their breeding ?

HAPPY, THOUGH BLIND.

HAPPY, THOUGH BLIND.

SEVERAL years after I had quitted my native town, I happened to pass through it, in the course of a journey, and, although somewhat hurried, resolved to spend one day there, to visit my old haunts and to see a friend, one of the very few of my former associates who still lived there. I arrived too late in the evening to go out, but the next morning went early to visit my friend. The house was prettily situated in one of the suburbs. The gardens at the back of the houses, instead of being divided by walls, had low hedges to mark their boundaries, so as to have the effect of one large pleasure ground.

It was in early summer that I visited my friend, and the lilacs and laburnums were in full blossom. As we walked together in the garden talking over past years and many changes that had taken place since I had last been there, the very fragrance of the shrubs and flowers seemed to speak of the days of our childhood, and to recall to more vivid recollection many who then shared our childhood sports now dispersed in distant places or gone for ever from these earthly scenes.

We gradually fell into silent thoughtfulness as we walked under the shade of the trees. For some time the humming of the bees and the sweet notes of the birds were the only sounds that broke the silence, when a melodious sound caught my ear. Many feelings had been called forth by this visit to the scenes of my childhood, and that may have

HAPPY, THOUGH BLIND.

perhaps lent an additional charm to the song to which I now listened; but I thought for harmony and expression was more like what we imagine to be the music of than anything earthly. There were first a few notes on an instrument, and then the following words—

"The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade,
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
The moon and stars their Master's name in silent pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,
Shall man alone unthankful his little praise deny?
No! let the year forsake his course, the season cease to be,
Thee, Father, must we always love, and, Saviour, honour thee.

The flowers of spring may wither, the hopes of summer fade,
The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake the shade,
The winds be lulled, the sun and moon forget their old decree,
But I in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling to thee."

On my making some exclamation of surprise at the light, my friend pointed to the open windows of the sitting-room of the next house, saying, "The music comes from there. It is Fanny M—— who is singing one of her favourite hymns. She is quite blind. The blindness is often a peculiar talent for music."

"Blind! yet how sweetly she sings the beautiful hymn about the beauty of nature. Was she born blind?"

"No," answered my friend, "but she was only five years old when she lost her sight through small-pox. She is now twenty."

"Oh," I said, "I suppose she is sadly disfigured."

"Not at all; even her eyes only look as if they were closed. She is peculiarly attractive in appearance."

HAPPY, THOUGH BLIND.

of her mind seem to lend a charm to her air and ner; but you shall be introduced to her, for she comes the garden these fine mornings, and we generally d some hours together. Though she is so much ger than I am, I assure you I learn much from her ersation. Her mother has often told me what a tiful creature she was in early childhood, and how d she and her father were of her beauty; and she is inced that the affliction has been good for them as well r their dear child; for they were making an idol of her, the Lord in depriving her of sight has given both her her parents inward light far better than that He has 1 away from her.

Fanny was always clever, and had learned more than y children of her age, and she has never forgotten she knew; but before her blindness she was wild, y, and over-indulged—in fact, spoiled. Her parents of se did not become less indulgent when she lost her ;; but that loss imposed many restraints on her which teracted the effects of their excessive indulgence. The consciousness that forbearance and tenderness towards were required from other children when she joined sports had a happy effect on her mind, and taught her ility; and the care and attention necessary, and the displayed, in teaching her the many things she has ed, awakened feelings of gratitude, and she has grown 1 the constant exercise of some of the best feelings of nature. Her mind is well informed, for her father and

HAPPY, THOUGH BLIND.

mother have always read to her books of useful instruction. She has learned several sorts of needle work, and you judge of her musical talents from what you have heard. You finish the picture by piety and devotedness to God; you may fancy that Fanny is one to be loved by all who know her.

"Nor is she useless. She has a class of young girls meet in her room, and she gets them to read to her and assist her at work. She speaks to them of what they read, and explains the Holy Scriptures in a manner peculiar to herself; and the knowledge of her deprivation seeing her at the same time so cheerful and happy, gives force and meaning to her instructions, and wins the attention of her pupils. But she is coming out of the house, let us go to meet her."

As my friend said, there was an air of serenity spread over her countenance that rendered it very attractive in spite of the closed eyes, which indeed, being partly hidden by her large straw bonnet, were scarcely to be remarked. She stopped as we drew near, and said, "You are not Mrs. M——." "No," answered my friend; "the companion of my childhood, of whom I have often spoken to me, arrived last night, and she is now with me enjoying the beauty of this garden where we so often played together in former years."

"Oh," said Fanny, "I am glad to hear it;" and then she told me she had often heard of me, and how I had found all improved in my native place.

We sat down and I began speaking of several changes

HAPPY, THOUGH BLIND.

I observed in the house and garden ; but suddenly remembering I was speaking to one who was blind, I suddenly stopped short. With a sweet smile Fanny said, go on. I am sure you stopped for fear of hurting feelings ; but I am not such a stranger to these objects as you may think ; indeed perhaps I fancy them more lovely than they are. I was not born blind, and I can perfectly remember the trees and flowers ; and perhaps imagination actually painted them to my mind as more lovely than nature, for I have heard some say that poets go beyond the power of nature in their descriptions, yet to my mind they are more of reality."

Thinking she did not avoid the subject I asked her many questions, to which she answered in a gentle, cheerful tone, yes, sometimes I do regret my privation ; but then I forget how many, with the use of all their senses, are not so happy as I am. How many are confined to bed by troubling diseases, how many are confined in gloomy cells ! But they have hope, you say, of being cured, or of being liberated. Have I not hope, have I not more than ordinary certainty, that the day will come when my eyes will be opened to see glory and beauty beyond what there is in this world ? My road may be dark, but after a time it leads to eternal light ; and in the meanwhile to me the trees are always green, the grass always spotted with daisies and primroses, the moon is always full in a clear sky sparkling with brilliant stars. God gave me sight and then took it away from me, but he has given me ample compensation.

HAPPY, THOUGH BLIND.

I too can adore him for his works ; I can smell the flowers, I can hear the birds ; I can enjoy the sweet summer air as we sit under the trees, quite as much as you and Mrs. M—.

“ I perfectly remember the day before I sickened of the small-pox, I went with my parents to spend the day at a beautiful country-house at some distance. We set out early in the morning of a fine summer's day. I saw the sun rise in brilliancy. During the day there was a thunder-storm. I perfectly remember the clouding of the sky, and after a pour of rain, the darkness clearing away and the sun breaking forth with renewed splendour, the freshness of the air, and the drops of water on the leaves sparkling in the sunbeams. We drove home by moonlight, and the moon and stars that I then looked at have remained imprinted on my memory ever since ; and every summer night is to me like that.

“ My parents and friends seem to love me the more for my blindness, and it has been the means of leading me to the knowledge of the Lord : judge then whether I ought not to be thankful instead of repining at it. I meet too with many gratifications denied to those who see. When I do anything awkwardly, it is excused on account of my blindness ; when I do anything well, it is regarded with admiration ; and I myself feel pleasure in conquering difficulties which present themselves continually to one deprived of sight.

“ What I should have been, had I been permitted to grow up with the use of my eyesight I know not ; but from what

HAPPY, THOUGH BLIND.

I see myself to be even after this chastening of the Lord, I feel that I should have been vain and proud. Now, although blindness to outward objects could not cure my soul, it has been the means of leading me to Him who can."

All this was said in answer to my questions, and perhaps not quite in the order I have written it; but when I heard Fanny thus express her gratitude, my feelings, already softened by the circumstances of my visit, made me shed tears. We then all three joined in praising God.

It was now time for Fanny to return to her mother, and she bade me farewell. She would not suffer either of us to accompany her through the garden to the house; nor indeed was there any occasion, for she was so much in the habit of walking in her own and the neighbouring gardens, that there was no danger in her doing so without a guide.

When I feel more vexed than I ought to do, by petty cares, I should be willing to give up my eyesight if I could have in exchange for it that sweet girl's serenity of mind. Probably none of us would be willing to do so; but if we feel eyesight so very valuable, we should be doubly thankful for such a gift, and not receive it, as I fear many do, as a matter of course. More than this, should we not ask ourselves whether the Holy Spirit has shed upon our hearts that inward light which reveals our sin, and shows to our delighted view the beauty and glory of the blessed Redeemer of our souls? Happy they, and they only, who see at once their sin and their Saviour!

BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME.

BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME.

Be kind to thy Father—for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?

He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.

Be kind to thy Father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with grey,
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold,
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy Mother—for lo! on her brow
Many traces of sorrow are seen;
Oh! well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.

Remember thy Mother—for thee will she pray
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy Brother—his heart will have dearth
If the joy of thy smile be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.

Be kind to thy Brother—wherever you are;
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy Sister—not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies gathered below
The surface that sparkles above.

Be kind to thy Father, once fearless and bold;
Be kind to the Mother so near;
Be kind to thy Brother; nor show thy heart cool
Be kind to thy Sister so dear.

ROBIN RED-BREAST NO GENTLEMAN.

ROBIN REDBREAST NO GENTLEMAN.

BECAUSE no one can be called a Gentleman who does not behave well to his Lady; and here is a tale to prove that Master Robin does not always deserve to be called one, however fussy he may be in trying to make himself appear civil and friendly.

Under a large tree in a quiet and secluded spot an invalid lady used to delight to sit and read or work in her Bath air, the servants leaving her for hours. But she soon used to be without company; a bluff little fellow of a Robin used to come and hop about her, chirping a little now and then, from the neighbouring hedge; by and by he would hop on the pole of the chair, and finally he would perch on the arm or back of the chair, and even on the lady's shoulder. She, of course, was delighted with his confidence, and often carried crumbs of cake for him, which he seemed not much to value, having abundance of other food; but he was very regular in his attendance on her. We all used to go and see him, and it made no difference to Robin: he went through his usual movements. Last we mentioned the circumstance to the gardener, who seemed to know Robin well, and, to our astonishment, called him "an impudent little scoundrel!" and not without reason, as the following anecdote will show:—

Robin had, it seems, been at one time a favourite with Lady L——. He lived constantly in the gardens, and built his nest in the conservatory. His custom had for a

ROBIN RED-BREAST NO GENTLEMAN.

long time been, and now was, to attend any strangers who visited the gardens, flying after them from place to place, and when they entered the conservatories, entering also, and hopping about from twig to twig as they proceeded. It was also his custom constantly to breakfast with Lady L., entering the window boldly if it were open, or demanding entrance if it were not; coming upon the table, hopping upon her shoulder, and generally making himself perfectly at home.

In the course of his buildings in the greenhouse, he at one time took a fancy to have a walk to his residence; that is, he laboured for a fortnight to raise up a large palm leaf to where he intended to build his nest, and after failures innumerable, at last succeeded; and then might he be seen strutting upon this leaf in front of his nest, and raising up his voice in what he meant for singing. Altogether, he was a remarkable bird, and was talked of and made much accordingly.

But perfection is not in bird-nature, not even in a Redbreast. Robin's character as a husband and a gentleman remained unimpeached; and it was never doubted in these respects he might compare with any that ever a red waistcoat. Of course, however, he annually became a bachelor, his wife and family leaving him, as is among Robins, at their appointed time. One year, he it was observed that the lady did not leave; and after it was discovered that she would not leave, though many strong hints that her lord wished her to

ROBIN RED-BREAST NO GENTLEMAN.

As usual, took different sides, some applauded the instance, and others doubting if the prerogatives of the law should be infringed, whatever they might be. Robin came off second-best in this case, as in too many others. We are sorry to be obliged to tell the story, but the history requires it. Robin, seeing words useless, gave a blow; and, to the horror of his admirers-gave his fortunate partner of his palm-leaf one blow too many. Her!

As he could no longer be a favourite with a lady, he denied the entrée to the breakfast-room, and even refused to say if he ventured to offer his attentions on a walk. The judge proposed to bring him to trial, and have him acquitted; but the judge gave it as his opinion that an indictment could not be sustained. "Man only," said this learned judge, "has the distinction of a lasting union; and so," continued the judge, "according to the laws of the redbreasts, it is his opinion that he should be acquitted; and the verdict saved her right!" But however the law might be, Robin's character was ruined. He was never again brought into favour by his mistress while she lived; and he followed the usual course of redbreasts, he was a bad man. I am sure the gardener did not forgive him. I am bound to say, to the honour of the Redbreast that I never heard of one doing such a thing as this. In this case, however, I must allow that this redbreast was no gentleman.

LOVE AMONG BIRDS.

LOVE AMONG BIRDS.

It is only fair to say that all birds are not like that Robin who killed his own wife. Some are remarkable for their tender affection, which lasts throughout life, and the death of one of the pair is almost sure to prove fatal to the other. There is a species of parrot called the love-bird, in which the passion is of this kind. A pair being confined in a cage, the male is seen to sit fondly beside his mate, feeding her with his bill, and evincing the greatest gentleness and tenderness in all his conduct towards her. Bonnet gives a description of a pair, the female of which falling sick, the other attended her with unremitting care until her death, when he went round and round her in the greatest agitation, trying occasionally to open her bill and give her nourishment. He then gradually languished, and survived her death only a few months.

Two fine ostriches were kept in the royal gardens in Paris. The female was taken ill, and died after an hour or two in great agony. The body was opened, and the throat and stomach were found to have been dreadfully lacerated by the sharp corners of some glass which she had swallowed. From the moment his companion was taken from him, the male bird had no rest; he appeared to be incessantly searching for something, and daily wasted away. He was moved from the spot, in the hope that he would forget his grief; he was even allowed more liberty; but nought *availed, and he literally pined to death.*

THE LITTLE CANDLE.

THE LITTLE CANDLE.

CHEERFUL the little work-girl sat,
And swift her needle flew,
While the dark shadows of the night
Their gloom around her threw.

And little light alone was her's,
As there she sat and wrought,
And much she knew how well to prize
What her own toil had bought.

"I must be quick," she musing said,
"My little candle wanes;
And swiftly must my task go on,
While yet its light remains."

And then she plied with rapid skill,
The little shining steel,
And every ray of that small light
Smiled on her patient zeal.

Ere the last glimmer died away,
Her task was neatly done;
Sweet was her rest, and joy to her
Came with the morning sun.

Ah! is not life a little light
That soon will cease to burn?
And should not we from that dear girl
A solemn lesson learn?

While yet that little candle shines,
Be all our powers employ'd:
And while we strive to do our tasks,
Life shall be best enjoy'd.

But let us ne'er in darken'd hours
Forget what Christ hath done;
But patient, in sweet hope, await
The glorious RISING SUN!

DREAM OF THE LILIES.

DREAM OF THE LILIES.

MOTHER, sweet mother, I've seen in my sleep
Dear Lottie, whom Christ took last year
To live in His heaven, and sit at His feet,
With angels and cherubim near.

She came in my dream and sat by my side,
And leaned her soft cheek against mine,
And whispered sweet words in a voice soft and low,
And tender, dear mother, as thine.

But ere I could ask who sent her to me,
And what the glad tidings she bore,
Or look half enough at her radiant face,
And the silvery robes that she wore,

She placed in my hand a lily so pure,
So fragrant and spotlessly white,
I knew she had gathered it in the fair fields
That never are shadowed with night.

And then, while I kissed the blossom she gave,
And drank in its precious perfume,
Before I could thank her, dear Lottie was gone,
And I was alone in the room.

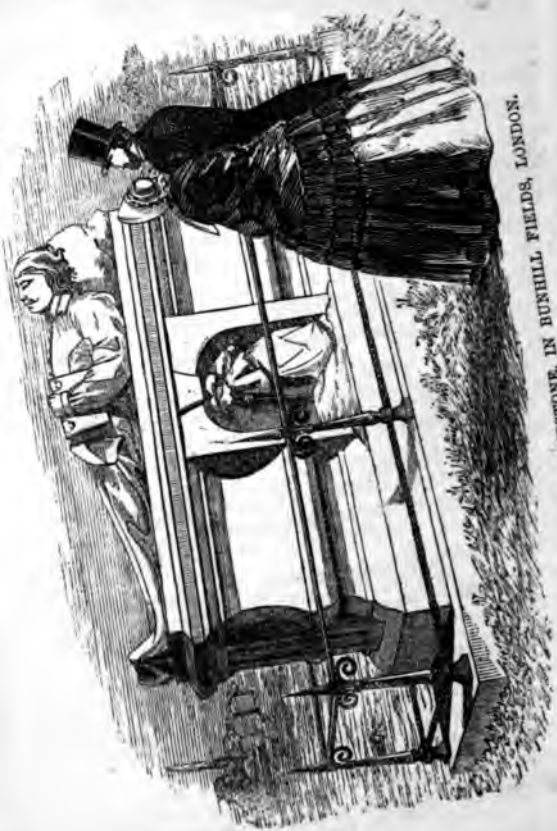
It was only a dream, but mother, I think
That Christ will send Lottie ere long,
With a garland of lilies to wear on my head,
And that she will teach me the song

Of those happy children who sing near the Throne,
In the presence of God and the blest,
And I shall live always in that holy place
Where all who love Christ find sweet rest.

It was only a dream, but a light not of earth
Illumined her face as she spoke,
And one morning, soon after, the dear little child
With Lottie in heaven awoke.

G. C





NEW TOMBSTONE, IN BUNHILL FIELDS, LONDON.

THE NEW TOMBSTONE FOR JOHN BUNYAN.

THE NEW TOMBSTONE FOR JOHN BUNYAN.

THE name of JOHN BUNYAN will never be forgotten so long as the English language is spoken, for his wonderful book—the Pilgrim's Progress—neither England nor the world will willingly let die.

We expect our young readers know something both about him and his book. We shall, however, for the sake of some of them, just say that John was the son of a poor man, a tinker, who lived more than two hundred years ago in a small village near Bedford. Like many other poor village lads he was too ready to learn that which was wrong, and he became very wicked. But God, who is rich in mercy, had mercy on him. The Holy Spirit convinced him of sin, and then led him to find pardon in Jesus Christ. The tinker's son became a preacher. But those were days of persecution for religion; and for preaching in a cottage one night, he was taken up and sent to the old prison on Bedford bridge.

There he was kept for twelve long years; but there it was that he wrote his book—a book which, next to the Bible, is loved by all, young or old, rich or poor, by princes and peasants, by people of all nations into whose languages it has been translated; and we believe that it has already been translated into more languages than any other book in the world, excepting only the book of God—that Book of books—the BIBLE.

Can there be an English boy now reading this, who

THE NEW TOMBSTONE FOR JOHN BUNYAN.

not read the "Pilgrim's Progress?" If only one of you has not, we would persuade him to save his pence until he gets one. He may buy one for a shilling. And we promise that when he begins to read it he will not like to leave off until he has read it through; and when he has read it he will never forget it.

Bunhill Fields is a large old burial ground, once outside of London, but now surrounded by streets and houses for miles. We believe it was first set apart as a cemetery for dissenters; and here sleep in Jesus the earthly remains of many men who in their day were eminent for learning and piety. John Bunyan, dying when on a preaching visit to London, was buried here. Thirty years ago it was crowded with graves. Since then, as in all the grounds of London, the place has been very p closed to further interments, new and extensive cem having been opened for all in the country around I

About twenty years ago, with a party of friends, the writer visited Bunhill Fields. He and another of themselves to seek for Bunyan's grave, and there As we stood looking at the spot I well remember the thoughts of him and his wonderful dream at grim came into mind, and how, lifting up his voice, he exclaimed, "Sleep on, old Tinker!" It might be said that I could not help it.

Since the closing of the ground, several cem have been repaired, and many who loved the Mighty Dreamer wished that a more suitable

THE NEW TOMBSTONE FOR JOHN BUNYAN.

ould be erected over his remains. The old tomb-
was a low one, and the inscription scarcely legible.
ney was soon subscribed for the purpose, and the
stone, of which the picture is a representation, was
d. Early in 1862 it was finished. On the day when
s first seen by the public, a short service was held on
round, and then the company repaired to the Wesleyan
el in the City Road, close by, where sleep the mortal
ns of the celebrated JOHN WESLEY.

ublic meeting was then held in the chapel, over which
arl of Shaftesbury presided. He spoke in the highest
of the inimitable dreamer. What a change in two
red years! Then the despised preaching tinker was a
er in Bedford gaol. Now a Peer of the realm deems
rivilege to honour his memory as one of England's
noble sons, whose writings, penned in affliction and
can never die.

nisters of various denominations followed his lordship,
whom seemed to have pleasure in saying good things
s persecuted baptist preacher, who, in his life-time,
d many to righteousness, and whose printed words
been words of warning or consolation to multitudes.
e thing our young readers should notice. Bunyan
sufferer; and the men who have been most eminent
e world were sufferers—Joseph, Moses, Job, David,
2, Daniel, and a host of others, were sufferers. Even
blessed Lord himself was "made perfect through
ing."

CURIOSITIES OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

CURIOSITIES OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

THE first I shall mention will be the Refreshment rooms. The best of these overlooked, through large plate glass windows, the Gardens, with all their flowers, fountains, cascades, and promenades. To furnish cool drinks six ship loads of ice were provided. Cream, no one person was able to supply, and so it was obtained from several lay cow-keepers. As many as 25,000 cups of tea or coffee were served every four hours, and 20,000 knives and forks were used. But none can tell how much bread, meat, fowl, or how many buns, tarts, cakes, and biscuits, consumed; or how many thousands of bottles of beer, soda water, lemonade, and other drinks, were ordered for the weary sight-seers.

The stalls in which jewels were exhibited in glass had always crowds of visitors. One exhibitor had jewels worth £350,000. One brooch, the centre of which was an emerald, from which hung a pearl and a plover's egg, was said to be worth £10,000. The stalls of jewellery were said to be worth as much as the rest of the goods in the Exhibition. The famous diamond was there again, but it had been replaced by more brilliant and beautiful.

Under the western dome stands a gilt Victoria, Australia, representing the actress Victoria, representing the actress Victoria, and in that colony since 1851, amour

CURIOSITIES OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

eight hundred tons, and in value to one hundred and millions of pounds sterling!

The Crystal Palace was an Italian sculpture of a little ring over his broken drum, which was a great one with the children. The silly child had broken it where the sound came from. This time the "Shepherd and his Dog" attracts their notice. The boy holds a piece of bread to his dog, and suddenly draws back; the eager dog barks and bounds, and the lad looks at him. The young rogue looks so sly, and seems to find it fine fun to disappoint the hungry dog.

Another group from France, carved in wood, represents a hen and her chickens. A mischievous tom-cat has his paw on one of her chickens, and all the rest of the brood are cowering about in great fear. But the old hen is nobly resisting the invasion, and will soon make Tom scamper much faster than when he came creeping up slyly to the side of her young ones. She will teach him better as you may depend upon it.

Among the natural curiosities is the bark of a large tree from the western coast of North America. The bark was cut in oblong pieces from the tree as it stood, and each piece was marked with a number. When brought to England, a scaffold the size of the solid trunk was built, and on the scaffold the pieces of bark were nailed, so that when they were put in their former places, the whole looked like the real thing. The tree, but inside it was, of course, quite hollow. A framework to receive the bark stood perhaps about

CURIOSITIES OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

thirty feet high. But enter that opening, left on one side and go in, and you will find ample room for a table and chairs for a large party. The trunk of the tree from which this bark was cut was thought to be the largest in the world.

Another was a block of copper ore from Burra Burra, in South Australia, the largest and richest ever seen in Europe. How they managed to move it from the mines to the ship we are not told, for it weighs above seven tons, but when it arrived in the Thames they found much difficulty in getting it on shore, and then safely on the floor of the Exhibition.

Microscopes are instruments for seeing very small objects. Some of these in the stalls were of a power truly wonderful, revealing strange things in the animal and vegetable world which we should not have known to have existed by only looking at them with the naked eye. And a curious machine has been invented by which the words, "*Matthew Marshall, Bank of England*," can be written in less than the two-millionth part of an inch in length! One can hardly imagine how this is possible, but this, and more than this, it is affirmed, can be accomplished by it. And then we are told of a singular pair of spectacles which magnify without any glasses!

But about one curiosity of a mechanical kind I must not fail to tell you. It is as the "great lion" of the whole Exhibition for the little children, and yet it is not a lion or anything like one. It is a small bird (not alive) which a Swiss watchmaker has made to jump out of a splendid gold

CURIOSITIES OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

nd sing a merry song to the visitors, and as it sings it about all the time as if it were alive.

n we must mention the calculating machine. What ne of you boys, who are so puzzled with your sums, of a machine to do sums, which works them very y, and always true? And what is more, what think a talking machine, which is only unable to pronounce

But in that it is like a Frenchman, for he cannot.

I might go on for hours writing about all the won- f this "World's Fair"—its statues, paintings, fabrics, rnaments; its machinery in full motion, and imple- for farming and gardening, useful furniture for cot- and splendid decorations for palaces.

n more useful than all these were specimens of all of corn seeds, grasses, and plants, from all parts of rth for the clothing and food of man.

there was one machine I had nearly forgotten to on. Every letter I now write will have to be taken out of its open box and put alongside other letters to words, and then when this book is printed, every letter will have to be put back by the printer into its ox again. But here was a machine to pick up the , put them together, and send them to be printed, en fetch them back again and put them away. And s is done by only touching the keys of a machine like o, as a lady does when she plays a tune.

ore I close I ought to mention that Bath-chairs are ed for invalids who cannot walk about. There is

ODE SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION.

also a writing-room, where for one penny you may write a letter home and tell your friends how you are going on, and then pop it in the post-box close by. Or if you wish you may send a quick message at once by the telegraph. And there are six fire engines, and men ready to work them in case of fire night or day.

But there is nothing perfect on earth. Over all this splendid scene a shadow rested. The great and good man who originated it had passed away, and the Queen was not there! And then our American brethren were engaged in horrid war. We ought, however, to be thankful that in our happy land people from nearly all the nations of the earth could again meet in peace, none making them afraid, where each might learn the great lesson this Exhibition taught, that

"Peace hath her victories
Greater than those of war."

ODE SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION

By Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureat to Her Majesty.

UPLIFT a thousand voices full and sweet,
In this wide Hall with earth's invention stored,
And praise th' invisible universal Lord,
Who lets once more in peace the nations meet,
Where Science, Art, and Labour have outpour'd
Their myriad horns of plenty at our feet.

O, silent father of our Kings to be,
Mourn'd in this golden hour of jubilee,
For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee!

ODE SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION.

The world-compelling plan was thine,
And, lo ! the long laborious miles
Of Palace ; lo ! the giant aisles,
Rich in model and design ;
Harvest-tool and husbandry,
Loom and wheel and engin'ry,
Secrets of the sullen mine,
Steel and gold, and corn and wine,
Fabric rough, or Fairy fine,
Sunny tokens of the Line,
Polar marvels, and a feast
Of wonder, out of West and East,
And shapes and hues of Art divine !
All of beauty, all of use,
That one fair planet can produce,
 Brought from under every star,
Blown from over every main,
And mixt, as life is mixt with pain,
 The works of peace with works of war.

And is the goal so far away ?
Far, how far, no man can say,
Let us have our dream to-day.

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,
From growing commeree loose her latest chain,
And let the fair white-winged peace-maker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours,
Till each may find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
 And gathering all the fruits of Peace and crown'd
 with all her flowers.

GOING FOR A SOLDIER.



GOING FOR A SOLDIER.

DICK PEARSON was a simple fellow. You would have so if you had known him. He was born in a small vi where no good schooling was going on ; and as his f and mother were poor people with a large family, could do little more than send their children, when young, to an old Dame's school, where they were just to read, but that was all.

GOING FOR A SOLDIER.

When Dick was ten years old he was set to do such work as he could with his father in the field, and the farmer paid his father one shilling a week more for the help of the boy. Sometimes he would drive the horses when his father ploughed, or fetch up the cows for milking, or drive a flock of sheep into another field, or, when the corn was nearly ripe, sitting on a gate with a pair of clappers, he would shout and make as much noise as he could to frighten away the sparrows.

When he was fifteen he was hired out, and went to live in a farmer's house in the next village, about three miles off. Dick had to work hard now. He must be up very soon in a morning, and be at it all day, so that when he had done his work at night he was too tired and drowsy to sit down and read a good book. If he had an hour to spare before bed-time he would rather go to the blacksmith's shop, where other lads went, and stand and stare at the blazing fire, or watch the sparks as they flew from the red hot iron.

There, and in the shoemaker's shop sometimes, he would hear tales told by idle men and silly lads, that did him no good but harm. They were swaggering fellows who loved to boast about the feats they had done, and Dick soon learned to be as vain and foolish as they were.

When the first year was up and Dick had got his wages, he went to the tailor and bargained with him for a new suit of clothes. One thing he made up his mind to have, and that was a new red plush waistcoat with black spots and

GOING FOR A SOLDIER.

glass buttons. You should have seen him the first Sunday he had it on, as he walked down the street from his mother's house to the corner where three roads met, and where he and other lads and young men mostly met on a Sunday afternoon. Dick was as proud as a peacock is of gaudy feathers.

I always feel sorry for them when I see a company of this sort in a village street. It is a pitiful sight, a disgrace and a nuisance too, for they are mostly rude and ignorant, making rough jokes on all that pass by. How much better would it be for them to be improving their minds by reading at home, or at the sabbath school if there is one, or church or chapel to learn the way to heaven. Lads who spend their sabbath days in that way are likely to get into mischief, and so it was with poor Dick.

For when Dick was twenty he thought himself a man and he would do as he liked now. So when his next year was up he went to a town seven miles off, where statues for hiring servants were held. There he saw many things to amuse him. There were mountebanks with painted faces and spangled dresses, wild beasts, conjurors, a gambler, all of whom got some of Dick's money. But that which pleased him above all was the recruiting party of soldiers marching through the streets with drum and fife, and the tall sergeant walking first with a drawn sword and other soldiers with ribbons in their caps, all men and grand.

Dick followed them up and down the streets. At last

GOING FOR A SOLDIER.

they went into a public house, and he went in too. There they trapped him. For the soldiers told him that such a fine fellow as he was ought not to follow the plough's tail, but come with them and have a red coat and a gun, and go to London, and see foreign countries. Then they stuck a bunch of ribbons on his hat, and gave him more beer, and at last the sergeant slipped a shilling into his hand and made a soldier of him.

Dick, and three or four more silly fellows like himself, strutted about the town with the soldiers all the rest of the day. Next morning he thought about the old folks at home, and wondered what they would say; and then he asked the sergeant to let him go and bid them good-bye. But the sergeant did not like to let him go alone, so he told him that he must go to be sworn in first, and then he would go with him.

Next morning they went. They have been in the house, and in the picture you see them coming away again, followed by Polly, who thinks Dick looks very smart with his blue, and red, and white ribbons dangling from his hat. Little Jane does not seem to like it, for she is asking the soldier what he is going to take her brother Dick away for.

Inside the house there is another scene. The father seems stupified, as if he did not know what to make of it; but the mother sits in the old arm chair weeping. She has heard something about what soldiers have to go through, and she would rather he had been a good lad and stopped at home and worked for his living as his father had

GOING FOR A SOLDIER.

done. But it is too late, for they have not money to get him off. And then she thinks, "Poor lad! he is going to be killed, or if he lives he may come back without an arm or a leg." And then she fancies she sees him left all alone on the battle-field wounded, and no one to bind up his wounds, or give him a drink of water; and then she thinks again, and wishes he had died when he was a baby, and gone to heaven.

Poor mother! It may be that the lines of the ancient poet, Wordsworth, may be as true of thee as they are of many a mother whose son went for a soldier and never saw him or heard from him again. He is there now as one that is dead.

———"She hears not of his death
Who bore him, and already for her son
Her tears of bitterness are shed: when first
He had put on the livery of blood
She wept him dead to her."

Many a poor ignorant country lad has in this manner been led away to become, as the same poet says,—

———"like this soldier here,
A mere machine of murder."

I hope my young readers will be thankful that they have been taught better, but let them not forget that bad communications corrupt good manners." So mind and character grow up what company you keep, and say—

"I would be walking with the wise,
That I may wiser grow."

A BACKWOODS' FUNERAL.



A BACKWOODS' FUNERAL.

THE Backwoods of Canada are those parts of the country that have not been cultivated. The wild copper-coloured Indians may have roamed over them, but until lately they have not been inhabited by white men. There are vast woods which those who go there have to clear away; the houses are made of wood, and far off from one another, and so the people lead a solitary life. Good ministers sometimes visit them to preach the gospel and teach their children. Here is a tale of a funeral. The writer says:—

Poor sweet Nellie! Child in years, we saw her only twice, —once in laughing summer, once in angry winter,—once

A BACKWOODS' FUNERAL

at a bridal, once at a burial,—once in her simple dress, once in her shroud.

The roses of that bright summer fell, leaf by leaf autumn's gorgeous flowers had followed them. W reigned in more than his usual rigour, and God had s up the hand of man. One morning a rough-looking in a shaggy coat and fur cap presented himself a minister's door.

"She's dead, sir!" he whispered in a hoarse voice, my wife wants you to make a prayer at the funeral. remember me, sir? I'm Robert Drake; it was at my l up at the Mills where you married the couple."

"But the bride is not dead, my friend?"

"Oh no, sir," he answered, wiping the tear from weather-browned cheek with the back of his hand, Nellie, my little Nellie, that you took so much noti She was only one of seven; but home will never be again without her. O sir! though she was a poor, thing by the side of her sisters, she was dear to us, a dont seem now as if we cared to live any longer. I her cradle up she was a very loving child to us, not she ever said much, but she had such a way of looking our eyes. She always stayed by us. Cynthia, Jane, Julia, are great hands for company, and they're alwa somewhere a visiting. But Nellie always stayed at h sitting down between us all these long winter even with her knitting or her book, when the other chi were out."

A BACKWOODS' FUNERAL.

did she die, my friend?"

A tree falls, sir, that is hewn in the forest to be
own the stream. Every stroke weakens it, of
ut it is the last one that brings it suddenly to the

She complained but little, though we saw the
ow bluer and bluer in her temples, and saw her
en she walked; but, sir, death had never come in
or before, and some way it always seemed to me
ing which was mine *could* die. A few days she was
t, and panted for breath. She begged me to go
oung woman you married, and asked her many
out religion. Her friend asked her—"Nellie,
trust Christ to carry you through the dark river?"
ust Him with all—for now and beyond," she said,
up to heaven. "I'm very ignorant, but I do know
for a long time have trusted in him." And then
mother and me in tears, and said, "Oh, don't weep;
happy day for me!" Oh, the smile that came to
then was like no other smile I ever saw. But
er poor mother in such grief, she beckoned her to
and putting her arms about her neck, she pressed
close to hers. Then tears began to flow from
eyes. I was afraid it would hurt her to cry so.
o lay her back on the pillow, and, sir, she was
Dead! with tears for us on her cheek; but, as
ys, "smiles for herself on her lips!"

at backwoods' funeral! Sentiment threw no
'beauty over that scene. Four young men carried

A BACKWOODS' FUNERAL.

to the little school-house upon their shoulders. After
ann services, all the little congregation took a last look
the child who had been a favourite with every one. We,
o, bent over the narrow house, and gazed on that fair
young face, even more fair in death than it had been in life.
On the cold cheek we saw a smile of faith and love. Poor,
sweet child; she knew but little of points about which the
wiser often wrangle; but she knew that her Redeemer
liveth, and that was enough!

No hearse with nodding plumes, no sable velvet pall, was
there. The coffin was placed across a rude sleigh, covered
closely with a buffalo robe, and followed by real mourner
to its resting-place. Who would not desire to share his
glorious rising? Then shall her meek pensive beauty
lighted by the glory around her; and she shall dwell among
her own, where every heart beats in unison with His,
loved as none ever loved before.

Long years have passed since then. The mullen
grow tall, and the low blackberry vines tangle and
themselves above the bed where Nellie sleeps; but
deep blue eyes, and the expression of that sweet face
as fresh on our mind as if it were only yesterday
had seen them.

"For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of
the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the
thereof falleth away: But the word of the Lord
for ever. And this is the word which by thee
preached unto you."

BLIND WILLIE'S GRAVE.

BLIND WILLIE'S GRAVE.

It was a lovely spot—that village grave-yard! And that little girl! How her image comes up before me—bending over her brother's grave. I marked her when we entered, and was drawn to the spot where she was kneeling. I approached softly—there was something sacred to me in the sight of a child weeping at a new-made grave. I know not how long I might have stood reading the rude grave-stones, had not the child raised her eyes, and, after a pause, said,—

“Our little Willie sleeps here. We are too poor to get a tombstone; but *we* and the angels know where he lies, and mother says that's enough.”

“Are you not afraid to be here alone?” I asked.

“Oh no; mother is sick and couldn't come, so she said I must come and see if the violets were come yet.”

“How old was your brother?”

“He was only seven years old; and was so good, and had such beautiful eyes; but he couldn't see a bit.”

“Indeed! was he blind?”

“You see he was sick a long time, yet his eyes were blue and bright, like blue skies with stars in 'em, and we did not know he was getting blind, till one day I brought him a pretty rose, and he asked, ‘Is it a white rose, Dora?’ ‘Can't you see it, Willie?’ asked mother. ‘No, I can't see anything. I wish you would open the window, it is so dark.’ Then we knew that poor little Willie was blind;

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

but he lived a long time after that, and used to put his little hand to our faces to feel if we were crying, and not to cry, for he could see Jesus, and heaven, and angels. 'Then never mind, mother,' he'd say, 'I'll stay too when you go away from this dark place.' So one day he closed his eyes and fell asleep, and mother said he was asleep in Jesus. Then we brought him here and buried him, and we plant flowers on his little grave, and no one will meddle with them when they know that *our little sleeps here.*" Then I thought of those lines—

"That face shall wear a fairer hue
When risen from the yielding sod;
Those eyes shall speak in softer blue—
Love in the Paradise of God."

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

THEY sit beside their newly dead,
And weep such solemn tears
As only loving parents shed,
When all the care of years—
With that sad silent watch—is o'er;
Their child will need them never more.

Last night they knew not 'twas the last,
They smoothed the restless bed,
And fondly hushed the plaintive wail,
"Oh, make me well!" she said;
Their heavenly Father heard the moan,
And to himself the child is gone.

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

In their own chamber still she rests
On her low couch—so fair,
That many a day their hearts shall hoard
That calm sweet presence there ;
Their angel-child with whom they rise
Daily from earth towards the skies.

Heart's ease lies on her breast, for death
All painful pulses quells,
And in her lily-hand are placed
Green leaves and lily-bells ;
Seraphs have fanned that peaceful brow,
Their seal is on it even now.

Sweet mother, kiss thy last, thou hast
No bitter tears to shed ;
"Suffer the child to come to me,"
The loving Saviour said ;
"Hast thou not trained her for mine own,
I need that harp before my throne."

Oh ! happier than her hour of birth,
This wakeless calm repose,—
Nor can thy utmost thoughts e'er guess
What now thy Margaret knows ;
Faith sees for thy departed one
This day a higher life begun.

Treasure love's holy relic then !
Last flowers with which she played,
Last words she wrote, the books she loved,
All now so sacred made.
She shall be named in household lore,
"The blest one who is gone before."

L. N. R.

THE EAGLE'S SWEEPING FLIGHT.



THE EAGLE'S SWEEPING FLIGHT.

THERE stands the sovereign of the winged creation on
of the rocky summits of the highest mountain, survey
with his almost telescopic power of vision, the wide e
of the plains beneath. His Majesty is hungry, and
must have something for dinner if he can. Shor
piercing eye perceive a lamb or a rabbit alone in
clear of bushes or rocks, he springs from the r
spreading his wide strong wings, measures the
circuit he must make in order to seiz
ing.

THE EAGLE'S SWEEPING FLIGHT.

BONER, in his "Forest Creatures," says:—"An eagle will only carry off such an object as he can seize in sweeping by. He will not descend to any spot of ground unless he can leave it again, describing the same bold curve with which he came. He will not risk being hemmed in within narrow limits. An open field is indispensable to him for his tactics. The object must be freely exposed, or he will hardly venture to attempt making it his own. As a swallow rushes downward in a curve to catch the insects hovering over the pond, and upwards again on high, in his flight describing half a circle; so does the eagle, and thus only, sweep down to seize a lamb or other small animal. It must be swept off the ground in full flight; it must be caught up at once without any hindrance; there must be 'ample room and verge enough' for him to continue his sweeping flight, or the eagle will prefer not to break his fast; and will refrain from attempting that by which he may come to grief. Protection is thus afforded many a creature that would otherwise never be safe from so formidable an enemy. A small bush is a sufficient guard against his attack; for he always takes heed not to approach places where he may get his talons entangled and be held fast, or not have sufficient space for the movement of his wings. But for this fear of getting into difficulty, he would feast oftener, and fast more rarely than he does. It might seem that, with his keenness of vision and speedy movement, he need not long be in want of a meal; that in ranging over an entire region he surely would be able to find some game or other. And he,

THE EAGLE'S SWEEPING FLIGHT.

less, does see enough that would suit his purpose; but nothing exactly in the situation that makes it possible for him to attempt to bear it off. There are rabbits below in the meadow; but they have become aware of their impending danger, and have crowded together in one dense mass, with the ewes outside; or they have all taken shelter beside a sloping bank, or beneath a tree, or alongside of a hedge. None of these positions suit the eagle. In the mountains the chamois do the same, or they stand sideways, pressing close against the rock: here the eagle cannot get near them, for fear of injuring his wings. Sometimes, too, they will take shelter around or under a large fragment of stone, determined to defend themselves to the last; but into a warfare of this sort the eagle has no intention of entering. Among these stones and clefts may lurk a danger he cannot see, and had not calculated on; so he leaves them, however unwillingly, to look elsewhere for a kid in a situation so exposed that, without stop or stay, he may clutch it as he skims by within a foot of the ground. And so he often knows the pangs of hunger. It is only when driven to extremity that an eagle will descend upon the earth and battle with his prey. It is contrary to his instinct to do so. The air seems to be his peculiar element and earth an uncongenial spot, and, moreover, full of pitfalls: it is, too, rendered doubly dangerous by being the abode of man. Of him the eagle has, in common with wild animals, an insurmountable dread."

TELEGRAPH OFFICES.

TELEGRAPH OFFICES,

FOR SENDING MESSAGES BY LIGHTNING.

THERE are places called telegraph offices, where they have some jars, and bottles, and wires, and chemicals ; and these they place together in such a way as to make a sort of trap in which they catch lightning. Lightning moves so swiftly that, for a long time, people thought it could not be caught. Besides, it went in such zigzag courses, and had such a way of hiding itself in black clouds, and only being visible at certain times. But, in spite of all this, a few years ago a man invented a lightning-trap ; and they have these traps at all the telegraph offices. Now, when they have caught some lightning, they set it to work. For a long time it never seemed to do anything but set houses on fire and make thunder ; but now *it goes our messages*. And because it can go so fast, and never stops on the road, we make it deliver messages all over the country. If you were to go to a telegraph office, you would see some wires coming out of a window and passing on to a very high post. From that they go to another post, and so on. These wires are supported by the posts till they get out of the city, and so they go on from one town to another, till they proceed thousands of miles. Many of you have seen the posts and the wires resting upon them. These wires are the roads upon which our strange errand-boy—the lightning—travels. Well, when he is sent out of the window at one office, he makes straight for the office at the other end of the wire to

TELEGRAPH OFFICES.

which the man sends him, and delivers his message to some one who is there waiting to receive it.

Now, children, your hearts seem to me to be like little telegraph offices ; and all the feelings, and thoughts, and actions which come out of them are like this strange errand-boy, the lightning. But, you will ask, where are the wires that come out of the window ? and where are the other offices to which the wire goes ? My dear children, the wires which come out of your hearts are unseen ; but they do come out, nevertheless, in countless numbers,—above, below, by the side, and in front—and they run all over the world to ten thousand other offices, carrying all sorts of messages. I cannot tell you about many of them, but I'll tell you of one.

This unseen wire which I am going to tell about, comes out of your heart and goes up through the air, beyond the clouds, beyond the stars, till it enters heaven ; and there, at the other end of the wire, is a great big book, and in it the messages are always being written. It is the great book of judgment. It is sometimes called the book of God's remembrance. Every little word which you utter, every thought of your heart, every deed of your life, flashes up that wire and is written in the book. But perhaps you will say, " It matters not what I write in that book, for nobody will read it." You are wrong. Some people have a fancy that the angels read it. They want to know what you are doing in the world ; and sometimes the pages are so black with bad tidings of you, that they almost drop tears upon

THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

m, and they wonder why you do not make the book ter ; and they wait, day after day, for the news that you re become one of Christ's lambs.

You can send a message from your heart up to Jesus the at Saviour as quick as lightning, praying him to blot out m that book all the bad things you have done. He can ad the message you send, if it is only a *wish* in your heart. do not delay to do this, for death may come, and then will be too late to send any message to him. Jesus rist is now waiting to hear from you. Do not let him sit any longer. Only tell him that you want to be one of s lambs, and he will send a kind answer back, for he loves ildren and wishes to bless them, and make them happy r ever.

THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

"COURAGE! my boy! pull cheerily, cheerily,
See, we are nearing the shore!"

For the blue eyes were closing wearily,
And the small hands flagged at the oar.

"Mother is waiting to welcome us home,
She has piled the fire up bright;
When our boat has rounded the headland rocks
We shall see its dancing light."

They had left the village at early morn,
And had toiled the livelong day;
Now, cold and tired, they were hastening home,
All drenched with the falling spray.

But the mist is creeping o'er land and sea,
And darkness is gathering fast,

THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

And the voice of the storm in the fisherman's ear
Is heard in the muttering blast.

He takes the oar from the weary hand,
And wraps up the trembling child,
Who, looking up in that sun-burnt face,
Said softly, as he smiled :

"Father, I do not fear the storm ;
It cannot do us ill ;
I have read of Jesus, who bids the wind
And the raging waves ' be still.'"

And he in his everlasting arms
His lambs will safely keep ;
And I am his, I know he will"—
And the boy soon fell asleep.

How slowly passed the long, long hours
In the cottage by the shore,
Where the mother listened, with pallid cheek,
To the voice of the tempest's roar.

And when the morn rose quiet and grey,
By a vessel outward bound
A man, half dead with cold and rain,
In a drifting boat was found ;

And close in his bosom lay his boy,
With his arms clasped round him tight,
While the hand of death on the peaceful face
Told the tale of that fearful night.

But light shines through the darkest cloud,
And love guides all God's ways,
And the seed sown by that childish hand
Was found ere many days.

THE BLIND AND DEAF MUTE.

For the voice of simple, trusting faith,
As the waves of death drew near,
And the last faint words of prayer for him,
Sound in the father's ear.

And now, as he sits by his lonely hearth
A hoary man and old,
He speaks of the time he shall meet his child,
Who is safe in the Saviour's fold.

E. H.

THE BLIND AND DEAF MUTE.

It seem'd at first a mournful sight
That little room to me reveal'd :
A child whose eyes were closed in night,
Her lips in hopeless silence seal'd.
Chain'd down by weakness to her bed—
Her tender frame by suffering wrung—
"A bitter lot is thine," I said,
"A heavy cross for one so young."

But, oh ! far otherwise I mused,
When first I saw, with glad surprise,
How this meek lamb, so sorely bruised,
To the Good Shepherd raised her eyes.
How patient on his breast she lay,
And kiss'd the hand of chast'ning love ;
And bless'd the dark and rugged way
That led her to his fold above !

Sweet child ! so greatly tried and blest,
Thou soon wilt lay thy burden down ;
The rougher road, the happier rest ;
The heavier cross, the brighter crown.
For days of darkness yet to thee
Shall everlasting light be given ;

SLEEPING IN JESUS.

And the first face that thou shalt see
Will be thy Saviour's face in heaven.
That fetter'd tongue, here mute so long,
Shall burst its bonds in sudden praise ;
Its first glad words will be the song
Which round the throne the ransom'd raise.
From sufferings freed, and free from sin,
And in unclouded light to shine,—
If faith can such a triumph win,
Sweet child, a blessed lot is thine !

J. D. B.

SLEEPING IN JESUS.

THE Shepherd, by his passion, made peace and wrought salvation :
To all in his good keeping, now dying is but sleeping.

They go, not souls affrighted, to judgment sternly cited ;
They go, from hardships dreary, to rest like soldiers weary.

No fears the heart molesting, from all life's trouble resting,
They wait the glad Revival, and sleep till its arrival.

They lay their toil-worn members in Death's cool, quiet chambers,
And, free from care and cumber, like children sink to slumber.

Safe in God's love that found them, with Christ's strong arm around
them,

And sealed by his good Spirit, to die—why need they fear it ?

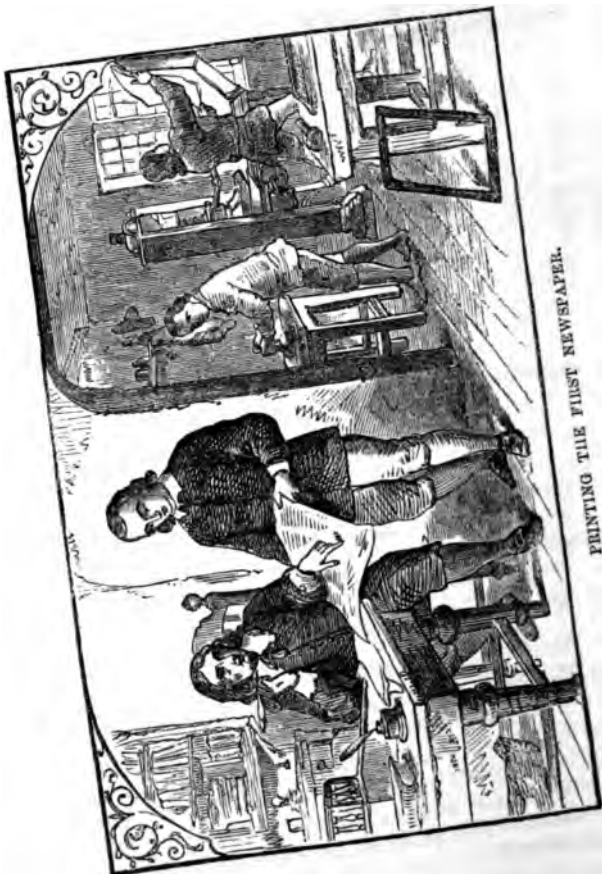
Thy grace, O Lord, doth teach me no harm through death can reach me :
So, let mine eyes when closing be on thy cross reposing ;

This heart to thee be cleaving, to its last beat believing ;
Then, till the resurrection, give my poor dust protection.

Glad then be mine awaking, my lips in praises breaking,
My body clad with brightness like the spring lily's whiteness !

From the German.





PRINTING THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.

PRINTING THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.

PRINTING THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.

THE picture on the opposite page is a copy of an old wood engraving, representing this remarkable event, which is said to have taken place on November 7th, 1665, within three years of two centuries ago. If you look at it carefully you will find in it many curious things worthy of notice. In one of the rooms two men are at work; one is holding a white sheet of paper on the tympan, which he will run down and pass under the wooden press with a stone block, and then pull the big handle of the screw to produce an impression; the other is rubbing a round ball on a stone to take up the ink, which he will dab on the type when the sheet comes out again, ready for another pull. A boy at youth has brought a proof-sheet to the Editor, who is pointing out some imperfection which must be made right before they proceed with printing any more. It is curious to notice, too, the dress of the men, with their short round coats, knee breeches, and shoe buckles. The Editor is dressed like a gentleman of those days, with a broad white linen collar round his neck, and his white wristbands buttoned back high over his coat sleeves. No doubt they thought themselves very neat and smart, though we may think they look clumsy and awkward.

What a change has taken place in the art of printing since Caxton set up his first press in Westminster! Of the extent to which printing would be ultimately used, Janke de Worde, a pupil of Caxton, is said to have had a

PRINTING THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.

prophetic dream. It is especially appropriate to the present day, when broadsheet upon broadsheet is issuing from the press at such a cheap rate. Wynkin de Worde relates how he fell asleep in the old chair of his late master on the day the latter was "graved," that is, buried. He had a vision. In that vision he saw the workroom of Caxton gradually expand; the four frames went on multiplying till they seemed innumerable; case was piled upon case, and forme side by forme. In an instant the room was changed. There was a noise of many wheels; sheets of paper were covered with ink "as quickly as he could pick up type." Sheet upon sheet—hundreds of sheets, thousands of sheets—came forth from the wheels, flowing in unstained, like corn from the hopper, and coming out printed, like flour from the sack. Again the scene changed. In a cottage he saw a man lay down his basket of tools and take up one of those sheets; he read it; he laughed; he looked angry; tears rose to his eyes, and then he read it aloud to his children. The sheet was wet. It contained a vast mass of types, and it bore the date of 1844. In such a dream, so devoted to his art as Wynkin de Worde might well "he had encouragement."

Whether this tale about Wynkin de Worde's dream is true or not we are not able to say, but it is quite true the press has now become a mighty power for good or ill in our free country. May it never be abused to do mischief, but by its means may light and truth fill the world with peace and love!

A FALL OF SNOW.

A FALL OF SNOW.

WHAT a great change does a fall of snow produce on the face of the landscape! Overnight, we see the fields green, the trees brown and naked, the moss upon the thatched roofs of the cottages, and the winding highway as clean and hard as if it had been swept; the fallow-lands, too, were brown, and there was something of a Spring-look in the turnip fields, where the sheep were feeding; when, lo, next morning the whole scene has undergone a change! Some mighty hand has been at work during the night, and every object is now covered white over with snow, which has fallen flake by flake, and hour by hour, from dark to daylight, until every way around the landscape is covered, ankle-deep, with the feathery flakes. A fine, bright morning perchance follows, and the eye fairly aches while looking upon the glittering prospect which lies around. Hill, and wood, and field, and footpath, the long highway, and the broad, open common, are mantled over with snow, upon which the wagon moves along with scarce a sound, and the horse is beside you before you are aware of it; for every noise is deadened by the deep fall of snow. That is not a morning to sit moping over the fire, when so much amusement is to be found out of doors, but to jump up, tie a thick comforter round the neck, lace the boots tightly, and put on the stoutest pair of worsted gloves, and sally out in the keen, cold, bracing air, among the clean, white, untrodden snow; for the sky is blue overhead, and the sun

A FALL OF SNOW.

shines bright; and he only, who cares not to come home with a pair of rosy cheeks, will sit and keep company with the cat by the fireside.

Off you go, and then far off in the fields you may see some little cottage standing amid the snow, looking from the distance as if half buried under the white flakes; and you picture to yourself the toil and trouble the old man or woman must have, ere they can get across those white untrodden fields, to procure what they may require from the neighbouring village. Nor is it less amusing to watch the sheep in some turnip field thickly covered with snow, how they will push their noses under it to find a turnip here, and a top there. Poor things! they are getting a cold breakfast.

There is something very solemn in the appearance of the country covered with snow on a cloudy day, especially if you look over some part of it that is not inhabited; for there are none of those sounds or scenes to be heard or seen on the same spot in summer. What birds there are, are silent, and hidden somewhere in the hedges; the cattle, which gave such a charm to the scenery, are driven from the fields. You miss the figures of the labourers that dotted the landscape as they followed their out-of-door employment; neither a whistle nor a shout go ringing through the woods. The voices of children are no longer heard in the shelter of lanes, and the report of a gun, echoing afar off, only seems to make the silence more solitary after the sound has died away. Nor is it less interesting to watch

A FALL OF SNOW.

w falling upon the face of a river ; to see flake after flake settle down, float along for a brief moment, and then melt away for ever ! or to watch the large fleeces, ere they are in seeming lines, cross one another ; or sometimes two flakes come in contact, cling together, and then settle slowly upon the ground ; or to observe some country-

man, with his heavy, nailed boots, often pause to shake off the great masses of snow which have clung to his feet, and to remove the hard lumps lying on the highway, bearing the weight of every nail of the soles to which they have adhered.

I could tell you many a story of travellers who have lost their way in snow-storms, who have tumbled into pits and places where the snow had drifted, and lay many days upon the snow, where they have perished, and their bodies were not found until the snow had melted away. Few would have died if they could but continue to proceed along their way, but they chanced to stumble into some hidden hollow ; the cold produces a strange overpowering feeling of weakness, which it is very difficult to overcome, and many, who have yielded to this feeling, have laid themselves down to sleep, and never awoke again, whose lives might have been saved, if they could but have mustered resolution enough to have walked along till they reached some habitation.

Mr. Keble, in his "Shepherd's Calendar," makes mention of a snow-storm in Scotland, which drifted to such a depth in the mountain-passes, as almost to reach to the tops of the hills. It is said that the snow fell for thirteen days and nights without

A FALL OF SNOW.

and hundreds of sheep sunk into a sleepy state, which many of them never awoke alive; and that so died through the cold, that they made walls of the bodies of them, which they piled one upon the other, to screen those that remained alive from the cold: on one farm alone, out of nine hundred sheep, only one was left alive; while whole flocks were at times buried beneath the snow, and nobody could tell where they had been lost, until the snow melted away, and they were found dead, which they often were, with their heads all turned one way. Numbers, he says, were swept away by the floods which followed; and in one place, where the tide threw out what was carried down by the river, there were discovered nearly two thousand sheep, and a hundred and eighty hares, all of which had been destroyed by the snow-storm. At one spot he came to, only the heads of a few sheep were covered here and there, through the snow; the rest were covered deep over-head, in the very place where they were lying when the storm came on. They went about, and searched for a single sheep in a quarter of an hour, and length a shepherd dog seemed clearly to understand they were searching for; and running about upon the he began scratching and looking at the shepherds draw their attention; and in every spot which he pointed out, they found a sheep beneath; and means two hundred were saved, which probably have been discovered, but for the shepherds.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood !
When fond recollection presents them to view ;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips !
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with rich wine that the nobleman sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in his well.

S. WOODWORTH.

MAJORITY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

MAJORITY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES;

HIS PRESENT CORONET AND FUTURE CROWN.



PRESENT CORONET.



FUTURE CROWN.

ALBERT-EDWARD, the eldest son of QUEEN VICTORIA, was born Nov. 9, 1841; and therefore, on Nov. 9, 1862, he completed his twenty-first year. This is what is meant by his having attained his majority, for before this he was in his minority. This event entitles his Royal Highness to take his seat in the House of Lords as the first Peer in the realm, and heir to the Throne.

In the House of Lords every peer wears a coronet, and every bishop wears a mitre. The coronet is a golden ornament, something like a crown, but not so grand and rich; and they vary

MAJORITY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

according to the title of the peer, who may be a Duke, or a Marquis, or an Earl, or a Baron. The coronet of the Prince of Wales is grander than any other, being surmounted with three beautiful white ostrich feathers, as you see it in the picture.

In England no one is called "Prince" but the eldest son of the sovereign; the younger brothers of the Prince of Wales will have the title of Duke when they attain their majority, and then they will also enter the House of Lords, wearing the coronet of a Duke.

But I should tell you how it was that the eldest son in the royal family of England was called the Prince of Wales. It was in this way. The Welsh had, for 800 years, been as thorns in the side of England, taking advantage of its frequent contests between kings and barons to come down from the mountains into which they had retired and lay waste the adjoining provinces. Edward I. invaded Wales in 1276, slew Llewelyn, the last of its native princes, hanged his brother David, and murdered the bards, who, by their harps and songs, had often excited those ancient Britons to war and slaughter. To pacify the Welsh, he promised them a native prince, who should be brought up to speak their language. For this purpose he sent his queen in haste to Caernarvon Castle, who only arrived in time to give birth to her second son, to whom the title of Prince of Wales was given; and Wales became a Principedom, or Principality, as it is yet called, and was annexed to

MAJORITY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

the English crown. This prince was afterwards Edward II., his elder brother Alphonso having died young.

The coronet, surmounted with ostrich feathers, and the motto "*Ich Dien*," or, "*I serve*," was first worn by Edward the Black Prince, son of Edward III., who, after the battle of Crescy, found these ornaments and this motto on the helmet of the King of Bohemia, who was slain in the battle.

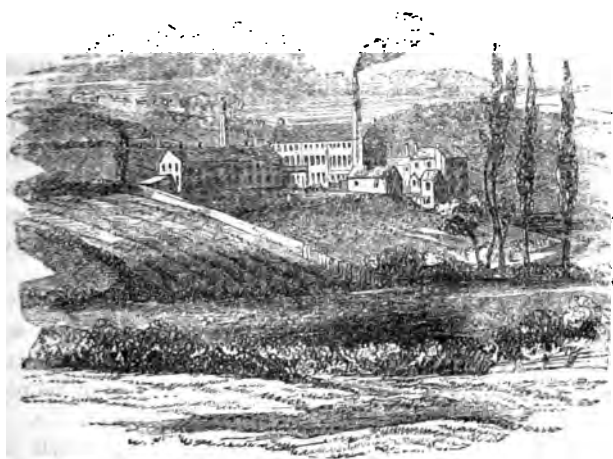
The Prince of Wales has, we believe, two other titles—Duke of Cornwall, with considerable revenues, and Earl of Dublin; the latter title being given when the Queen visited that city in 1850.

With regard to the future crown of Albert-Edward, we shall only say that he will not wear it until the decease of his beloved mother. We saw that crown encircling her youthful brow on the day when an approving and delighted nation placed it there; well has she worn it; and though shaded for a season by the widow's veil, it will yet sparkle with renewed lustre in the eyes of an admiring posterity!

Few Princes have attained their majority under more favourable auspices than our present Prince of Wales. Blessed by a kind Providence with good health, and, until twenty years of age, with the wise counsels and constant care of a good father, no heir to England's crown ever enjoyed such advantages as Albert-Edward. May he be conscious of them, and emulate the wisdom, virtue, and piety of his honoured and lamented father!

Of the education, travels, and intended marriage of the Prince, we shall tell you another time.

WANTING WORK AND WANTING BREAD.



WANTING WORK AND WANTING BREAD.

THIS might be said of hundreds of thousands of people in one part of England during the year 1862. Let me tell you how it came to pass.

Slavery and war did it all—first slavery and then war—two of the greatest curses that ever cursed mankind with misery and ruin.

In one part of America where the cotton plant grows better than anywhere else, black people called slaves were set to work in the fields. These slaves were held as the property of the white men; for the white men bred them,

WANTING WORK AND WANTING BREAD.

and sold them, and worked them, and whipped them, as if they were only oxen or horses. When the cotton was gathered, it was sent to England, and here it was made into cloth of various kinds.

In that part of America where cotton is not grown, many of the people did not like slavery, and said it was cruel and wicked; and they were right. But this offended the masters of the slaves, who said they would do as they had done with the black people. This was the way the quarrel begun, and then they began to fight about it.

War stops work; and not only work in America, but work in England too. For when they began to fight, we could not get any more cotton from America to make into cloth, and so it was that hundreds of thousands of people in one part of England wanting work wanted bread.

That part of England is called Lancashire, which is nearly covered over, not only in great places like Manchester and other large towns, but in villages and lone places, with mills for spinning and weaving cotton. Were you to go there when they are all at work, you might see all over the country, many hundreds of tall chimneys sending up clouds of smoke from the boiler fires which make the steam to set the engine in motion which works the machinery inside the great mill, where as many as five hundred and sometimes a thousand men, women and children are at work. You might wonder where the cloth and other things made of cotton in so many places went. They are sent all over the world, and we get

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

for them either money or such things as we want, like corn, or tea and coffee, and many other things that we cannot grow ourselves. And so we do good to one another. And so, too, we see that Peace is as great a blessing as War is a great curse.

I tell you about these things that you may, as you grow up, learn to hate war and love peace. We ought all of us to pray that the happy days may soon come when men shall learn war no more, and when there shall be "abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth."

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain—
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left—
Go thou and shelter them.

TO MY GATHERED LILY.

Thy neighbour ? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—
Go thou and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favoured than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,
Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh pass not, pass not heedless by ;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery—
Go, share thy gifts with him.

TO MY GATHERED LILY.

My lovely little Lily, thou wast gathered very soon,
In the fresh and dewy morning, not in the glare of noon,
The Saviour sent his angels to bear thee hence, my own,
And they'll plant thee in *that* garden where decay is never known.

How peacefully, how sweetly, ebb'd 'thy little life away,
Oh, blest for ever be my God who heard thy mother pray !
She did not wish to keep thee in this world of sin and strife,
But she pray'd that thou without a pang might'st yield thy infant life.

She watched thee, how she watched thee, through that anxious nig
and day,
And only turned her eyes from thee, to look to heaven and pray !
"Deal gently with my darling !" was still her fervent cry,
And "*trust me with thy little one,*" seemed still the Lord's reply.

TO MY GATHERED LILY.

My Lily! oh my Lily! I saw thee hour by hour,
Still drooping nearer to the earth, my pale and precious flower!
And as I marked the glazing eye, and felt the cheeks grow cold,
The mingled thoughts that filled my heart, they never can be told!

'Twas in thy mother's arms my own resigned its breath,
And she will thank her God for *that* till she too sinks in death.
Oh! tenderly indeed, my love, the Saviour dealt with us,
When he, in pitying love, disarmed the king of terrors thus.

One long-drawn sigh thy mother heard from thy unconscious breast,
And then she saw thy eyelids close, and knew thou wert at rest;
She pressed her lips upon thy cheek—how icy cold it felt;
And turning from thy chamber then, she went apart and knelt.

And very often after that last and solemn day,
Beside thy cradle-coffin she would sit, and gaze, and pray;
And never, never from her heart, can thy sweet image fade,
So pure, so white, so still, so cold, as if of marble made.

And when at length the day was come—the solemn parting day,
That saw thee from thy earthly home, my loved one, borne away;
Still, still my God was with me! and told me not to weep,
When they laid thee in the quiet tomb, where thy father's kindred sleep.

And years have passed away since then, and many a joy and care
Have fill'd by turns thy mother's breast, in which thou hadst no share;
But still within that heart she keeps one sacred spot for thee,
And thine, my Lily, thine alone, that spot shall ever be.

And often when I kneel in prayer, I thank my Saviour yet,
For all his tender love to thee, which I can ne'er forget;
And when I pray for those I love, still left on earth with me,
I ask my God to deal with *them* as gently as with *thee*.

GOING UP SIX MILES IN A BALLOON.

GOING UP SIX MILES IN A BALLOON.



DURING the summer of 1862, two gentlemen went up in a balloon to a greater height than any were ever known to ascend. What they saw and how they felt when up in the sky you may be pleased to hear; for they got safe down again. If they had not, you might not have heard anything about them and their wonderful voyage through the air.

The first ascent I shall mention was from Wolverhampton. The balloon rose beautifully and rapidly upward over the town. In about ten minutes it was hidden by a cloud, but was soon seen again at a very great height. It was supposed to be then three miles high, and looked like a transparent ball, much as the moon looks in a clear sky in the day-time. The voyagers came down safely within a few miles of Birmingham. They reckoned that they had ascended to a height of four miles and a half. When at this height they felt all the sensations of sea sickness. Their hands and lips turned blue, and one of them had a severe headache. The heavens were open, but not quite *free from clouds*, and when up on high, the appearance of

GOING UP SIX MILES IN A BALLOON.

the scene was grand in the extreme. All around was a vast expanse of blue; the whole atmosphere seemed bathed in it, or it might be likened to an immense shoreless ocean. Clouds, shaped and packed like rocks, supplied the place of land; others floated about like immense icebergs, and in the distance others stretched themselves away like a range of snow-clad mountains. As the balloon floated before the wind, one of these immense clouds—which was apparently unobservable to those who watched the balloon at a distance—followed in its wake, and it was not till the balloon sunk lower that the cloud left it. The appearance of the earth was almost as pleasing as the appearance of the heavens. Wolverhampton, the Black Country, and Birmingham, lay stretched below the balloon like a map, and it required little imagination to suppose that it was laid on a chequered carpet, to which the surrounding country could easily be likened. The outline of the buildings, streets, roads, and canals, was distinctly defined. The appearance of the country generally bore no little resemblance, Mr. Glaisher said, to the surface of the moon. When the balloon was at an elevation of not more than a mile or so, voices could be very distinctly heard. The ringing of a bell, for instance, was as clear as though the voyagers had been but a few yards from it; the voices of people shouting could also be heard, and when at a height of three miles they heard a clap of thunder. One singular feature of the journey was the appearance of the clouds known as the "mare's tails." Let the balloon be high or low it never

GOING UP SIX MILES IN A BALLOON.

seemed to approach them ; they seemed as far over head at four and a half miles as they were at one mile. As the balloon approached the earth, a very singular sight presented itself; they observed the shadow of it on the earth below, surrounded by bright colours. This singular appearance was observable for a short time, but gradually faded away. As the machine neared the earth, the descent became more rapid. Mr. Coxwell landed it in the middle of a field, where it alighted almost as steadily as a feather.

Another ascent was from the Crystal Palace on an evening in August. This time they did not go very high, but they passed over London a little after sunset. They could distinctly trace the river and streets, and pick out the squares and great buildings; they heard the people who saw them shouting up to them, and the noise of carriages came up like a deep roar. The balloon was then sent up higher through the clouds. All was dark now below, but there was a clear sky above. Here they heard the striking of a clock and the tolling of a bell. Coming down into the darkness they managed to alight in a field, a few miles from London; for though they could not see the earth until they reached the tops of the trees, they touched the ground so gently that they hardly felt it.

Having made fast the balloon for the night, they made another ascent next morning at half-past four. Two other gentlemen went with them, and the son of Mr. Glaisher. When one thousand feet high, patches of mist were seen *dotted on the earth* below, but in the east, where the sun

GOING UP SIX MILES IN A BALLOON.

was rising, a beautiful line of light was seen, with gold and silver tints. Mr. G. says :—

“ The light rapidly increased, and gradually we emerged from the dense cloud into a basin surrounded with immense mountains of cloud rising far above us, and shortly afterwards we were looking into deep ravines, bounded with beautiful curved lines. The sky immediately overhead was blue, dotted with clouds. As we ascended, the tops of the mountain-like clouds became silvery and golden. At five o'clock we were level with them, and the sun appeared flooding with golden light all the space we could see both right and left, tinting with orange and silver all the remaining space around us. It was a glorious sight indeed. At this time we were about 8,000 feet high. We still ascended rather more quickly as the sun's rays fell upon the balloon, each instant opening up to us ravines of wonderful extent, and presenting to our view a mighty sea of clouds. Here arose shining masses of silvery heaps ; there large masses of cloud in mountain chains, rising perpendicularly from the plain, dark on one side, and silvery and bright on the other, with summits of dazzling whiteness ; some there were of a pyramidal form, and a large portion wavy, in some places subsiding into hollows, and in one place having every appearance of a huge lake. Nor was the scene wanting in light and shade : each large mass of cloud cast behind it its shadow, and this circumstance, added to the very many tints, formed a scene at once most beautiful and sublime.”

When two miles high they heard the barking of a dog.

GOING UP SIX MILES IN A BALLOON.

and Mr. G. heard the loud ticking of his watch when standing up in the car, but those who were sitting could not hear it. They came safely down about seven o'clock near Biggleswade.

After this Mr. Coxwell and Mr. Glaisher made another ascent from Wolverhampton. This time they went up six miles from the earth. But they were in great danger from the intense cold. One of them became insensible; and the other, when he attempted to pull the cord to let off the gas that they might descend, found his hands were so frozen that he could not grasp it. He now laid hold of the cord with his teeth, and succeeded. As they descended and the air became warmer their power of movement returned, and they managed to reach the land in safety.

We shudder to think of their perilous position, for they were not only frozen, but fainting, and almost blinded! Had not the gas been made to escape, they would have gone higher and higher, and up in yon bright heavens have been frozen to death! Only think of a grave in the sky! How long that balloon would have floated in the air with their dead bodies in the car beneath we cannot tell. Sometime or other it must have burst and fallen on the earth or the sea. But where?

It may be a grand sight, and such a sight as can be seen no where else, to look down upon the earth with its cities, and towns, and villages, dotting the green earth like figures on a carpet, with rivers wending their course along it like *streaks of silver*; or, when up higher, to look down on a

TO MY OWN DEAR MOTHER.

sea of white clouds, or piled up around them like mountains of snow; but is it not too venturesome, and almost presumptuous, for men to hazard their lives in such adventures? Beside, what good can be effected or even expected from such perilous exploits. They may serve to talk about and fill us with wonder when we hear of them, but that is all. God has made man to dwell on the earth and its waters, but not to scale the heavens, until he sends his angels to convey our spirits to his own house.

And to that house we may all go safer than in a balloon, and swifter than lightning, if now while here we put our trust in Him who came down from heaven to save our souls from death, and raise us up to share with him glory, honour, immortality—ETERNAL LIFE!

TO MY OWN DEAR MOTHER.

Oh thou whose care sustained my infant years,
And taught my prattling lip each note of love;
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove;

To thee my lay is due, the simple song
Which nature gave me at life's opening day;
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

Oh say, amid this wilderness of life,
What bosom would have throbbed like thine for me?

TO MY OWN DEAR MOTHER.

Who would have smiled responsive?—who in grief
Would ere have felt, and, feeling, grieve like thee?

Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,
Each trembling footstep, or each sport of fear?
Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,
And clasped me to her heart with love's bright tear?

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,
And fanned, with anxious hand, my burning brow?
Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip
In all the agony of love and woe?

None but a mother—none but one like thee,
Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch,
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery,
Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life
By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom;
Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,
That woe hath traced thy brow with marks of gloom.

Oh then, to thee, this rude and simple song,
Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee—
To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong
Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

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BANQUETING HALL OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER, WINDSOR.

ST. GEORGE'S BANQUET HALL, WINDSOR.

WINDSOR CASTLE has long been the chief residence of English sovereigns. Situate on the brow of a high hill, which rises from the town of Windsor by a gentle ascent, and projects forward into the plains below, it stands in majestic grandeur, conspicuous above all surrounding objects, and commanding a view from the Round Tower of no less than twelve counties.

History relates that Edward the Confessor gave the town, the hill, and the lands around, to the Abbot of Westminster, to whom William the Norman gave lands in Essex in exchange that he might build a strong fortress, or castle, on the hill. Future Kings enlarged it, and made it into a suitable royal residence; but the most extensive improvements have been made during the present century. The terraces, on three sides of the castle, form the most spacious walks in Europe.

Windsor Castle has been the scene of many of the events in English history. But to tell you of all that has transpired within its walls would require several large volumes. Kings were born here, Kings were prisoners here, and Kings are buried here; and here rested, for nearly one year, the body of the great and good Prince Albert, until it was removed to the mausoleum erected for it at Frogmore.

Neither is it possible for us to tell you in these pages

ST. GEORGE'S BANQUET HALL, WINDSOR.

of the grandeur of the interior of this noble palace, with its spacious and lofty apartments, and the furniture, paintings, carvings, hangings, and ornaments, that adorn them. We have seen them; but the hasty view we had of them produced such a dazzling effect that we felt bewildered, and almost incompetent to describe what we saw.

Nearer the town, but adjoining the castle, is St. George's chapel, first built by Edward III., a most beautiful specimen of architecture, richly ornamented with spacious windows, monuments, carvings, and emblems. Beneath is the royal tomb-house, where rest the remains of George III., George IV., William IV. and the much-lamented Princess Charlotte.

St. George's Hall, of the interior of which we now give a representation, the banqueting-room of the Knights of the Garter, is two hundred feet in length. The ceiling, divided into panels, contains about seven hundred shields, emblazoned with the arms of the Knights of the order down to the present time. In the pictures the knights are seen at dinner, attended by royal servants.

And yet, from all this grandeur above, there is one place beneath which is slowly but surely drawing down into its gloomy enclosure the crowned occupants of this magnificent abode, and from which, in sepulchral tones, a voice is heard—

"Princes this place must be your bed
In spite of all your towers!"

THE FRENCH CABIN BOY.

THE FRENCH CABIN-BOY.



↑↑↑ HERE is an interesting tale in one of *Chambers's Journals* about a French Cabin Boy. We give the leading facts.

On the 25th of April, in the year 1738, a fine brig named the *Triton* was preparing to leave the port of Havre, in order to go fishing for cod on the coast of Newfoundland. Her cap-

Gilles Varenne, was a regular rough hardy seaman, little if the weather were fair or foul, and com-
ed to navigate his vessel almost as well through
s sunshine.

the *Triton's* deck presented a busy scene. All the
were occupied in getting on board and stowing away
sea-stock of provisions, and lines, nets, hooks, leads,
er with a vast quantity of salt. Amid abundance

THE FRENCH CABIN BOY.

of noise, bustle, and loud talking, the long-boat made her last trip from the shore, and out of her there stepped on the deck, with a timid trembling air, a boy of about twelve years old. He went up to a sailor who had just lighted his pipe. "Sir"—he began, twisting a pret cap of green velvet between his small hands. The rough seaman interrupted him with a loud laugh—

"Sir, indeed! My name is Malandin. What do you want, young chap?"

"Do you want a cabin-boy on board?"

"I know nothing about it; you must go ask the captain: there he is standing near the mast, in a bearsk coat." Before the boy could speak the captain called out

"What do you want young one?"

"To be a cabin-boy," replied the boy boldly.

"Did you ever go a voyage before?"

"No, but I think I could soon learn what to do."

"Bravo! What's your name?"

"George."

"Who is your father?"

"I am an—orphan," replied the child, looking down and blushing for shame at what he was saying.

"So much the better!" cried the captain. "Malandin take care of this boy. Secure the long-boat, and weigh anchor."

"Captain, take care of the icebergs!" said an old white-headed sailor standing by. "You are setting o

THE FRENCH CABIN BOY.

In my time, we used only to begin buying in the middle of May, and now we are only at April." Captain Varenne made no reply, but watched the noisy process of weighing anchor. As the sails were set, and the gallant brig left the shore, the farewell cheers of those on shore, while she shouted, "Beware of the icebergs, captain!"

On the first day, very little notice was taken of George, though the life of a cabin-boy very pleasant. But they began to order him about, and give him a cuff if he did not look sharp, he would often go to some retired corner of the deck, and weep, and sigh at the waves, and call softly on the name of his mother. "Do you have a mother?" said the mate Malandin, when he heard him one day.

"Yes, and a father too," replied George.

"Did you tell the captain that you were an orphan?"

"No, I daresay, for I was afraid that if I mentioned my father I should be sent back to them; and now I am glad for it."

"Do they not know where you are, George?"

"I wanted to be a sailor, and my father would not let me; so I took advantage of his and my mother's absence one day to the country, and I came on board here, and now."

"What makes you dislike being a sailor?"

THE FRENCH CABIN BOY.

"The cuffs and kicks that every one here seems have a right to give me."

"Bah! a mere trifle. All that will only make y hardy boy. The sea is a fine place—the true home for man!"

"You mean for a fish, Malandin."

"Well, yes, for a fish, for cod-fish. I hope we sh catch plenty this season; but its rough work, child," sa the sailor, shaking his head, "hard cold work."

That same day—it was the 29th of May—they m floating icebergs. Suddenly a dreadful shock was felt; cry of alarm burst from all on board: the vessel h struck upon an iceberg, and the water poured in throug her cleft side. She began to sink rapidly, and a terril scene ensued among the crew. Some ran about wildl; others fell on their knees, and prayed aloud; some of t faint-hearted wept and lamented like children; while few, with more presence of mind, lowered the long-bo and asked the captain to get into it with them.

"I must be the last to leave my vessel!" replied t bold seaman.

Meantime the ship's deck was nearly on a level wi the waves, and poor George, pale and trembling, exclaime

"O my mother! my mother! shall I ever see you again

The Captain heard him, and in a gruff voice called o
"Come and lay fast hold of my leg boy."

George, did as he was told; the next minute, a da

THE FRENCH CABIN BOY.

swept over them, and he lost all consciousness. When he revived, the ship had disappeared, and he found himself with the captain floating on two planks lashed together. Their situation was perilous in the extreme: nothing was to be seen around but the dark surface of the water, varied by icebergs and floating fragments of wreck. Captain Varenne at length descried a large piece of ice, and with the assistance of a broken oar, by long and painful efforts he reached it. His dress consisted of a woollen shirt, a pair of thick trousers and boots, together with his hat, which he had the good fortune to keep on his head; but poor George had few clothes, and was bare-headed. Thoroughly chilled and numbed by the cold, they stood for some time on the ice without stirring, the captain pondering on the means of escape, and the boy thinking of his good mother, and of the tears she would shed if she knew the condition of her son. The darkness and the hard frost which was coming on, added to their misery. The cold was penetrating, that in order to avoid being entirely frozen, the captain hindered George from going to sleep, and forced him to walk up and down with him on the ice as the only means of saving themselves from falling into a state of fatal stupor. The pangs of hunger soon began to augment their sufferings.

At daybreak, they saw four men on a raft at a great distance off. In vain, however, did they shout and make

THE FRENCH CABIN BOY.

signals ; their companions did not see them. Toward evening, their hopes were revived by the appearance of a three-masted vessel. Anxiously did they watch



movements. They saw it slacken sail, and presently perceived that the four men on the raft had been taken on board. Now, would they come for them. Planting the broken oar upright, and surmounting

THE FRENCH CABIN BOY.

with his hat and handkerchief, the captain waved it, and shouted as loudly as he could. After half an hour passed thus in agonising suspense, the vessel sailed away without its crew perceiving them, and slowly disappeared from their eyes.

At this dreadful sight, poor George, exclaimed: "Oh! must we, then, stay here to perish with cold and hunger?"

Without replying, the captain felt in his pocket, and taking out a biscuit wet with salt-water, offered it to the child. George seized it, and was putting it to his mouth, when seeing that the captain had none for himself, he said: "And what will you do, captain?"

"Eat it," said Varenne; and he did.

The next night was dreadful. Varenne preserved a moody, despairing silence; only from time to time he moistened with a piece of ice the lips of the poor child, whose strength was fast failing.

"O captain, I am very cold and very weak. O my poor mother!" And then came back vividly to his remembrance his little soft white bed, in which his kind old nurse used to tuck him up so snugly every night; his nice supper of white-bread and hot milk—even the piece of dry bread which was given him for dinner whenever he behaved badly. Oh, what would he give now for even one half of that bit of bread! Thus passed the long weary night in dreadful sufferings and unavailing regrets. At daybreak, as soon as the fog was dispersed to allow them

THE FRENCH CABIN BOY.

to distinguish objects, they perceived floating past the ice a cask of cider. With great exertions, the captain at length succeeded in securing it; and a hearty draught greatly refreshed them both.

"Captain," said George, "we have forgotten one thing which may save us."

"What is that?"

"To pray to God." Varenne sighed deeply.

"Yes, captain," continued George, as he tried to kneel on the slippery ice, "whenever mother was in grief, she used to pray to God, and He always comforted her. She often told me so, and she always spoke the truth. Do, captain, kneel down by me." Whether from conviction, or merely from a wish to please the boy, Varenne obeyed; and George, in simple childish words, asked their heavenly Father to forgive them all their sins, and especially his great one in disobeying and forsaking his parents, for which he was now justly punished; also, for their Saviour's sake, to take care of them, and deliver them from their dreadful situation.

They had not long risen from their knees, when they saw drifting by them a small empty boat, which the captain knew as having belonged to his ship. They caught it, got into it; and Varenne guiding it carefully through the icebergs—soon perceived that they were not far from land.

At length they reached the shore, and landed, the

THE FRENCH CABIN BOY.

captain carrying George in his arms, for the child's limbs were weak and numbed. The sun rose, and in some degree warmed them; and the captain filled his hat with mussels, which he found among the rocks. George had often eaten of these shell-fish, delicately cooked and sent up to his parents' table, but never did he think them half so good or savoury as now when he was glad to devour them raw.

But what could they do? The Captain dare not leave the poor boy for fear the bears should come and devour him; when all on a sudden George gave a loud cry as he pointed to a vessel coming along close in shore. And O what joy! They were seen, and three men put off in a boat to fetch them. As they were coming, George and the captain, kneeling down, thanked God for his great goodness. The captain's heart was melted, and he grasped George in his arms and wept.

"Carry the child," said Varenne; "I am still strong enough to walk." As soon as they got on board the vessel, everything possible was done for their health and comfort. The captain's wife took George under her especial care, and he was soon perfectly restored.

The rest of the tale must be told in a few words, though it is almost as wonderful.

It was an English vessel which had found and saved them. On the voyage home they fell in with a French brig and put the captain and George on board. They

THE FRENCH CABIN BOY.

reached France in safety. You must fancy if you can the joy of George's father and mother to see their long lost boy again, and hear the captain's tale of their dangers and deliverance.

Ever after that George loved the captain who had saved his life, and the captain loved the lad who had taught him to call upon God in the day of trouble.

The parents hoped that George would never think of going to sea again. The captain told them he believed he would, and he did.

His full name was George-René Pléville-le-Pelley. His future history was very remarkable. Those were days of war, and he lost a leg when engaged in fighting an English frigate, and twice afterwards was his wooden leg shot from under him! But like Garibaldi, he was a generous enemy. One dark stormy night when an English ship of war was in great danger near a French port, he jumped into the sea, swam to the ship, climbed up on board, and taking the helm, brought her and the crew into the port in safety.

In 1797, he was made minister of the French marine, and chief officer of the Legion of Honour; and died when eighty years of age, on Oct. 2. 1805.

We should have been better pleased to hear that George had spent his long life in teaching others, as he did the captain, to put their trust in God and love the

SOWING IN TEARS—REAPING IN JOY.

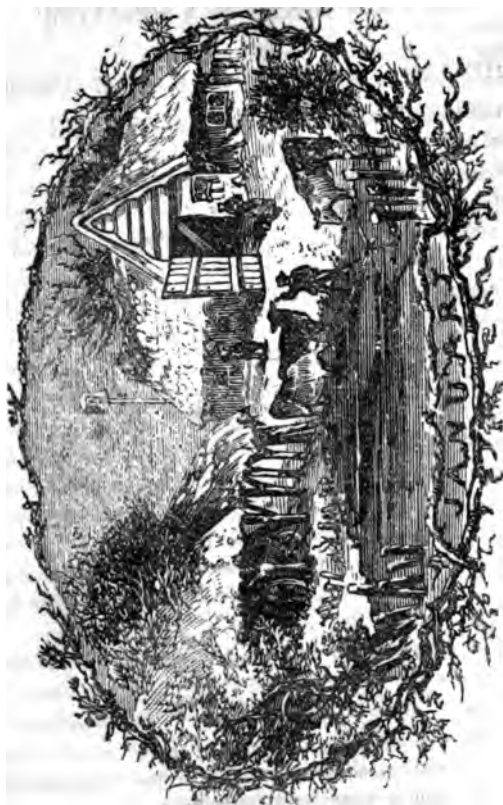
Saviour. He rose to high honours in his own country, and no doubt he was worthy of them. But far greater honours than any that an earthly sovereign can bestow will be awarded in the great day by HIM who is King of kings to every one of his faithful followers. For then will the Judge say, even to those who have only taught a child the way to heaven, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

SOWING IN TEARS—REAPING IN JOY.

† HAD a son, a naughty son,
† A son who every day
Would disregard a parent's word,
And tread the downward way.
I wrestled long with God for him;
Expressed my hopes and fears,
And prayed my boy might be reclaimed—
"Twas then "*I sow'd in tears.*"

Time passed—he sought me out one day;
"My father dear," said he,
"If Jesus for the sinner died,
He surely died for me."
The Spirit had convinced of sin
My once unruly boy,
Who now became a penitent,
And thus "*I reap'd in joy.*"

L. M. T.



THE FIRST MONTH OF A NEW YEAR.

THE FIRST MONTH OF A NEW YEAR.

JANUARY is its name—cold January! But we welcome its coming, and ring in “New Year’s Day” with the merry music of bells, while we wish each other “a happy new year.” These are good old English customs, and we have need of them to make us cheerful and hopeful; for January is the month in which we have mostly more clouds and darkness, snow and sleet, frost and ice, than in any other month of the whole year.

Then, if there has been a heavy fall of snow, men, women, and children, gather round the warm fireside in the daytime, and creep into warm beds at night; where, safely and snugly sheltered, they think of those who have lost their way on the moor, or are stuck fast in the snow-drifts on the road; and of the poor sailor, tossed by the storm on the rough waves of the sea.

The Farmer will now take care that his horses, and cows, and sheep, are safely sheltered, and have plenty of good warm straw to lie down on.

It is amusing to watch the attitudes and expressive looks of cattle when they come to the pond to drink, for the first time, after it is frozen over. Deceived by the smooth surface, they bend their necks as usual, when, instead of plunging their mouths into the soft yielding water, they find a hard cold substance, through which they cannot penetrate their noses, and it is not until

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after they have made several attempts that they are satisfied there is something wrong. One succeeds another, and, in spite of the lowing they make, each seems determined to judge for itself; nor will they, after they have returned disappointed, move far from the spot but still continue lowing, and looking in the direction of the farm-yard, as if they expected assistance from that quarter. After the ice has been broken for them two or three times, they then gather about the pond in the morning, and patiently wait until the farmer-man comes to break the ice again. Should he find only one solesheet of ice up to the edge of the pond, he ventures very cautiously upon it, and, with a stout rail in his hand, begins to break away as far out as he can reach. His weather-stained frock gives him quite a picturesque appearance, as he stands in the midst of the cattle, which are marked grey, and white, and red; while around him floats their warm, fragrant breath, surrounding him as he stood in the steam of a brewery.

Sometimes, during a winter's walk, a freezing shower comes rattling about our heads, causing the branches of the trees to look as if they were incased in glass, and hanging upon the slender and pointed sprays like drooping diamonds; the ruby berries and emerald leaves of the holly look as if they were shut in a jewel-case of the purest crystal, and the tufted reeds and rushes glitter again, as if they were hung with pendants of silver. T

THE FIRST MONTH OF A NEW YEAR.

withered grass is bowed down beneath these weighty gems ; and the poor birds hop about with an ill grace, as if they did not at all like being encumbered with such a load of unnecessary ornaments. Even the ragged ass on the common finds his uncombed mane decorated with precious gems of the purest water, which he shakes off as speedily as he can, as if he knew that such useless ornaments would only make him appear more ridiculous in the eyes of his brother donkeys.

But of all things which the frost selects to display its beautiful workmanship upon, nowhere does its exquisite tracery show to such advantage as upon the glass of our windows. What picturesque wintry landscapes have I seen on a frosted pane ! Sometimes as of a wild, mountainous country, covered over with snow, with here and there a little cottage, half-buried beneath the heavy mass which had fallen into the valley below ; or, high up was the hunter, indistinctly seen in the far distance, descending from the giddy heights. At times the scene was a vast solitary forest, amid the silence and desolation of which no living thing moved ; not even a breath of wind seemed ever to have stirred a feathery snow-flake, and every way the eye caught glimpses of deep hollows filled with snow, across which huge trees stretched with their entangled roots, which were twisted into a thousand fantastic forms, and lay heavily upon the white underwood they had crushed in their fall. On another pane the

THE FIRST MONTH OF A NEW YEAR.

frost had shaped itself into an English landscape ; and far away over the snow-covered fields, which were diversified by many a long hedge, and many a lonely cottage and thatched homestead, there seemed to rise the village spire in the distance, amid its clump of frozen trees, while a long line of white undulating hills filled up the background of the picture ; and all the foreground was covered with fan-like ferns and silver fir-trees, and such flowers as the eye never saw, saving in that fanciful and frosted garden. Sometimes a wide moorland seemed to spread out, where not a rude hut rose, neither was there any vestige of a human habitation, nor the outline of a lonely road, to tell that aught living had ever moved over that solitary scene ; but, far as the eye could stretch, it seemed one unbounded and untrodden desert of snow. Many an hour did I amuse myself, when a boy, by tracing upon the frozen panes such scenes as these. But such trifles prove that the mind of an imaginative boy need never for a moment want either an object for amusement or for meditation ; for even the book that is read through and closed, to a fanciful boy, will still furnish new entertainment, for the inward eye will then endeavour to call up the very scenes he has been reading about—the characters will pass before him one by one, while each stirring incident rises up with all its life-like action. We picture the shipwrecked man, clinging to a spar, and tossed by the angry billow upon the beach. We see the

THE FIRST MONTH OF A NEW YEAR.

tiger, from which another had so narrow an escape, retreat, bleeding and wounded, into the jungle. We hear the thunder of the deep avalanche tearing down the steep mountain-pass, which the traveller had but a few minutes before left; and we behold the oak, under which he had sheltered when the tempest first commenced, split into a thousand pieces by the dreaded thunderbolt. And as the mind thus pictures the incidents which link page to page in the volume, we seem somehow to become an actor in all these stirring and dangerous scenes. One boy will walk a mile or two through the country, and scarcely meet with a single object that arrests his attention, or furnishes him with matter on which to make a remark when he returns home; another, more observant, although he traverses scarcely a quarter of the same space of ground, will meet with a hundred things to interest and delight him. So would it be with the frost-work—one would only see a zigzag and unmeaning mass of white, which deadened the light, in the beautiful tracery upon the window-pane; while the other would see in the same objects all we have attempted to describe, and perhaps much more.

And so in winter or summer, in spring or autumn, whene'er you take your walks abroad, keep your eyes open, and you will never be at a loss for objects that will both amuse and instruct you.

THE GOOD OLD TUNES.

OUR GOOD OLD TUNES.

THE good old tunes of other days,
In which we sang our Maker's praise
When life with us was young,
When music flowed from heart and tongue,
O how to memory now they rise,
Like angel notes from yonder skies ;
For oft we sang them with the blest
Who now in heavenly mansions rest.

My father sang them ; when a boy
I heard their notes with joy ;
And round his dying bed we raised
The words and notes in which he praised
The name of God, and sang of bliss
In purer, brighter worlds than this.

My mother sang them soft and sweet,
And oft her tones my spirit greet,
When dreams, beyond the upper air,
My soul on wings of fancy bear
To that bright world to which she rose,
When leaving life with all its woes.
Oppressed with grief, of joy bereft,

I sang them with a brother flown,
Where sin and sorrow are unknown ;
And with a sister, O how dear !
Whose notes now greet her mother's ear.
I sang them with a youthful bride,
Who early withered by my side ;
They cheered her when life's setting sun
Shone on her heaven on earth begun,

THE GOOD OLD TUNES.

And only ceased her soul to cheer
When heavenly music met her ear.
I sang them with a hopeful son,
Whose race on earth was early run ;
And with a daughter, bright and fair,
Who knows in heaven a mother's care.
I've sung them on the rolling sea,
Whose deep toned surges joined with me
In sounding forth their Maker's praise,
Whose word can check, or wildly raise
The surging billows to the skies,
Or still them when to heaven they rise.
I've sung them in far distant lands,
Where roll the waves on classic strands ;
And tears of grief would quickly come,
At thoughts of distant friends and home,
With whom, and where, I sang these lays,
In good old tunes of other days.

I've sung them with the wise and good,
As by Death's stream they joyful stood,
And saw beyond, the walls that rise,
Where blissful mansions greet the eyes.

How dear to me these noble lays,
The good old tunes of other days !
On earth I've sung them with the blest ;
And when I reach the heavenly rest,
I hope to sing them there with those
Who know no more life's cares or woes,
Where golden harps the notes shall raise
That fill all heaven with endless praise.

SCENES IN EASTERN COUNTRIES.



SCENES IN EASTERN COUNTRIES.

WHEN we say in the Eastern we mean the countries which are east from England, in the direction from which the sun appears to rise in the morning. For as the world on which we live is a round globe, every country has an eastern side and a western side. The British Isles form the most western part of the continent of Europe, Russia and Turkey the most eastern, the great continent of Asia being yet east of them. And so it is that the most eastern countries of Europe adjoin to the most western countries of Asia.

Our young friends who have been taught the use of

SCENES IN EASTERN COUNTRIES.

maps will easily trace the countries of Western Asia, from Arabia up through Palestine, Syria, and Lesser Asia to the Black Sea, thence by a chain of mountains to the Caspian sea, and thence by another vast chain up to the Arctic Ocean. Two of the most ancient cities in these countries being Jerusalem in Palestine, and Damascus in Syria.

Below the chain of mountains running from the Black Sea to the Caspian Sea, is another chain reaching onward towards Mount Ararat on which the ark rested. Downward from hence is the vast plain through which the rivers Tigris and Euphrates flow for hundreds of miles into the Persian Gulph, on the banks of which rivers stood the famous cities of Nineveh and Babylon. Here, too, are yet to be seen the remains of the ancient tower of Babel; and hence it is supposed that the garden of Eden was not far distant. For these reasons it is believed that in the valley watered by these rivers the human race first dwelt; and certainly after the flood we find them there, for Stephen the first martyr, when before the Jewish Council, mentions this. "And he said, Men, brethren, and fathers, hearken! The God of glory appeared unto our father Abraham, when he was in Mesopotamia, before he dwelt in Charran. And said unto him, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and come into the land which I shall shew thee. Then came he out of the land of the Chaldeans, and dwelt in Charran: and from

SCENES IN EASTERN COUNTRIES.

thence, when his father was dead, he removed him into this land, wherein ye now dwell." Mesopotamia, Charran or Haran, and Ur of Chaldees, (Gen. xi. 31) and probably "the land of Uz" where Job dwelt, were all in this wide region.

Thus from the sacred records, and we cannot trust any other, we find that after the great flood men again multiplied, and spread themselves into other lands; to those called Egypt, and Arabia, and Persia, eastward towards India and China, and westward towards Europe, until we now find them not only on all the great continents, but on all the islands of the seas and oceans of the world.

And yet mankind have always felt, and always will feel, much interest in those lands where the fathers of our race first dwelt, and from which they emigrated to people the earth. It is our intention to tell you more about the present condition of those lands, and the manners and customs of their inhabitants, especially those in the regions around the two great mountain peaks of Ararat, the highest of which is yet called the "mother of the world," and "Noah's mountain."

Many parts of these countries present to the admiring traveller some of the most beautiful scenery on the earth. The picture at the head of these remarks is a representation of one of these magnificent scenes in one of the valleys of the Caucasian mountains, which we mentioned as reaching from the Black to the Caspian Sea.

MISSIONARY TALES.

MISSIONARY TALES.

THE TIGER AND THE SNAKE.

A MISSIONARY in Orissa, East Indies—the Rev. John Orissa Goadby, from Leicestershire, when giving a report of a missionary tour, writes:—

“ I had sundry difficulties on the way, owing chiefly to the heavy rains, which had in some places broken up the road. In one slippery place my pony fell, but happily I was not on his back. Afterwards he became lame, and day by day I walked with the native preachers, near or distant as it might be. One day I walked a distance of eleven miles, the greatest achievement of this kind I have ever accomplished under the fierce rays of an Indian sun ; for it was noon-day when the journey was commenced, and it would not have been safe to be out after sunset.

One morning, when leaving for the market where we had to preach, we had scarcely got outside the tent when we were startled by a great noise, and soon perceived that some men at work in a field near were frightening away a tiger ; we looked, and sure enough there was the tiger running as for its life to the jungle. The brute was within twenty or thirty yards of us ; we joined in the shout, and had the satisfaction of seeing how terribly alarmed it was. Well for us that the tiger was so

MISSIONARY TALES.

frightened, for if it had turned in our direction when it came so near, we should have taken to our heels. Returning from the market, we had to pass by the jungle it had entered, and, I assure you, we had our eyes about us. Thanks to our Father's gracious care, we were preserved from harm. In pitching my tent at this place, I had heard of there being a tiger near that often did much mischief, but supposed it might be an idle story.

Here I must record another instance of my heavenly Father's watchful care ; not, it is true, in connection with the tour, but with the report of it. I began to prepare this report last night from notes taken in shorthand on the tour. When the clock struck ten I laid aside my papers, as it is usual for me to do at that hour ; but before going to the bedroom, I went to the dressingroom to see that all was right. Suddenly I was startled by a hissing sound. I looked in the direction whence it proceeded, and beheld a snake, a deadly snake ! What was I to do ? To stand my ground, to fight, or to flee ? I had no weapon to fight with, except the lamp in my hand ; and I saw that to flee would be dangerous, because the snake was in the doorway. I resolved, not, I confess, without trepidation, to stand my ground, and as there was a chair near me I mounted it, and watched the movements of the snake with trembling anxiety. No doubt it was as much frightened as I was. I dared not call out for help, lest it should attack me in escaping from others. Again I per-

MARTYRDOM OF JOHANNES HUSS.

l it move, but the light was too dim for me to dis-
ish in what direction ; and after anxiously waiting
time, I went very cautiously, as I thought, to my
om. Now I got help. A search was made, and the
was found coiled up in the hinges of the door ; and
ut knowing it I had been within a foot or so of the
ful creature. It was soon killed.

ny tracts and gospels were distributed at the dif-
; places where we preached ; and I have full confi-
in the promise of God that his word shall not
1 unto Him void.

MARTYRDOM OF JOHANNES HUSS,

THE BOHEMIAN REFORMER.

eminent artist—Lessing—has lately produced a
plendid painting of this memorable scene.

iannes Huss, the pioneer of the Lutheran Reforma-
was born in the year 1373, at Hussinecz, in Bohe-
rom which place he derived his name. In 1389 he
ed the University of Prague, and distinguished
lf by application and a moral course of life. In
he became a preacher at Prague, and by his
ns obtained great influence among the people, and
mong the students.

n afterwards, Queen Sophia, of Bohemia, nominated

MARTYRDOM OF JOHANNES HUSS.

him her confessor, in which capacity he had access to the court. About this time the writings of the English Reformer, Wickliffe, became known, and the truth with which he laid open the abuses of the Romish Church became very obvious to Huss, who was well versed in the Bible; and he now stood up as the most determined herald of a Reformation, which was to recall the people to the simplicity and purity of original christianity.

His daring frankness soon raised a powerful opposition against him, and by degrees his cause became the cause of nations, particularly of the Bohemians and Germans. Bohemia no longer acknowledged the authority of the Pope, and Huss found willing hearers when he called the mass and the confessional inventions of superstition. Pope Alexander V. at length ordered Huss to appear at Rome, and as he did not obey, the Archbishop of Prague, Shynko, undertook his immediate prosecution. Huss was forbidden to preach, but he did; and when the new Pope, John XXIII., again cited him to Rome, he appealed to a General Council. The Pope excommunicated him, and laid his interdict upon the city as long as Huss remained therein. His adherents augmented, and as he had nothing more at heart than the propagation of truth, he joyfully accepted the invitation of the Council of Constance, and went to defend his faith before the doctors of the principal nations of Europe. The Emperor Sigismund, of Germany, guaranteed his personal safety, by

YOUR OWN SOUL.

patent; and after his arrival at Constance, on the
ember, 1414, Pope John promised him the same
. But on 28th November he was arrested, after
e hearing before some Cardinals, in spite of the
l earnest protestations of the Bohemian nobles,
l accompanied him by order of King Wenceslaus.
public hearings on the 7th and 8th June, which
ce in the presence of the German Emperor, his
was not noticed, and an unconditional repeal of
tical tenets was demanded from him. But as Huss
d firm, he was, although he reminded the Em-
f his safeguard, condemned to death on 6th July,
nd was burned alive on the same day, and his
rown into the Rhine. Huss died uttering the
ed exclamation, "O Sancta Simplicitas!"

YOUR OWN SOUL;

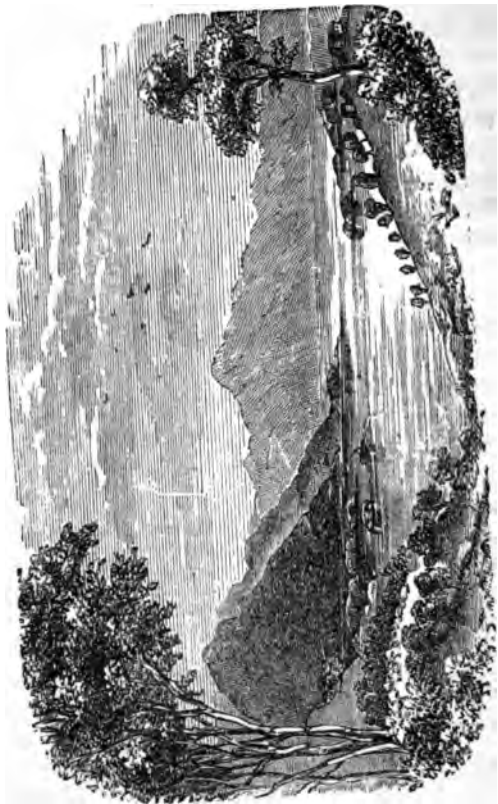
ITS VALUE AND SALVATION.

3 soul is immortal. By the body, you are allied
worms and dust; by the soul, to angels and to
A few years will finish all your delights, and
and fears below; then will your soul be fixed
t must live for ever. While you, my young
read these lines, the souls of millions are en-
all the sorrows, or are gladdened with all the
, of an endless world. For ages have the bodies

worth of a soul that may, through heaven, glorious as an angel of lightness, misery, and despair?

Have you, my young friend, never sickness, expecting that a few days of your mortal course, fix your body in soul in eternity; and have you forgot your views and feelings? Did the vision then seem a thing of little moment not the world seem only as a dream on a bed of sickness, or languishing not these be your views? And must you be in such a situation? And will that the only thing that deserves your mortal soul? O! why neglect it, with its salvation? Why put off entering that way is shut for ever? By the death of the soul. and by th





LAKE SCENERY IN WESTMORLAND.

LAKE SCENERY.

LAKE SCENERY.

A FAVOURITE Writer who visited the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland a few years ago, thus describes the romantic and beautiful scenes which they present :—

“The homeless wanderer, who goes abroad through necessity, or with the forlorn hope of bettering his condition, the ruined spendthrift, or the imprudent and enniless outcast, in roaming these northern counties, must, of necessity, find the keen bracing air of the mountain and the moor often provoking a most inconvenient appetite. The case, however, is far different with him who visits these interesting counties in search of pleasure. To him, hunger is a boon, a benefit, a luxury ; for he has wherewith to satisfy his necessities. It is so with me ! With health, a buoyant spirit, and a thankful heart, I am roaming from one fair scene to another, repairing, when it suits me, to the nearest village inn, to satisfy my hunger and to slake my thirst.

Westmoreland presents a bold and sterile aspect ; its mountains are many ; its moors bleak and barren ; and its waterfalls, in the rainy seasons, without number. Stone walls form the boundaries of its enclosures, instead of hedges ; and not only walls, but barns, and even houses, are constructed of loose stones, irregular in form and size, with no cement whatever, the weight of the

LAKE SCENERY.

stones, and the compactness with which they are placed together, rendering them sufficiently strong and durable.

Who has not heard of the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland? And who, not having seen them, has not longed to behold their beauties? The fame of Windermere is gone abroad to the world. Derwent and Ullswater have become almost a proverb for their attraction; and Coniston, Grasmere, Bassenthwaite, Wastdale, Loweswater, Rydal, Buttermere, and others, make glad the heart of the spectator.

For the last day or two, the Salutation Inn, at Ambleside, has been my head quarters. Thence have I gazed on Windermere, and thence have I strolled into the surrounding neighbourhoods. I have visited Dungeon Ghyll Waterfall, as well as Duddon Vale, Walna Scar, and Black Comb Mountain, frowning, as it does, in solitary majesty. If ever you should reach the base of this mountain, be not satisfied till you have achieved the enterprise of climbing to its summit, for there you will be amply rewarded for your toil. It has been said that you may see farther from this elevated spot than from any other place in England.

The sun is rising, and the Lake of Windermere, fifteen miles in length, with its island promontories, is at my feet. I am breathing the morning air, listening to the warbling birds, and gazing on the goodly, glowing scenes. My eye, my ear, and my heart, are filled with pleasure.

LAKE SCENERY.

the mountains to the north-west are habited in their stately robes; by and by they will 'walk abroad' in their many vestments, and call forth the admiration of the beholder. This peerless princess of British lakes, this indermere, adorned with unwonted beauty, is not to be regarded by a stranger without emotion. As yet, the eternal flood is scarcely ruffled by the breeze, and not a craft is sailing on the quiet waters.

It is evening, and I am standing on the brink of Derwent water, while the setting sun is flinging abroad its golden beams. To-day have I ascended the Skiddaw, and long ere I reached the summit, the clouds rolling beneath my feet. The glowing description of Goldsmith is literally realized:

'As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway meets the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.'

It is not only the lower landscape to the west adorned with greenery, but the south and south-eastern mountain tops are brilliant with golden, purple, and rosy rays of light. What a glorious mingling of hues of all kinds! What a wildering, yet delightful haze, intercepts itself between the enraptured eye, and the retiring king of day, gorgeous in his glowing robes!

Were I now at Windermere, the sun would be setting among the cloud-capped hills, instead of appearing, as it

LAKE SCENERY.

now does, in the less elevated distance to the north-west. How beautiful are the trees and green turf of the islands reflected in the lake below them, and how boldly does the giant Skiddaw raise his broad breast and towering head to the clouds !

When visiting the lakes joy will go with the man who can lay down his plan for the day—be at Windermere at eight o'clock, at Derwent at twelve, at Grasmere at three, at Rydal at four, and sit down to his dinner, ordered in the morning at Ambleside, punctually at five.

But it is now night again, and the moon is riding high in the heavens. What a pigmy is man when contrasted with yonder gigantic mountains, and how poor his proudest works when compared with the handywork of the Almighty ! The moon in the skies above has a rival in the lake below, and both are passing beautiful. The night breeze hardly waves her wings, and silence is rather soothed than broken by the soft murmur of the gushing rills. A goodly night is this to walk abroad accompanied by one's own shadow alone, to muse and meditate, not only on creation, but on high and holy things, even on the highest and the holiest. 'When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained ; what is man, that thou art mindful of him ? and the son of man, that thou visitest him ?'

RYDAL MOUNT.



RYDAL MOUNT,

THE RESIDENCE OF WORDSWORTH THE POET.

WORDSWORTH was a sweet poet, so simple and yet so beautiful, and his residence was in one of the most romantic parts of the Lake country. He lived there many years, and died there at a good old age in 1850. The Poet was a close and admiring observer of natural scenery; and he thus describes the lovely aspect of the country in the month of May.

Few of the native trees are then in full leaf; but, for ever may be wanting in depth of shade, more than equivalent will be found in the diversity of foliage, in the blossoms of the fruit and berry-bearing trees which are in the woods, and in the golden flowers of the primrose and other shrubs. In those woods, also, and on

RYDAL MOUNT, THE RESIDENCE OF

these mountain sides which have a northern aspect, and in the deep dells, many of the spring flowers still linger; while the open and sunny places are stocked with the flowers of approaching summer. And besides, is not an exquisite pleasure still untasted by him who has not heard the choir of linnets and thrushes chanting their love-songs in the copses, woods, and hedge-rows of a mountainous country; safe from the birds of prey, which build in the inaccessible crags, and are at all hours seen or heard wheeling about in the air? The number of these formidable creatures is probably the cause why, in the narrow valleys, there are no skylarks; as the destroyer would be enabled to dart upon them from the near and surrounding crags, before they could descend to their ground-nests for protection. It is not often that the nightingale resorts to these vales; but almost all the other tribes of our English warblers are numerous; and their notes, when listened to by the side of broad still waters, or when heard in unison with the murmuring of mountain-brooks, have the compass of their power enlarged accordingly. There is also an imaginative influence in the voice of the cuckoo, when that voice has taken possession of a deep mountain-valley, very different from anything which can be excited by the same sound in a flat country. Nor must a circumstance be omitted which here renders the close of spring especially interesting—the multitude of lambs bleating and skip-

WORDSWORTH THE POET.

g about. These sportive creatures, as they gather
length, are turned out upon the open mountains ; and
h their slender limbs, their snow-white colour, and
ir wild and light motions, beautifully accord or con-
st with the rocks and lawns, upon which they must
v begin to seek their food."

The Poet also thus describes the delightful scenes
und him in verse—

————— " Behold,
Beneath our feet, a little lowly vale,
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high
Among the mountains ; even as if the spot
Had been from eldest time by wish of theirs
So placed, to be shut out from all the world !
Urn like it was in shape, deep as an urn,
With rocks encompassed, save that to the south
Was one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge
Supplied a bound'ry less abrupt and close ;
A quiet, treeless nook, with two green fields,
A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,
And one bare dwelling ; one abode, no more !
It seemed the home of poverty and toil,
Though not of want ; the little fields made green
By husbandry of many thrifty years,
Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland house.
There crows the cock, single in his domain :
The small birds find in spring no thicket there
To shroud them ; only from the neighbouring vales
The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,
Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place."

PICTURE OF THE BURNING OF HUSS.

PICTURE OF THE BURNING OF HUSS.

WE have told you that this distinguished man, who has been regarded as the morning star of the German Reformation from popery, was burned by the papists at Constance, July 6th, 1415; and that he died exclaiming, "O Sancta Simplicitas!"—that is, O Holy Simplicity.

We also mentioned that an eminent artist—Lessing—had produced a splendid painting of this memorable scene. The following is a description of this work of art, which has attracted the attention of thousands.

"Upon a slight eminence in the neighbourhood of the city of Constance, the steeples of which may be seen, the stake is erected, and around a tree, despoiled of its branches, large bundles of wood and straw are piled up; one of the executioners adding more wood, and three others stand ready to lay hold of the prisoner. The place of execution is surrounded by armed men, in the midst of whom the banner of the city of Constance is raised. The executioners carry burning torches for lighting the straw; and, quietly waiting his time, one of them supports himself upon the long pole of the torch, whilst a third one, holding a rope for binding the prisoner, places his arms a-kimbo and looks impatiently upon Huss, who, on the middle ground, at some little distance from the stake, has sunk upon his knees to pray. Full of faith and confidence, the martyr looks towards heaven,

PICTURE OF THE BURNING OF HUSS.

sun, breaking through light clouds, illuminating his countenance. In the act of kneeling down, the paper—upon which three devils are painted, and inscribed 'Heretic'—has fallen off his head.

Armed citizens of Constance, of the lowest class, dressed in divers costumes of that age, are around the prisoner. One, dressed in the red and white colours of the town, has lifted the cap from the ground, and is in the act of replacing it upon the head of Huss; another, leaning forward, his left hand on his knee, his right hand on his sword, stares scornfully at him from under his cap-hat; and a third, in a coat of mail, threatens the dying Huss with his clenched fist.

A little below the hill the leaders appear. In the foreground, on horseback, the staff of office in his hand, Duke Ludovic, of Bavaria, charged by the Emperor to superintend the execution. He turns half round to a troop, also on horseback; and besides these personages, the figure of a Cardinal is also seen.

Immediately behind this group, the banner of the Duke of Bavaria is carried by a young warrior. Between the horses of the duke and bishop an old Franciscan monk looks through his spectacles, full of curiosity, at the scene. Thus the whole right side of the picture, divided by the figure of the martyr, represents his opponents; whereas the left is composed principally of his adherents; and whilst among the former rough vulgarity and hate

PICTURE OF THE BURNING OF HUSS.

predominate, sorrow and commiseration are expressed on the other side. At the head of this left group is a young girl looking pitifully at Huss. A Bohemian noble, one of the knights who accompanied Huss to Constance, prays openly for him; a burgher of Constance seems touched by some humanity, evincing, however, no special interest. In the crowd is an aged woman full of eager curiosity; and young people and children full of wonder. Near the stake stands a young Hungarian, also one of those who accompanied Huss to Constance. The figure of a Bohemian peasant, holding his club with his clenched hand under his arm, and frowning darkly and sternly upon the Duke of Bavaria, gives evidence of the passions which were roused in Bohemia by the execution of Huss, which led to one of the most bloody and cruel wars ever known in European history."

Such is the description given of this famous picture. In these days, in a country like England, where we are all free to worship God, we may wonder how men could do such a horrid thing as to burn a fellow-man, because his religion was not as their religion. But such things were done, and done in England too, three hundred years ago. We may easily understand why popes and bishops did such wicked deeds; for their object was to keep the people in ignorance and subjection, that they might live in luxury and pride. But we may wonder that any of the common people were found so ready to help them.

FRENCH POETRY.

and yet there always have been, and there are now, even among the poorer classes, many low fellows of the baser sort, who take delight in scenes of cruelty and crime. They were just such people as these who shouted after the Son of God, "Away with him! Crucify him! Crucify him!"

Let us be thankful that the papists dare not do such things in our day; for if they did, all men would cry shame on them, and the arm of the nations would be lifted up to stop them.

Spain is now about the only country where the papists still indulge their persecuting spirit. They dare not put the people to death for reading the Bible, but they are at this time sending them to prison for many years.

FRENCH POETRY.

EVENING PRAYER.

MY daughter, go and pray! See night is come:
One golden planet pierces through the gloom;
Trembles the misty outline of the hill.
Listen! the distant wheels in darkness glide—
All else is hushed; the tree by the roadside
Shakes in the wind its dust-strewn branches still.

It is the hour when babes with angels speak.
While we are rushing to our pleasures weak
And sinful, all young children, with bent knees,

FRENCH POETRY.

Eyes raised to Heaven, and small hands folded fair,
Say at the self-same hour the self-same prayer
On our behalf, to Him who all things sees.

And then they sleep. Oh peaceful cradle-sleep !
Oh childhood's hallowed prayer ! religion deep
Of love, not fear, in happiness exprest !
So the young bird, when done its twilight lay
Of praise, folds peacefully at shut of day
Its head beneath its wing, and sinks to rest.

VICTOR HUGO

THE ANGEL AND CHILD.

AN angel form, with a brow of light,
Watched o'er a sleeping infant's dream,
And gazed as though his visage bright
He there beheld as in a stream.

"Fair child, whose face is like to mine,
Oh, come," he said, "and fly with me ;
Come forth to happiness divine,
For earth is all unworthy thee.

Here perfect bliss thou canst not know ;
The soul amidst its pleasures sighs ;
All sounds of joy are full of wo ;
Enjoyments are but miseries.

Fear stalks amidst the gorgeous shows ;
And, though serene the day may rise,
It lasts not brilliant to its close,
And tempests sleep in calmest skies.

FRENCH POETRY.

Alas ! shall sorrow, doubts, and fears,
Deform a brow so fair as this ?
And shall the bitterness of tears
Dim those blue eyes that speak of bliss ?"

* * * *

The angel shook his snowy wings,
And through the fields of ether sped,
Where heaven's eternal music rings—
Mother, alas ! thy son is dead !

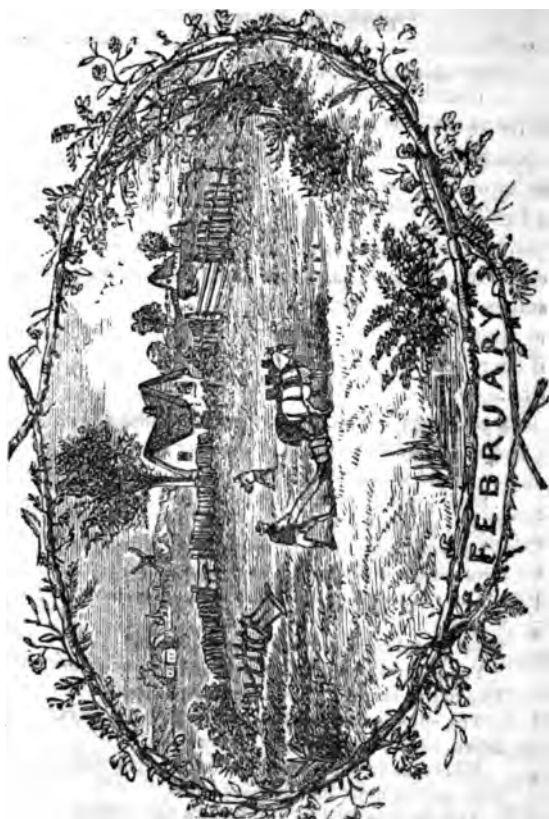
JEAN REBOUL.

THE SHEPHERD'S BOY.

YOU said, "Come up to Paris, shepherd boy ;
Obey the impulse of a nobler lot ;
Balls, gold, the theatre, with novel joy,
Shall make thy rural scenes be soon forgot."
Well, I am here ; but oh, my heart is pain !
Beneath these ardent fires my spring decays :
Give me my quiet hamlet back again,
And the free hills of childhood's happy days.

What joyful tidings greet the exile's ears !
You say, "Depart, with morning's earliest hours ;
Thy native breezes shall dry up thy tears,
Thy suns again shall fill thy heart with flowers."
Adieu, broad, brilliant city of the Seine !
Where, as in chains, the pining stranger stays :
Give me my quiet hamlet back again,
And the free hills of childhood's happy days.

BERANGER.



FEBRUARY FILL-DYKE.

FEBRUARY FILL-DYKE.

THIS is the shortest month of the year, and we always feel glad that it is. Some think November is the most unpleasant, with its shortening days and damp fogs; but I always think February, with its cold rains and wet grounds, much more unfavourable to health and comfort. December and January, with their frosts and snows, we prefer to either of them.

The first days of February are much like January. But if there has been a heavy fall of snow it will mostly begin to melt away at the end of February, for the sun then is getting more power. If there has not been much snow, there often is much rain; and so either the melted snow or the heavy rain fills the ditches and ponds with water, and the brooks running into the rivers cause them to overflow and cover the valleys with water; and this was why old English farmers called this month February Fill-dyke.

If it should be open weather late in January or early in February, many flowers, such as snowdrops and crocuses, will begin to peep up and show their white or yellow faces; and some of the birds, such as thrushes and blackbirds, will sing us a song or two. If you were to watch them you would notice, too, how the creatures that live underground begin to be busy—the moles in turning up the soil, and the worms in pulling down dead

THE SLAVE-WAR IN AMERICA.

leaves and twigs. But I will tell you more about what they do another time.

February is an awkward month for farmers. If it should be very wet they can do but little in the field but if it is not, then they will try to begin to plough, they will dig out the ditches and cut down the hedge. But they can seldom do much out of door work in February.

And so it is with our months and seasons as with many other things in this world. If at any time we meet with anything unpleasant, the better way is to endure it for the time with patience, remembering that it will not be for long, and brighter days will come.

—————"the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."

—————

THE SLAVE-WAR IN AMERICA.

SLAVERY is the greatest curse that ever man inflicted on his fellow-man. Wesley said it was "the sun of all villainies;" and Canning called it "the curse of the world." It is twice cursed, it curses the enslaver as well as the enslaved.

One hundred years ago many men made a trade of going to Africa, where they stole black men, women, and children, and then sold them. This was called the slave trade. But some good men in England never rest

THE SLAVE-WAR IN AMERICA.

It was put down. After this—about twenty-five years ago—800,000 slaves were in our West India Islands, England paid twenty millions of money to set them free. Now the Queen has not one slave in all her dominions.

But in America there are about four millions of slaves, whom and their sufferings from cruel men you have perhaps read in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Many good people wished them to be free, but their masters would not let them; nay, they wanted to have more slaves. They sold them their own property, and they bred them, and whipped them, and sold them, or killed them, just as they pleased.

When these wicked men found that the friends of the slaves were not willing that they should be treated in this cruel way any longer, they then began to fight against them, and have been fighting for nearly two years. Before the war began many good men wondered how the slaves were to obtain their liberty. One of the best poets in America wrote these verses.

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

Loud he sang the psalm of David,
He a negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,

THE SLAVE-WAR IN AMERICA.

In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear—

Songs of triumph and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion,
Filled my soul with strange emotion ;
For its tones by turns were glad—
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen ;
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon gates at night.

But alas ! what holy angel
Brings the slave the glad evangel ?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Brake his dungeon gates at night ?

Yes : many good men, both in England and America wondered how so many millions of people could be so free. But the poor slaves themselves never lost all hope. They had heard of God sending Moses to deliver the children of Israel from Egypt, and they believed, as *they* knew *their* sorrows, he would deliver *them* ; and they made rough songs of their own, and sung them at midnight to their own wild tunes. Here is one of them.

THE SLAVE-WAR IN AMERICA.

"Oh, go down, Moses,
Way down into Egypt's land!
Tell King Pharaoh
To let my people go!
Stand away dere,
Stand away dere,
And let my people go!

Oh, Pharaoh said he would go 'cross!
Let my people go!
Oh, Pharaoh and his hosts were lost!
Let my people go!
You may hinder me here,
But ye can't up dere!
Let my people go!

Oh, Moses, stretch your hand across!
Let my people go!
And dont get lost in de wilderness!
Let my people go!
He sits in de heavens
And answer prayers!
Let my people go!"

and yet no Moses came to set them free. About three
ago, a good but foolish white man made an attempt,
the slavery men caught him and hanged him. But
others could not do, these bad men did themselves.
let them indulge their own bad passions, by begin-
the war, and now there is a prospect of deliverance.
asands have already been set free, thousands more
run away from their bad masters, and a proclama-

THE SLAVE-WAR IN AMERICA.

tion has been made that from the first day of Jan 1863, all the slaves of those bad masters shall be free.

But the war is yet going on, and many more, we expect will lose their lives before it is ended. So you see one bad thing leads to another. War is bad, but slavery is worse. War must come to an end, but slavery would if bad men could have their way.

Now there is cause for hope that this terrible war will be the death of slavery. Many good men think so. Another American poet expresses his hope that the time is coming when every black man, woman, and child in America will be free.

UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

THEY hill-tops, New England, shall leap at the cry,
And the prairie and far-distant West shall reply ;
It shall roll o'er the land, till the farthest glen
Gives back the glad summons again and again.

Oppression shall hear in its temple of blood,
And read on its wall the hand-writing of God ;
Niagara's torrent shall thunder it forth,
It shall burn in the sentinel star of the North.

It shall blaze in the lightning, and speak in the thunder
Till Slavery's Fetters are riven asunder,
And Freedom her rights has triumphantly won,
And our country her garments of beauty put on.

The forests shall hear it and lift up their voice,
And bid the green prairies and valleys rejoice ;
And the Father of Waters join Mexico's sea
In the anthem of Nature for millions set free.

J. G.

VISIT TO A HINDOO CHRISTIAN VILLAGE.



VISIT TO A HINDOO CHRISTIAN VILLAGE.

ONE of the first things which the missionaries in India find it needful to do, after having preached the gospel to the people, is to separate their converts from the **athen idolaters**, by securing a tract of land on which to

VISIT TO A HINDOO CHRISTIAN VILLAGE.

build a village and lay out allotments of it for the cultivate. There are many such villages of christian families in the province of Orissa, where places of worship and schools are also erected, where the converts and children are free from the influence of the bad habits and customs of the people, and where they can worship undisturbed. The Rev. T. Bailey, a young English missionary, thus describes his first visit to one of these villages, in company with the Rev. J. O. Goadby.

“ We left Berhampore early in the morning. As we had proceeded about five miles on the way my attention was arrested by a neat white building in the distance, occupying a commanding position on a high hill. This, Mr. Goadby informed me, was the new village chapel. I looked on it with feelings of peculiar interest. During the time I had been in this country I had seen many hundreds of temples; on some of them an incredible labour had been expended, and not a trace of artistic skill; but none to me seemed half so beautiful as the modest structure I now beheld; I uttered, almost unconsciously, the words of the Psalmist, ‘ How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts !’ ”

But apart from the delightful associations connected with it, the building itself is not devoid of beauty. It is oblong in shape; the entrance is at one end, and is flanked by a portico; this portico is supported by

VISIT TO A HINDOO CHRISTIAN VILLAGE.

lofty columns, and is approached by a fine flight of steps as wide as the building itself; and the whole is neatly white-washed, so that it may almost make a claim to even classic beauty.

The village is pleasantly situated at the foot of the rock on which the chapel is built, in a small but fertile valley. The whole of this valley belongs to the mission, and is occupied by the native christians. It is about three hundred acres in extent, and is greatly enhanced in value by its nearness to the surrounding hills; this always secures a good supply of water, which, in India, is a most important consideration.

On arriving at the village we were welcomed by nearly the whole of the community. It was gratifying to see the freedom with which my brethren conversed with the people. But of this privilege I was denied; all I could do was to join my hands, and, with a slight movement of the head, give my '*nomoskar*,' or christian salutation; this was returned with every mark of affection. I found some of the people to be rescued Meriahs, others from the Orphan Asylums, and others the sons and daughters of the native christians—they are nearly all young, and were all looking well and happy. I have been frequently struck with the difference made by christianity even in the personal appearance of its converts, more especially in the expression of countenance. Here we meet a good degree of frankness and placidity, which contrasts

VISIT TO A HINDOO CHRISTIAN VILLAGE.

strongly with the low cunning and duplicity which expressed in almost every heathen face.

We afterwards went over their small farms, and were much gratified by the signs of industry generally apparent, though, owing to the time of the year, but crops were growing. I was happy, however, to learn that the floods, which had damaged, and in many places completely destroyed the crops in Bengal, had done no mischief here; there has been quite an average yield.

Some of the land has still to be brought into cultivation, and the object of our visit was to attend to this; it is a work of some difficulty and expense to clear jungle away, and reduce the land to a proper state for the reception of the seed.

As we walked out in the early morning and in the evening to ascertain the boundaries of our possession, we had sometimes to make our way through paths of rough jungle, adorned, however, with many beautiful flowers and many strange plants—here the Gutta Percha plant grows wild, and is found in great abundance. We sometimes threaded our way between rugged rocks, or availed ourselves of the beds of dried-up watercourses, or walked along the narrow ridges which divide the fields of rice. During these walks I was much struck with the romantic situation of the village. The valley in which it is placed is surrounded on every side save one by low and rugged hills, evidently thrown up by volcanic action.

VISIT TO A HINDOO CHRISTIAN VILLAGE.

—huge masses of loose rock are piled upon each other in the wildest confusion—many of them appear as though the merest touch would send them rolling into the valley beneath. The fissures and cavities thus formed are the natural resort of numerous kinds of wild animals. Bears, serpents, and monkeys abound—we saw traces where the wild boar had been digging for roots—a hyæna came prowling about our bungalow at night—and in one of our morning walks we were startled by seeing a young leopard, which lay basking in the sun upon a rock just above our heads. It was a beautiful creature, with black spots and stripes on a ground of light brown. It gazed upon us listlessly for a time, then quietly rose, and with singular gracefulness made its way up a fissure to a higher part of the rock, where two enormous vultures had already perched themselves, lazily contemplating the whole scene.

Only a short time ago the whole valley was one mass of jungle; the rock on which the chapel stands afforded shelter to a band of robbers, who there safely divided the spoils they had made. How delightful it is to look forward with the eye of faith to the time (which may be distant, but shall certainly come) when the change which has been effected here shall be extended throughout the whole of this idolatrous land! for it is written, ‘The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It

PICKING UP SOUL-JEWELS.

shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.' ”

PICKING UP SOUL-JEWELS.

“**S**OUL-JEWELS, what are they?” perhaps you are ready to ask. Dont you know? Have you never noticed what **HE**, who knew its worth, said about one man’s soul—that it would be no profit to him if he gained the world and lost it. So one soul is a precious jewel. A very large diamond may be worth a million of money, but *your* soul would be worth more than one as large as an Alpine mountain. Every rough looking and rude lad who runs about the streets or lanes on a sabbath day, though he may not know it, or care to know, carries about with him, under his dirt and rags, a jewel worth more than all the crowns of all the monarchs of the earth.

We tell you this before we tell you a tale about a teacher in America. A young friend, who lately came back to England from that country, has told us the facts which we now tell you.

One fine sabbath morning, when on his way to the Sunday school, he saw by the roadside, sitting on the

PICKING UP SOUL-JEWELS.

grass, a rough lad whom he knew very well as a careless fellow, who was fond of spending the sabbath in mischief or fun. "Ah!" thought he, "here is a jewel. I must pick it up if I can." The lad's name was John Hunter, but other lads had nicknamed him "Bub."

Coming close up to where the lad was, he found him busy tying a string round the leg of an unlucky toad, that he might drag it away with him to the village, where he and his companions would set it on a big stone, and then pelt it to death.

"Bub, what are you after doing with the poor toad? It has done you no harm. Why can't you let it alone? I didn't think you were a cruel fellow, Bub."

"No, I'm not; but I don't like toads. They are such nasty things. They're poisonous."

"Are they? Well, then, you had better not touch it. But, Bub, I want you to go with me."

Looking up at the teacher, he said, "With you: why where are you going?"

"O, come and see; I'm sure you will be pleased."

The teacher looked so earnest and good-natured that Bub untied the string, pushed the toad back into the ditch, and went with him; the teacher talking to him kindly all the way until they entered the school. The children were all surprised to see Bub come in with the teacher, who put his new scholar on a seat near to where he stood. They then, as usual, sung and prayed, and

PICKING UP SOUL-JEWELS.

soon began to read. This was all new to Bub, but liked it.

"You will come again in the afternoon, my lad."

"Well: I think I shall."

"Bring your companions, Peter and James, with yo

"Oh, I dont think they'll come. They are m
likely to make fun of me for coming."

"Never mind: try."

Peter and James had been looking for him all morning, and when they saw him come out of the s
bath school they did begin to make fun of him; but Jo
took it very quietly, and at last, having told them
about it, he persuaded them both to go with him in
afternoon, and they did, and all three became regular
good scholars. The teacher tried to pick up one jew
and he picked up three.

But the best is yet to come. After some time they
three became teachers, and after that James beca
Superintendent, Peter was made Librarian, and Jo
began to preach the gospel.

Years passed; and what are they now? John Hun
is a regular minister of a christian congregation; Pe
Bird obtained a degree as doctor of medicine, and i
successful physician; and James Jones is a wealt
merchant.

Such are the facts which our young friend has sent
and we see no reason for doubting their truth. For dur

PICKING UP SOUL-JEWELS.

fifty years we have known many such cases of effects of bringing young people under the influence of sabbath school instruction. A great proportion of the whole number of ministers of the gospel in our country come from our sabbath schools, as well as many of our most eminent missionaries. And this need not be a wonder, for it is only in the natural order of things that those who, from sabbath to sabbath, are engaged in reading the Holy Scriptures, should find in them that knowledge of the only true God and Jesus whom he has sent, which not only fills their hearts with peace and happiness, but also induces them to do all they can to make known the way of life to others.

Dear young readers! Cannot you try to pick up a few of these precious soul-jewels? Do you not know a boy or girl whom you could persuade to go with you to the sabbath school? Think how pleasant it would be to find them in and see them reading in the book of the love of Jesus and all the kind things he said.

And O, what joy if you both should meet at heaven, and talk there of the grace and love of God who led you both to that happy place! How would you both sing in sweeter and louder songs, "Salvation and the Lamb!"

GIVE AS YOU WOULD TAK.

GIVE AS YOU WOULD TAK.

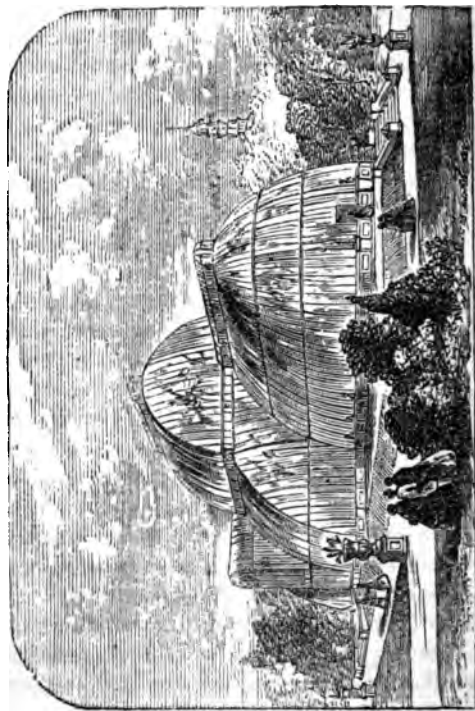
A SCOTCH MOTHER'S ADVICE TO HER BAIRNS.

MY bairnies dear, when you go out
With other bairns to play,
Take heed of everything you do,
Of every word you say;
From tricky, wee mischievous loons,
Keep back, my bairns, keep back;
And aye to all such usage give
As you would like to tak.

To twist the mouth and call ill names
Is surely very bad;
Then all such doings still avoid—
They'd make your mother sad.
To shield the weakly from the strong
Be neither slow nor slack,
And aye to all such usage give
As you would like to tak.

A kindly word, a soothing look,
Have ready aye for all;
We are one Maker's handiwork—
He made us, great and small.
We're all the children of his care;
He never lets us lack;
Be sure such usage then to give
As you would like to tak.





THE GREAT CONSERVATORY, KEW GARDENS.

VISIT TO KEW GARDENS.

VISIT TO KEW GARDENS.

WHEN in London in the summer of 1862, after spending two whole days in seeing as many of the wonders of the Great Exhibition as we could, and then not seeing all, we were tired of the task, as we believe many more were; and for a change, as well as from a desire to breathe fresh air again, having heard a great deal about the beauties of Kew Gardens, which we had never seen, we got into an omnibus at Kensington Gates, and rode down to Kew Bridge. But we were disappointed; for when we got out of the 'bus, down came a heavy shower; we waited for an hour, when finding it was likely to rain all day, as it did, we thought it would spoil our walk; so we got into the train, crossed the river, and went on to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, where, under cover of its mighty glass roof, we saw all we could inside, but the rain prevented us from walking in its lovely gardens.

Two days afterwards the weather was more favourable, so this time we went up the river in a steamer, and were delighted with the scenery all along the banks. Getting out at Kew bridge we went at once to the Gardens.

But I should tell you that Kew is a small but very pleasant village about seven miles from London, and near to the banks of the Thames. First we came to a spacious open green with neat cottages and handsome houses

VISIT TO KEW GARDENS.

around it, at one end of which are the great iron gates, which stood wide open to admit, without charge, all who desired to go into the park and gardens.

The mansion in the park, for it is not large or splendid enough to be called a palace, was formerly a royal residence. King George III. was fond of the place, and his Queen and the royal children were often here for the good of their health, for the park is very extensive and the gardens beautiful. We can scarcely think of a more delightful retreat for a large family of children ; for here they could walk, or run, or play as they pleased, or get on their ponies and canter for miles in the fresh air without going out of the park.

The Gardens are chiefly remarkable for their conservatories, which are built of iron and glass, with high domes. The largest of these is that represented in the picture. Inside there are pavements along which you may walk to see all the curious foreign plants, and shrubs, and trees that it contains ; and a staircase up which you may go, and look down upon them all below. Some of the trees grow up as high as to reach the top of the highest dome.

Beside this large conservatory, there are many more smaller ones in various parts of the gardens, all of them full of these natural curiosities, which, having been brought from hot countries, are here kept under glass roofs ; and each place is kept as hot as the climate of the country from which the plants and flowers have been

VISIT TO KEW GARDENS.

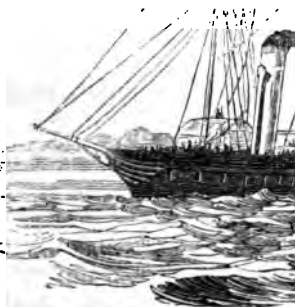
. In some of these places the air was so hot, could only stay in them a few minutes. We ther large conservatory in the course of erection.

there are fountains and pools of water, which he beauty of the scenery. Near one large round a handsome house, every room in which is now l as a museum of natural curiosities, remarkable for its polished specimens of the grain of every wood that could be found in any part of the

In the pool before the house were many curious owl; the plumage of the ducks was very beautiful when the sun shone full on their gay coats of colours, we could not but admire them. No we thought, could give their brilliant hues.

then there are walks and seats, and grottoes and houses, and shady bowers, and little hills, and green grass; so you may be sure that this is a place for fathers and mothers to bring their children that they may enjoy a happy holiday, far away e dust and smoke of noisy London.

taking a nice cup of tea in one of the cottages on n, we walked down to the bridge, got on board mer, and were soon safely landed at Cadogan ar Chelsea, within a ten minutes' walk of our ; and very much pleased we were with our Kew Gardens.



OUR FIRST RIDE O

†T was in the year 1815, and
† the battle of Waterloo, wh
twenty-first year, that he had b
Many things cause him to reme
A beloved elder brother was

OUR FIRST RIDE ON A STEAMER.

from Gainsbro' one fine morning as soon as the
l turned. Our party consisted of the captain,
at the rudder to guide the boat, two sailor boys
ier, my brother, a companion of his, and myself.
e glided down the noble river—

That like some mighty earth-born giant spreads
His thirsty arms along the indented meads,"

numerous villages that stud each side of its
our talk was of Buonaparte, that wonderful man,
l, a few weeks before, escaped from Elba, and
v again in Paris, getting ready to fight more

Only a few days before a regiment of cavalry
o Retford one evening, on its way to Harwich
end, to form part of Wellington's army in Bel-
Well do I remember getting up at five o'clock
orning to see them start from the fine market-
f that town, and how the women who stood by,
ey saw them set off, said, "Good bye, poor fel-
many of you will never see old England again!"
it was; many of them never did.

aptain did not very well like the voyage he was
n the sea from the Humber to the Nore; for a
s before several Gainsbro' vessels had been cap-
y French privateers. And on this account we
cerned about our brother going. But the cap-
ught the French had not had time to send out
ps of war, while there were plenty of English

OUR FIRST RIDE ON A STEAMER.

ships of war in the Channel to take care of merchant vessels. And so it turned out. The brig arrived at the Nore in safety; our brother was put on shore at Sheerness, where his uncle met him, and taking him up the hill to Minster, to the Abbey Farm, he there remained until the great disturber of Europe was on his way to his prison on the rock of St. Helena. He, dear lad, only lived about two more years, but he died praising Jesus.

Now I must turn back again. When we arrived at Burton Stather in the boat, the brig soon weighed anchor, and dropped down into the wide Humber. I and my companion were left on the jetty. We had come down in the boat, but how were we to get back again. This we had not forgotten to arrange. We knew that one of those wonderful new vessels called steam packets had a few days before began to run between Hull and Gainsbro', and that she would come past the jetty in the afternoon.

But what were we to do until she came? Why there were Burton woods close by, in the high trees of which were thousands of rooks' nests; and had not sailor lads often told us how they had climbed the trees, and wrung the necks of scores of young rooks, which, throwing down, they had gathered up, and carried on board the ship to make crow-pies of them, or had sold them when they got up to Gainsbro'? Could not we get some? We went; but we soon found that if sailor lads could

OUR FIRST RIDE ON A STEAMER.

to such a dizzy height, we could not; so we ned to the jetty to wait for the steam-ship.

out the time when she was expected we were told as coming. We looked down the river, and saw in instance, about the place called the Trent-falls—s, the point where the Trent rolls into the Humber a cloud of smoke. It rose from the funnel of the "Caledonia," for that was the name of the vessel, and had been brought from Scotland. On she came, nearer and nearer, until almost up to the jetty. "Easy," cried the captain. We were in the ferry-boat now. They threw us a rope from the steamer, and pulled us alongside. We leaped on board. "Go on," ordered the captain, and away we went. In little more than two hours, though we had many such stoppages, we landed at the old town, whose inhabitants, ages ago, saw the Danes come up that river on their buccannery expeditions.

This steamer effected a great change in the navigation of the Trent and the Humber. Others followed in its wake, and soon compelled the old sailing packets to give up. And it was time. Only six years before I went down the river in a sailing packet, and we were from five o'clock one morning until eleven o'clock next morning performing the voyage of forty miles from Gainsborough to Hull. But the old "Caledonia" soon got out of

Indeed she was a rough-looking craft, more like

OUR FIRST RIDE ON A STEAMER.

a steam tug than a packet. Handsome steam vessels at now run by a steam packet company, of which my companion on my first voyage has been for many years proprietor and chief manager.

I tell this tale of former years that my young readers may be thankful for the advantages they enjoy in and many other ways beyond what their grandfathers possessed. To travel to a distance, whether by land or water, fifty years ago, cost much time, money, and labour. Since then many other wonderful improvements have been made, and it is hoped that more will be; for all these things, if well and wisely used by the rising generation, will help to promote the benefit of the human race, and hasten the coming of that time when all men will live as brethren, when war and slavery will be brought to an everlasting end, and God's will be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

Let my young readers think of these things. When I had my first ride, these vessels were small and only ventured to creep round our shores, or run up our rivers; now they are large and powerful, running with amazing speed over every ocean, and carrying passengers and mail-bags to our very antipodes. How wonderful!

And how good! For thus are greater facilities afforded for missionaries to visit all parts of the earth. So bringing to pass those words of ancient prophecy—"Man shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

THE HOUSE-FLY.

THE HOUSE-FLY.

THESE are very curious little creatures. You have been used to see them as long as you can remember, and yet perhaps you have not heard what a wonderful thing one little fly is. Placed under a powerful microscope it there presents a very different appearance. If a creature as big as a horse were made in the same way as a fly, it would look terrible, with its great eyes and broad wings; and if there were as many such creatures as there are flies we could not live for them. A book might be written about one fly to tell us all about it. You have noticed one thing it can do. You have seen it walk up the smooth glass of a window pane, and with its feet downwards on the ceiling of a room. This is because the bottom of each foot is like a round ball, that presses out the air and makes it hold fast. It is well that the fly is so small, or it might do a deal of mischief. Now it only teases us a bit sometimes: But it is a silly little thing; for it will get into the cream-jug, or fly round the candle, or go too near a spider's web, at the risk of its life. And yet it knows no better, and we cannot tell it that it is in danger. So don't you be more to blame than the fly, for you can be told, and you are told what will do you harm. Here are two pieces of poetry about silly little flies. You will easily see what they are intended to teach.

THE FLY AND THE CANDLE.

THE FLY AND THE CANDLE.

PRIITHEE, little buzzing fly,
Eddying round my taper, why
Is it that its quivering light
Dazzling captivates thy sight ?
Bright my candle is, 'tis true ;
Trust me, 'tis too bright for you.
'Tis a flame, fond thing, beware—
'Tis a flame you cannot bear.

Touch it, and 'tis instant fate ;
Take my counsel ere too late :
Buzz no longer round and round—
Settle on the wall or ground :
Sleep till morning : with the day
Rise, and use your wings you may :
Use them then of danger clear.
Wait till morning ; do, my dear.

Lo ! my counsel nought avails ;
Round, and round, and round it sails—
Sails with idle unconcern :
Priithee, trifier, canst thou burn ?
Madly heedless as thou art,
Know thy danger, and depart.
Why persist ? I plead in vain :
Sing'd it falls, and writhes in pain.

Is not this a tale of truth ?
Is it not like many a youth ?
Like the fly, he rashly tries
Pleasure's burning glare, and dies.

THE FLY AND THE SPIDER.

Vain the friendly caution ; still
He rebels, alas ! and will.
What I sing let youth apply :
Flies are weak, and youth's a fly.

THE FLY AND THE SPIDER.

“ WILL you walk into my parlour ?”
Said the spider to the fly,
’Tis the prettiest little parlour
That ever you did spy ;
The way into my parlour
Is up a winding stair,
And I’ve got many curious things
To show when you are there.”
“ Oh no, no,” said the little fly,
“ To ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair,
Can ne’er come down again.”
“ I’m sure you must be weary, dear,
With soaring up so high ;
Will you rest upon my little bed ?”
Said the spider to the fly :
“ There are pretty curtains drawn around ;
The sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest a while,
I’ll snugly tuck you in !”
“ Oh no, no,” said the little fly,
“ For I’ve often heard it said,
They never, never wake again,
Who sleep upon your bed !”

THE FLY AND THE SPIDER

Said the cunning spider to the fly,

"Dear friend, what can I do

To prove the warm affection

I've always felt for you?

I have within my pantry

Good store of all that's nice;

I'm sure you're very welcome—

Will you please to take a slice?"

"Oh no, no," said the little fly,

"Kind sir, that cannot be,

I've heard what's in your pantry,

And I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider,

"You're witty and you're wise;

How handsome are your gauzy wings!

How brilliant are your eyes!

I have a little looking-glass

Upon my parlour shelf;

If you'll step in one moment, dear

You shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said

"For what you're pleased to say

And bidding you good-morning no

I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about

And went into his den,

For well he knew the silly fly

Would soon come back again;

So he wove a subtle web,

In a little corner sly,

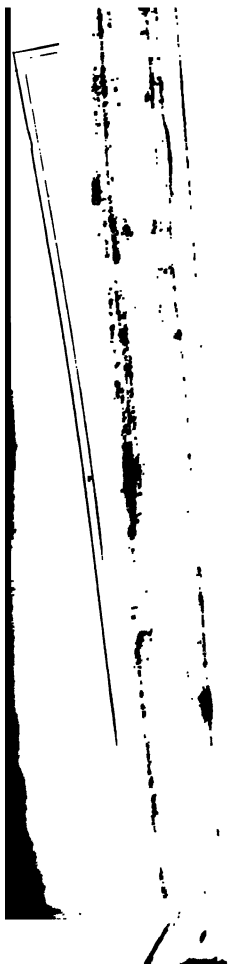
And set his table ready

To dine upon the fly.

THE FLY AND THE SPIDER.

Then he came to his door again,
And merrily did sing,
"Come hither, pretty little fly,
With the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple—
There's a-crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
But mine are dull as lead."

Alas! alas! how very soon
This silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
Came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
Then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes,
And her green and purple hue—
Thinking only of her crested head—
Poor foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning spider,
And fiercely held her fast.
He dragged her up his winding stair,
Into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour—
But she ne'er came out again!
And now, you dear young children,
Who may this story read,
To idle, aly, and flattering words,
I pray you ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counsellor,
Close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale,
Of the spider and the fly.



BLUSTERING MARCH.

BLUSTERING MARCH.

ES: for say what you will, March is mostly a cold, windy, rainy, and blustering month. The days are few, it is true, and the violets and primroses are coming, we should like to go and gather some of the first that show their appearance under the hedges and on the sides of the old green lanes, for the first are always the best; but in all the six and twenty days, leaving out the four Sundays, there seldom comes one when the weather is so mild and pleasant as to make the walk agreeable.

But our being hindered from going to seek wild flowers is a little thing compared with the hinderance the farmer meets with if it be a wet month; for he now wants to sow his spring corn, and if the ground be very wet he cannot do so. He would not mind how much it rained in January to fill all his ditches and ponds with water, but he would like to have fair and dry weather in March that he may sow his seeds and harrow them in; and so there is an old saying "that a peck of March dust is worth a March's ransom," and that was as great a price as they could think of in olden times when a king might be taken prisoner, and the people had to pay for his liberty.

In former times this month was very unfavourable for travelling. Now shut up in a railway carriage we do not feel the blustering wind and rain; but I remember when, being out of doors, outside of a coach, we had something to do to

BLUSTERING MARCH.

keep our seats. Those who could get inside wagon, seated on warm straw were snug and comfortable enough, but the driver had to face the rough and pelting rain as best he could. He had often endeavored to keep his hat on his head, or stand on his own feet. Slowly the poor horses toiled along, and right glad were the weary beasts and their tired driver when they arrived at their journey's end.

But rain or fair, wind or calm, the noisy rooks are all busy building their nests on the tops of the trees. One would think they could not do such things in such weather, or that the rough nests they put together would soon be blown away; but they take care to make them fast; and there they are, old birds, nests, eggs, all, rocking and swinging in the wind as safe as a child in its cradle. Miller, in his "Country Year Book,"

"There is something pleasing about a rookery in the windy tall elm trees on which the birds build their some ancient and picturesque hall, where you can get glimpses, between the openings of the trees, of the bay-windows, and clusters of tall twisted chimneys where the brown winding carriage-path runs in between the embowered avenue, while behind lie fields of soft velvet greensward, which go down to some sheet of clear water, on which the stately swans are sailing about like little silver ships, so small and insignificant do their forms appear, when seen from the remote

BLUSTERING MARCH.

2. In such a spot, with the grey old tower of the re-church heaving up behind the trees, a rookery is in keeping with the scenery. There generation generation of their dusky race have been swept. And as the long line of heirs who have succeeded other have had their births, their marriages, and their rals; have come in, and gone out from the doors of ancient hall; even so the rooks themselves have, through the openings of those tall old trees, which stand strong and high, and looking as unchanged as building itself, as if the same inhabitants still moved, dreamed, and lingered there, unaltered amid the ding quietude, which has slumbered over so many aries. They also pay visits to the old church, peep among the inhabitants of the neighbouring village, and forage and walk about every acre of the estate, to see that all was going on as it ought to do,—for ne ever disputed their claim to the proprietorship of soil, and they look out over the wide estate, as if were alone the sole owners. Nor will they allow strangers to build or settle down upon their ancient erty; for although they often quarrel among themselves, still, if any intruder dares to occupy a branch in their old boundary, the whole colony are soon upon us, and rush with dusky banners outspread, uttering hoarse war-cry, and sailing on with sharp-pointed s, they soon drive him from their territory."

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

ABOUT eighty years ago, two Moravian missionaries stationed in Labrador, at a place called Nain, went out on a journey in a sledge, over the ice, to one of the settlements situated further north.

They started early in the morning. The weather was all that could be wished to favour their journey. In those northern regions the air is clear and biting, to an extent never known in more temperate climates. The members of their party were each wrapped up warm and anticipated a pleasant drive. Their sledge was drawn by dogs, and driven by an Esquimaux Indian. Another sledge followed, in which were other natives who were friends of the missionaries, and among them a woman and her child.

The whole party were in high spirits. They had about a hundred and fifty miles to go, which they expected to accomplish in about two days, as most of the way was over the frozen sea, and the sledges ran with ease, and the dogs were fresh and in full vigour.

After they had journeyed some hours, and were at a considerable distance from the shore, upon the clear glistening ice that covered the ocean, they met a sledge containing some strange Esquimaux Indians. These natives were hastening for the land as rapidly as possible. They barely stopped a minute, and advised the missionaries

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

run at once to the shore. They gave no reasons for their advice, and as the missionaries could see no chance for returning, it was not heeded by them. The weather was fair; hardly a cloud was seen in the sky. The frozen ocean, as far as the eye could reach, was as smooth as though the treacherous waves beneath were dead for ever. Not many minutes passed, however, when their driver thought he perceived what is called a swell, under the ice. He jumped from his sled, and lying down, he placed his ear upon the frozen surface. He then distinctly heard a hollow grating and grinding noise, that seemed as if ascending from the ice beneath.

The travellers now quickened the pace of their dogs. The motion of the sea under the ice was more perceptible.

The drivers now turned for the shore again, and urged the dogs to their utmost speed. The wind soon began to blow, and dark clouds seemed to rise up almost as if by magic from the horizon. The ice began to break: it split here and there in fissures and cracks one or two miles wide. These were rapidly crossed by the frightened travellers, and still they urged forward their dogs on a perilous way.

Now the warning signs increased. As the sun descended toward the west, the wind rose to a storm. It howled upon the rocks and mountainous ledges of the ice, and was violently driven up by occasional gusts, and

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

filled the atmosphere. The ground-swell increased so much, that the vast body of ice, upreared by a troubled ocean beneath, heaved fearfully in many places, and rose slowly like gathering waves. The sledges no longer moved swiftly and smoothly along, but could with difficulty be preserved from overturning. Loud noises, too, were heard in the distance, resembling the discharges of cannon, occasioned by the breaking up of the ice.

The Esquimaux eagerly strove to gain the shore; but it soon appeared evident that the ice would burst midway between them and the land. As they neared the coast, the prospect before them was truly terrific. The ice was grinding and breaking into a thousand pieces against the precipices with a tremendous noise, which, added to the raging of the wind, and the snow-storms driving about in the air, utterly prevented their hearing or seeing anything distinctly. It was with the utmost difficulty the terrified dogs could be urged onward, amid the rising and falling of the icy sea. The drivers paused a few seconds, in a sort of mute despair. Then, seizing the critical moment when the trembling mass dashed wildly to the level of the coast, they drove their sledges furiously along it, and succeeded in their hazardous attempt.

They had hardly time to look around them, when that part of the ice from which they had just made their escape burst asunder, and the water forced itself from

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

In an instant the whole frozen mass, in the ; imaginable ruin, broke loose. The vast surface as the eye could reach was crumbling, crushing, and tossing itself madly, amidst a clamour utterly ibable, and through which the braying of a thou-rumpets could no more be heard than the puny f a child.

missionaries were overwhelmed with amazement : marvellous escape, and even the poor Esquimaux ed their gratitude to God on account of their ance.

r first care was to build a snow house, about paces from the beach ; and very glad were they to into its shelter, thanking God for this place of from the stormy wind and cold, which were so as to deprive them almost of breath and vital i. Having sung a hymn, the whole party lay and composed themselves to rest. The natives l soon asleep ; but the missionary Liebisch could pose, owing in part to the dreadful roaring and of the elements without, and also to the severe rich he suffered from sore-throat. His wakeful-ved the whole party from death in another form. it two o'clock in the morning he perceived salt dropping from the snow-roof. He was just about the alarm, when a tremendous surf broke close to , and carried away the slab of snow placed before

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

the entrance. He instantly awoke the sleepers. One of the Esquimaux, with his knife, cut a passage through the side of the house, and each of the others, seizing a part of the baggage, rushed out. The poor woman, with her child, fled in terror to a neighbouring eminence, whither they all followed, and took shelter behind a rock; which they had scarcely done, when a second wave swept away the snow hut. Digging holes in the snow, they tried to find a partial covert; but during the remainder of the night they suffered much on account of the wind, sleet, and snow. As soon as the miserable hours of darkness were passed, they gazed around and saw not a vestige of ice remaining. All before them was open sea. As soon as possible the Esquimaux built a second hut, eight feet square, and six feet high; but now another terrible calamity pressed upon them. Famine, a fiercer enemy than cold, came on apace; their slender stock of provisions, though doled out in pittance, could not possibly last long, and there was no prospect of their being able soon to quit this dreary place and reach the home they had left.

Only two ways were left for escape: either to attempt the passage over the wild and unfrequented mountain—Kiglapict, or wait for the sea to freeze again; a biscuit and a half a day was the allowance for each. The poor natives were soon so sorely pinched with hunger, that they devoured an old sack made of fish-skins. While

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

At this strange meal, they kept singing in a chorus, "You were a sack a little while ago, and now you are food for us." Their spirits, too, began to sink; finally they found refuge from their miseries in that they possess the convenient faculty of being able to go to rest whenever they please, and can, if they wish, go to sleep for days and nights together. Meanwhile, the missionaries kept sad and anxious, looking forth wistfully from their snowy shelter over the waste around. The poor dogs had now fasted several days; and another source of disquiet was occasioned by the mildness of the air, which thawed the roof, so that the dogs were thoroughly soaked, and they had not a chance to sleep on. At length, after remaining six days in this miserable place, they resolved to return to Nain. There was no way to effect this but one, and the quimau driver ran forward as a kind of pioneer on the track. The brethren followed with their families. It was a weary fearful journey. They made a good use of the remainder of their provisions, and by the care and skill arrived at length at Nain, to the joy of the whole settlement, and especially of the Indian families, who had been reduced almost to despair of ever beholding them again. This is but one of the numerous perils and escapes of which the Moravian missionaries boast in the simple annals of their christian mission in Labrador.

A VERY OLD MAN.



A VERY OLD MAN.

WHEN you look at the pale and wrinkled very old man like that of him in this picture can hardly fancy that he was once a chubby and ruddy boy, running his bowl, playing at marbles, or flying his kite, like one of you. But he was. And you may think you shall never have such a thin face and such grey hair as he has, even if you should live to be as old as he. But you will.

Young people all wish to be getting older. They would like to be men and women, and many of them are sure that they shall be. They see nothing before them but long life and sunshiny days. Dear young c

A VERY OLD MAN.

is well for them they do not know yet the troubles and disappointments they may meet with, and I do not wish to make my young friends uneasy about them before they come.

They will, however, be wise if they do not expect too much. It is well to have plenty of resolution and hope, and they will have need of both. But they should not, say again, expect too much; for if they do, and what they expected does not come, but instead of it something painful that they did not expect, then their disappointment will be more severe. The best way is to thank God for good things as they come, and trust him to give more as we need them.

For many young people fade and drop into the grave, like a lovely rose before it is full blown. Others grow up to be men or women, and then die, leaving their little children without a father or a mother. Only a few live to be seventy, and an old man of one hundred years is a curiosity. I saw one a few weeks ago who was born in 1762, five years before my father, and I am nearly eighty. He was walking in the street, quite erect, and in an active step; dressed in rather an old-fashioned but smart and neat, like a gentleman. A friend of mine who has talked with him, told me that he had an excellent memory. What tales such an old gentleman as he could tell us about old England and what the people did did when he was a boy. But ask him where all

A VERY OLD MAN.

his old playfellows are, and you might expect a trembling tongue could give but one answer—Ask him again what he thinks of his own long life, very likely he would call it—"a dream!"

And yet, long life is a promised blessing for them that fear him, and keep his commandments. You ask what is the command which if young men obey he rewards with the promise of long life, I will give it to you. It is this. I hope you know it. "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land." This shows how pleased God is with those who obey their parents, for there is hope in them that they will obey their heavenly Father too.

By this you may see that obedience is the way to happiness, just as disobedience is the way to misery. Disobedience ruined the world. Obedience saves. "For as by one man's disobedience many sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous."

If, then, my dear young friends, you wish to have a long and happy life, listen and obey the word of God. The word alone can uphold your soul in life. "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom of heaven: for ye have obeyed my commandments. Hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord. What man is he that desireth life, and loveth his soul, that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from speaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace and pursue it. The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and he will hear their cry, and will deliver them from all their troubles. The Lord will preserve the souls of the righteous, he will deliver them from all unrighteousness, he will preserve their souls from death, and will deliver them from the power of death. The Lord will deliver them from all unrighteousness, he will preserve their souls from death, and will deliver them from the power of death. The Lord will deliver them from all unrighteousness, he will preserve their souls from death, and will deliver them from the power of death."

MY CHILD-ANGEL.

are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry. The face of the LORD is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth."

Living thus in the fear of God your heavenly Father, and setting your heart to love and serve the Lord Jesus Christ who died to save you from sin, you may confidently expect the fulfilment of that ancient promise in your own happy experience, "Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation."

MY CHILD-ANGEL.

HAVE had such sweet dreams of a lost one—a precious child; one who filled a large place in my heart. I loved her so tenderly, that in all my thoughts the dreamy future she formed a part. I had not thought she could die; but one day, in the spring-time, when everything in nature was so bright and beautiful, her heart seemed unfolding richer beauties, the messenger came and plucked this lovely flower, transplanted her in the celestial gardens. For as I was in great darkness. All the world seemed to

MY CHILD-ANGEL

wear the same gloom of the grave where we lie in treasure. I could not see the hand of a kind, Father, in sorrow like this. I could not feel that death had been taken gently away, and in mercy. It seemed to me death had come so ruthlessly, and had snatched her away from us stealthily, my heart refused to be comforted. Not long after I had a pleasant vision one night. I saw this child-angel in heaven, and she looked so radiant and beautiful. I could hardly look at her face, it was so full of light; and always by her side her little angel-brother, who so quickly followed her to the spirit-land. Just as she guarded and guided him here, she was loving and leading him there. His soul was refreshed by the sight! There was a bright light gleaming through the darkness in which I had been shrouded. Could I mourn as I had done? My heart was full of praise. For, as I looked, the angels were beckoning me to come to them. I heard a loud chorus of voices swelling in one grand chorus of praise, and as I listened to the sound died away, I thought I heard the words, "And God will wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Again, in another vision I saw the child-angel, and she looked more radiant and beautiful than before. She was dressed in a spotless robe of white, and her face was aglow with love and praise. The little angel-brother was by her side, and they, with all the countless

A BOY'S DREAM OF SEEING HEAVEN.

singing praise to God. Again there was a louder and I fancied I heard distinctly the little voice I often heard on earth, as she sang the words, him that loved us, and washed us from our sins own blood, and hath made us kings and priests and his Father ; to whom be glory and dominion and ever. Amen."

can we, who have lived through so many of life's , mourn the loss of little ones who are safely 'over the river,' freed from all the trials, temptations dangers of a wicked world, safe in Jesus' arms ? d be thanked for thus calling children early to hem in heaven.

"O dearest Lord ! and when shall we
Be brought with them in bliss to join ;
Thy lovely glorious face to see,
And sing thy mercies all divine !"

A BOY'S DREAM OF SEEING HEAVEN.

O I HAVE had a dream, mother,
I've been in a world of light,
Where sights that I had never seen
Burst on my raptured sight !

Methought an angel came, mother ;
He looked on me where I lay,
Then smiled upon me lovingly,
And bade me "come away."

A BOY'S DREAM OF SEEING HEAVEN.

Gently he held me up, mother—
For I lay upon his breast;
We reached the pearly gates that ope
On the regions of the blest!

Then wide the portals burst, mother,
And the angel bore me through;
But never can my lips describe
The scenes that met my view!

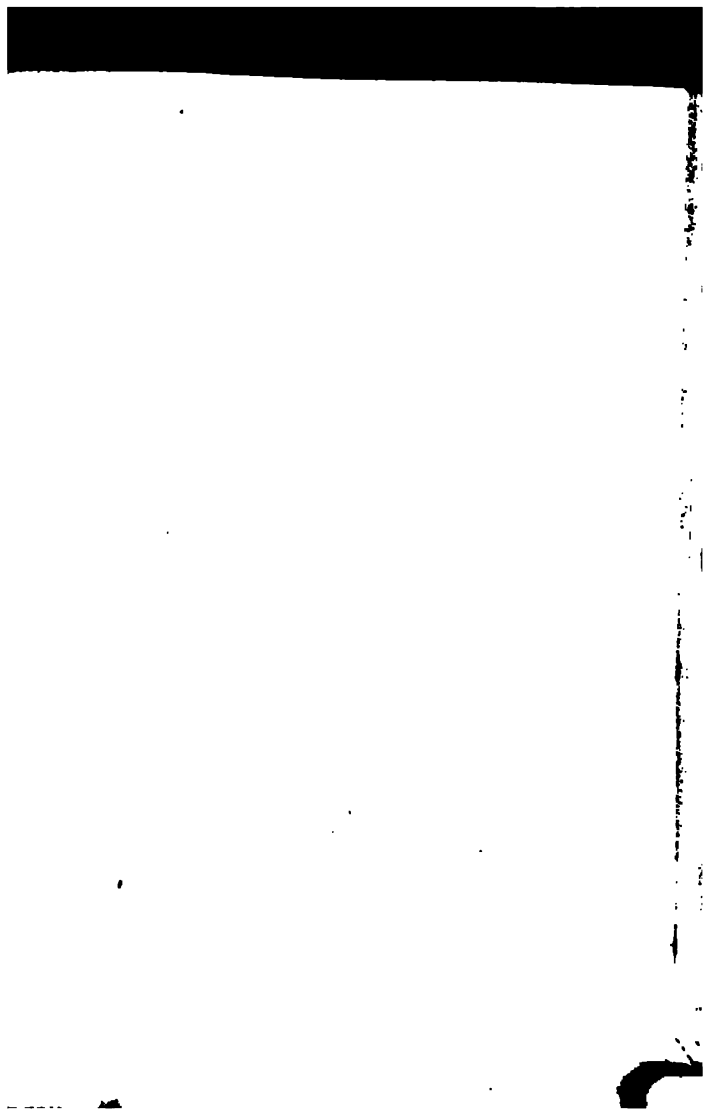
I saw the "great white throne," mother,
And "the Lamb as it had been slain,"
And the "four and twenty elders" bowed,
While they sung a rapturous strain!

And amongst the children's angels,
That stand before the throne,
Was sister May—she beckon'd me,
And said, in her angel tone:

"Tell darling mother not to weep,
But trust in Christ alone;
And he will bring you here to stand
With us around his throne."

I know 'tis but a dream, mother—
For it all has passed away;
And I am left a sinful boy—
But, mother, I will pray,

That for the sake of Jesus Christ
My sins may be forgiven,
That father too, and you and I
May go to May in heaven.





THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

THE COMING OF THE PRINCESS.

ALBERT EDWARD, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of our beloved Queen and Prince Albert, her late loved and lamented husband, was born Nov. 9, 1841, therefore was twenty-one on the same day in 1862. The laws of England do not allow any of the royal family to marry into an English family. This is done to prevent criticism or jealousy among the nobility. And they must not marry a Roman Catholic. This is done to prevent popery gaining influence or ascendancy near the throne. A wife for the Prince must, therefore, be chosen from some foreign Protestant family. Looking around among the Princesses of Europe for a young and accomplished lady, the Princess Alexandra, daughter of Prince Christian, brother of the King of Denmark, was selected as the most suitable. The Prince of Wales went to meet the Princess, and just as such an important step should be taken, they felt mutual esteem and love for each other. After this, the Princess and her father came to England on a visit to the Queen, who approved the choice of the Prince, and it was arranged that they should be married on March 10, 1863.

The young Princess left her father's palace at Copenhagen at three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 26th. Thousands of people thronged the streets to see her depart,

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

and poured their best wishes upon her. On the way to the railway station so many bouquets of flowers were presented to her that the carriage was nearly filled with them. At the station the President of the city, or as we should call him, Lord Mayor, addressed the Princess thus—"Your Royal Highness carries with you our affectionate love and sympathy, and you carry with you those virtues which will win you similar attachment and affection from the magnanimous people in whose midst you are about to find a home, and from the illustrious Prince to whom you are about to be united. May happiness attend you!"

This was what we should call "giving the young lady a good character from those who knew her best." The place at which the train stopped after crossing over the island of Zealand, was Korsor, a sea-port. Here vast crowds were gathered to welcome her: and at night there was a grand display of fireworks. In their address, proud of Denmark finding a bride for England, they said, "The Royal House of England is one of the most exalted in Europe, and the people of Great Britain, whose shouts of welcome, louder than ours, will soon greet your ears, are the greatest in the world, while Denmark is but a poor and small country; but we say it with pride, that we have been rich and great enough for the Son of England to come to us for a bride. Conscious of the pearl we give away, we send our greetings to our

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

red, the great English people, and to the Prince
en of your heart. May you be an ornament of the
ne of Great Britain, and a supporter of the liberties
e people. Long life to the Prince of Wales!"

is was all very good indeed. Entering a splendid
ner, they crossed the sea and arrived at Kiel, another
ort, where her uncle, the Duke of Glucksburg, was
ng to receive her; who, conducting her to his palace,
y young ladies strewed her pathway with flowers as
ntered.

om Kiel the royal party passed on by rails to the
of Altona and Hamburg, which were brilliantly
inated.

om Hamburg the royal party passed on through
over and Cologne to Brussels, and thence to the
try palace of the King of Belgium, our Queen's
, at Laken, where they were entertained until they
down to Antwerp to embark for England. At all
places the Princess was welcomed by crowds of
ving spectators. To Antwerp the Queen dispatched
own beautiful and fast-moving steamer, the "Victoria
Albert," to convey to her future home her adopted
hter, the Princess, with her father, mother, three
ers, two sisters, and their friends; and several
ships of war were also sent to form a convoy
g the voyage. The royal party embarked on Thurs-
March 4, and the squadron reached Margate Roads

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

at midnight, where the ships cast anchor. Next afternoon they moved on to the Nore, at the mouth of the river Thames, where they again cast anchor; so for two nights the Princess was rocked to sleep on the ever restless sea, an appropriate installation for the future Queen of our sea-girt isles.

We have heard that after the squadron cast anchor there was seen blazing out from the dark shore, as letters of fire, the single word—WELCOME. This was an ingenious device.

But another beautiful welcome had been prepared for Alfred Tennyson, her Majesty's Poet Laureate. Before giving it, I must remind you that the sovereigns of Denmark were once called "Vikings," or Kings of the Sea; and as you read in English history, they invaded and plundered our country. The Poet's welcome was sprightly and joyous as his well known "I'm to be Queen of the May, mother!" Here it is—

WELCOME TO THE PRINCESS.

SEA-KINGS' daughter from over the sea,
 Alexandra!
 Saxon, and Norman, and Dane, are we,
 But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
 Alexandra!
 Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
 Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossom under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, oh bird, in the new-budded bowers!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle; and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Welcome her, welcome the land's desire!
Alexandra!

Sea-kings' daughter, as happy as fair;
Blissful bride of a blissful heir;
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea,
A joy to the people and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us and make us your own;
For Saxon, or Dane, or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome to thee,
Alexandra!

Next morning there was great bustle and excitement Gravesend, where the Princess was expected to arrive twelve o'clock on Saturday morning. Grand preparations had been made to receive her, and the river, shore, and streets, were all crowded by hundreds of thousands of anxious spectators. At length the "Victoria and Albert," with its precious freight, reached the pier, amidst thunder of cannon, and louder cheering. The

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

Prince of Wales arrived by rails from London soon after and immediately went on board. The Princess came forward to the door of the saloon on the deck of the vessel, and as they met, the Prince, politely raising his hat with one hand, took her hand with the other and gave her a hearty English kiss; on seeing which the people renewed their cheers, and some shouted "Bravo! well done! that's right!" and it was right, for she had come to be his wife.

Arm in arm the Prince and Princess left the vessel and walked up the pier; a bevy of pretty young Gravesend girls, all in white, with baskets of the earliest flowers of spring, strewed handfuls along their path, and threw them over their heads. Entering a royal carriage they rode through the streets of Gravesend, adorned with flags and evergreens and crowded with people, to the railway station.

All along the railway line to London there were signs of rejoicing; even hay and corn stacks were adorned with flags; and at all the stations were crowds of people. They soon reached London. But now we must stop for as we want you to know all about the grand procession through London, and the marriage at Windsor the next Tuesday, we must tell you about them another time. Now we can only add, that at various public addresses were presented to the Prince and Princess. One of these was so very good, reminding the Prince

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

the nation expected from him, that we give some of it.

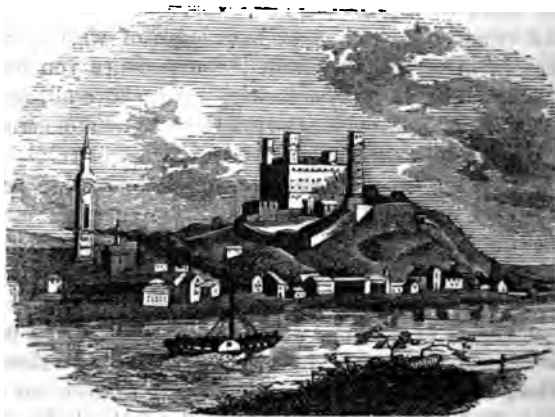
The Crown of England never shone more brightly since it has sat upon your Royal Mother's head. We have had in her a woman so truly a Queen that we learned more than ever to estimate Royalty by the merits that give it its real worth ; and we do not say too much when we express our belief that you, Sir, from parental education—from your knowledge of what is required in great princes—from the experience you have gained by travel in other countries—and, above all, from the disposition you evince to gain the love of a generous people by amiable and grateful actions—will fulfil, by your blessing, in after days the expectations we now so dearly cherish.

A prince ever entered on a path so brilliant as yours, will find more hearty rejoicings on the part of a people. The duty is yours to love and to support you, and your Royal Highness will remember what a nation you will hereafter to govern ; and what a strength to a throne the love of a nation is.

We shall look to your Royal Highness to cherish for ever that which belongs to our Protestant throne, our scriptures, our religion, our famous constitution, and our great civil liberties ; and, although we most ardently hope, trusting your Royal mother, that the sun of her glory, shining from the cloud that now hangs over it, may

VIEW OF THE CITY OF PRESBURG.

shine upon her truly loving subjects with increased splendour for very many years yet to come, we pray God to bless your Royal Highness with all wisdom and grace, so that when you come to reign, you may worthily sway the greatest of all sceptres over the first of nations."



VIEW OF THE CITY OF PRESBURG.

†N the year 1836, on the 5th of April, the first steam boat left the city of Vienna for a trip down the "rolling Danube." Two English gentlemen were on board, one of whom describes the excitement which prevailed

VIEW OF THE CITY OF PRESBURG.

ly as four o'clock in the morning, crowds of people thronging the road to the river to see the new sight. Only three hundred passengers ventured on board, they were by no means comfortable, fearing that the vessel would explode, and they should be killed or drowned. Knowing that two Englishmen were on board, the ladies, at their alarm, sent some gentlemen to inquire of them whether there was danger, and when assured there was they were more at ease. The captain was a fierce-looking little fellow, a Hungarian, with enormous whiskers, and dressed as a military officer, in a hussar jacket, richly decorated and ornamented—a curious specimen of a continent-steam-boat commander!

The vessel went on right, and as the current of the river was strong they rapidly they soon reached the city of Presburg, thirty miles from Vienna.

For young readers who have been taught geography, to know that Vienna is the capital of Austria, as London is the capital of England. In former times Presburg was the capital of Hungary. The Emperors of Austria were also Kings of Hungary, and it was the custom for the Emperor to come to Presburg to be crowned King of Hungary. If you look at the picture you will observe a great building of high eminence. This was the Royal Castle, the tower of which was burned about fifty years ago, and now only a ruin.

In former times, when the Emperor was crowned

VIEW OF THE CITY OF PRESBURG.

King of Hungary, it was the custom for him on the coronation day, to ride on horseback up to the top of the mountain, with his crown on his head and his drawn sword in his hand, and there stretching out his arm and pointing to east, west, north, and south, declare that he would defend and maintain the laws, constitution, and religion of the country against all the world. This was a mere form, and worse, for history tells how the promise was broken, and how these Emperors have in one way or other been the greatest enemies the Hungarians ever had, causing the most dreadful wars and disturbances by the oppressive tyranny; and this is the state of Hungary at the present time.

This once royal city is now a poor place, with but few inhabitants. The streets are narrow, the houses mean, and the palaces of the nobles deserted. Tyranny is a great curse. It deprives the people of all energy and enterprise. England once groaned under tyranny, but our forefathers threw off the yoke and became free, and with freedom came industry, and ingenuity, and improvement. Let us hope the time will come when all nations will enjoy similar blessings. And nothing will better prepare a nation for freedom than the Word of God. It was not until Englishmen got the Bible that the tyrants were driven away, and peace and freedom blessed our land. "Happy is that people that is in such a case; happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

THE TWO SPRINGS.

THE TWO SPRINGS.

AN ALLEGORY.

UP-WAY up a high mountain, there bubbled up from the earth two tiny springs of water; they danced and sported merrily in the sunshine; they were pure as crystal, and seemed as happy as sunbeams: upon them they fell into conversation.

"How charming is this spot, and how beautiful is the prospect before us," said the first little spring to its companion; "and, oh, what good we shall be able to do as we ever we flow; I long to be on my way; how happy I feel!"

"Why, how is that?" asked the other, "what do you intend and what are you going to do?"

"I intend," replied the first little spring, "to run down the narrow bed which is marked out for us by the rocks, and stones, and pebbles; and through the charming valley yonder at the foot of this mountain; then to wind along quietly through fields and woods, through meadows and gardens, through groves and glens, through towns and cities—making myself happy by promoting the happiness of man and beast everywhere, as I attend to me."

"But I do not intend to do anything of the kind," said its companion, "I intend to enjoy myself; I do not derive any pleasure in tamely following the course marked

THE TWO SPRINGS.

out for us. None of your narrow beds for me ; let me go and rest on some marsh or wide pool where I shall have nothing to do but lie still.

"But, then, for what purpose did God make us, think you?" inquired the first little spring.

"Oh, I have not troubled myself with that question yet ; but if I must answer it, I should say we were made to enjoy ourselves, so I am off—here goes." And at the word he ran off, skipping, and bounding, and jumping, dashing and splashing down the mountain side, and was soon in muddy places, doing but little good to anybody or anything.

Meanwhile his companion moved off joyously in his narrow bed ; he murmured sweetly as he ran among the pebbles, and stones, and rocks—becoming brighter and happier as he glided along down the mountain ; in due time he reached the valley, receiving help and strength by the way ; the flocks and the herds were glad to welcome his approach ; the grass seemed greener and softer, and the flowers brighter and more beautiful wherever he ran ; he passed on through towns and cities—vessels were launched on his broad bosom—mills, factories, and warehouses were erected along his path ; and men were proud of the *majestic river*, as they called him. Well, one day, as he was pursuing his course toward the ocean, thinking of all the good he had done, and of all the happiness he had enjoyed, he spied a little gutter at the bank

THE TWO SPRINGS.

and a dark thick stream of muddy water was running down it, looking very forlorn, and dejected, and gloomy—as if it were about to commit suicide by casting itself headlong into the big river—determined at last for ever to end both its existence and its cares. "What are you, you dirty little stranger?" inquired the majestic river, "where have you come from, and what have you been doing to be in that awful plight? I think you must have been doing what you had no business to do; you are not as God made you."

"What am I?" replied the muddy stream: "I will tell you. I was a little spring, born upon the side of yonder mountain; I was very happy once, and had good prospects before me; but I left the course which was marked out for me, and now I feel I am no good to anybody, or to myself either; I am worn out, dejected, miserable; I care, as I spied you flowing along so joyously I thought I would come and ask you to take me along with the great ocean."

"Well, how strange," replied the river, "I thought I should hear your voice again, although it is very much altered—as much as yourself; but do you know, I am the little spring, which flowed at your side one day, when you despised so much; I kept on my way and you left me: I have been very happy ever since; I followed the course marked out for me, and have never deviated from it; I have grown, as you see, in



brance and the record of a happy
well, farewell."

"Stop, stop," cried the little
me with you ; do not leave me,
ever." And with that he plunged
the river ; but he was so thick a
immediately to the bottom, and w
of any more ; while the majestic
was soon on the broad bosom of t

As we have said, this little tale
it is a figure of speech, by which
tended. This is intended to re
were playfellows, both of them
when they grew to be young m
enjoy himself as much as he coul
soon spent all he had in riotous

THE RUSSIAN COSSACK AND HIS WATCH-TOWER.



THE RUSSIAN COSSACK AND HIS WATCH-TOWER.

THE largest and the longest river in Europe is the

Danube, which means *deep*. Having its source in the Black Forest in Germany, it runs through various countries, receiving on its way many tributary streams and rivers; and after a winding course of about 1000 miles, empties itself by various mouths into the Black Sea.

The country all around the mouths of the river is low and very unhealthy. But as one side, the south, belongs to Turkey, and the other side, the north, to Russia, and

THE RUSSIAN COSSACK AND HIS WATCH-TOWER

as these countries have often been at war through the greedy encroachments of Russia, soldiers are always on the watch. The picture is intended to represent a Russian Cossack soldier, and his cottage and watch-tower. The cottage is built of wood, and the roof is covered with rushes. The watch-tower is made of rough poles driven into the ground. In such a miserable hovel the poor Cossack soldier lives with his wife and children. He is expected to be always on the watch, and as the country is flat he can see to a great distance. If he should perceive any doubtful object he then climbs up to the watch-tower, that he may have a better view. His small horse is always kept ready saddled, that he may mount it and ride off and give the alarm if he finds an enemy approaching.

Such is the wretched life these men are compelled to live. For not only is it one of dreary solitude, but of great suffering. The dampness of the surrounding marshes breeds pestilence, and the men always have a sickly appearance. In winter it is bitterly cold, and in summer very hot, breeding myriads of biting flies, which torment them almost beyond endurance.

And why, you may ask, should men be compelled to endure such solitude and suffering? There is only one answer; and that is the ambitious desire of one great sovereign to get possession of the country of another. Indeed this has been the cause of most of the wars that

THE RUSSIAN COSSACK AND HIS WATCH-TOWER.

have ever cursed the earth. How much better would it be for the people to be employed in cultivating the ground, causing it to bring forth the rich fruits God designed it should for the service and blessing of man.

As one of our best poets has said,

“War is a game, which were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.”

The time will come when both kings and peoples will learn to live in peace. But not until the Bible, the book of peace, has taught men the gospel of peace; then will they learn to submit themselves to Him who is the Prince of Peace, and then will come those glorious days predicted by Micah the Prophet—“But in the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and people shall flow unto it. And many nations shall come, and say, Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths. And he shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it.”

To hearken to his a
For he, all through
Would warble like
And with instinctive
Each simple tune
And sing it with so
It made the listener
His mother led him
To breathe the bal
She bade him smell
And told him they
And he could point
And which were swee
He listened to the la
Far in the deep bl
And asked if they we
That bore him up
And when its warblin
He well could tell eac
He heard the children

THE BLIND BOY.

But sorrow came, and sickness soon,
And fever's tainted breath ;
He felt its icy hand, although
He nothing knew of death :
How should he fear its awful mien,
Or dread what he had never seen ?

He knew the summer flowers must fade,
And that the leaves must fall ;
And in the churchyard he had stood,
And heard the tolling bell ;
His pet canary, too, had died,
But nought he knew of death beside.

His sightless eyes were closed in death !
Not *closed*—they're *opened* now—
And he has gazed upon the Throne,
Where saints and angels bow ;
Heaven's glory, infinitely bright,
Has burst upon his ravished sight !

Glories by mortal eyes unseen,
Fell first upon his view,
And the Redeemer's face he sees,
The first he ever knew :
He strikes his harp, and joins the strain,
And feels, indeed, "to die is gain !"

Oh, weep not, mother, weep not so
Over thy child so blest !
Though the afflicted one to thee
Was dearer than the rest ;
Death's portal dark—the dreary tomb,
Unsealed his eyes—dispelled his gloom.

THE LITTLE P

THE way to heaven
And its blessed
But how safe the l
Who get within the

The sunbeams of the n
Make the narrow pat
And these early little p
Find dewy blessings

They pass o'er rugged
But they climb them
For those early little pi
Have sandals new an

They do not greatly tre
When the shadows n
For those early little pi
They know the path :

THE SEWING MACHINE.



THE SEWING MACHINE.

WHAT a wonderful being is man! And what wonderful things he can do! It has been said that creature comes into the world more helpless than he; and we all know how short his life is, even at the longest, and how soon he passes away and is seen no more!

done greater things than these. A
mountains miles in length, and fill
roads along which he can travel a
sends messages over the world q
takes pictures with sunbeams—h
moment by a gentle rub—and spit
river, sea, and ocean, he runs nigh
of boiling water. Truly man is a

Among other wonderful things
one which, though not so great or
mentioned, would have made o
great grandmothers wonder with
has invented a sewing machine, o
you a representation in the pict
he has ; for it was time, and I wi

Before this machine was invent
a single needle, whether by tailo
be women for the dresses of ladi

THE SEWING MACHINE.

dreds of them died. This, a few years ago, led a kind
who pitied them to write some verses, called the
ng of the Shirt." These are a few of them :—

“ With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with the voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the ‘ Song of the Shirt.’

‘ Work ! work ! work !
While the cock is crowing aloof !
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof.
It’s O ! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work !

Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim !
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in my dream !

O men, with sisters dear !
O men, with mothers and wives !

But why do I talk of d
That phantom of gri
I hardly fear its terribl
It seems so like my o
It seems so like my ow
Because of the fasts
O God! that bread sho
And flesh and blood

These verses were read by
pity for the poor women, an
plan might be invented for de
relieve them from their bad
invention of the Sewing Mach
this. I must now try to tell :

I shall not have room to tell
machines, or who invented th
now, clever men have been
quicker plan of sewing than

THE SEWING MACHINE.

ain-stitch or "crochet" work, at the rate of
es a minute.

ome ingenious men in America tried to make
to do plain work. This was in 1834. These
le more perfect in 1846. Since then they have
le in England and greatly improved, so that
shines are now not only used to make up men's
en's clothing, but boots and shoes as well.

e very glad to hear that these machines have
creased the demand for female labour, and at
ter wages. Thousands of women and girls now
loyment in working them in the making up of
and light boots for ladies and children. And so
is, that improvements in machinery instead of
employment increase it, and bring better wages
who are employed on the work.

machines are now used in private families as
n factories. But there is one thing they can
. They may make up new stuff into new gar-
ut they cannot repair old ones, or set on a
r darn a pair of stockings.

girls must not think that they need not learn
ny more, for that would be a mistake. They
have much use for their needles. A girl who
know how to use her needle, both to make and
, will, when she grows up, make only a very
2.

THE FRENCH FOOTSTOOL.

THE FRENCH FOOTSTOOL.

THERE was a family in France, long, long
had a footstool of which they took parti
and which they used in a singular manne
strangers were present, the footstool was se
some out-of-the-way place, where it would r
attention; but when the family were alone, i
to be brought into notice again. Sometimes
would take it on his knee, and, turning it up
bend over it with the deepest interest. Sor
was the mother who held it on her lap, and g
as tenderly as if it were her youngest babe.

What was there about that footstool that r
precious?

Under the footstool a book was fastened, w
out of sight, and yet its pages could be turn
could be read from beginning to end.

This book was the treasure and comfort of t
It told them of a Friend who was near them at
and was able and willing to save them in eve
It told them of a beautiful land, where sin a
cannot come, and where there shall be no mor
and no more death. It taught them how to
times and in all circumstances. It gave them
every trouble, and cheered them in the hor
greatest misfortune. More than all this, it tol

THE FRENCH FOOTSTOOL.

ur, for whose sake the sinner may be forgiven
sived into an eternal home of joy.

dly need tell you the name of this book, for the
one contains such good news, such words of com-
gladness. But why was this precious book kept
a strange hiding-place? Why was it read
and with trembling?

! in that sad day the Bible was a forbidden book
nce; and those who dared to read it were
ed with punishment, and even with death.

French family loved their country and their
but there was something which they loved dearer—
s liberty to read God's book openly, and to wor-
a truly. They heard of a land, far over the sea,
the poorest man might pray aloud in his own
to his Father in heaven, without fear of cruel
, or more cruel priests. They heard of a land
he Bible might be openly read, and the Saviour
served, and to this land they resolved to go.

left the pleasant vineyards and the green hills of
tive France, and across the wide seas they sailed.

happy they must have felt when they were safe
d that ship. The waves of the sea might dash
the vessel's sides, the wind might roar around it,
y were happy. Their precious Bible was with
nd they might read it without fear.

TO YOU.

The sea was crossed at last, and in the land of America this French family found a home.

Very sweet it must have been to them to sing the hymns together, and together pray to God, with nothing to listen and no danger to fear. The Bible they had loved and guarded was treasured in their new home, handed down to their children in remembrance of their sufferings and trials in their native land.

The French family have long since passed away from earth, but the Bible that was hidden in the footstool is still to be seen in the hands of their children's children. The family that now own it live in Western Pennsylvania.—*From an American Children's Paper.*

TO YOU.

I MEAN the boy or girl who reads this now. And I want to say to you. You are able to think—you *do* think when you are alone, going along on the road, or when you retire to rest, after the day's work is over. If one of your playmates is with you, you talk with each other, then your thoughts run upon the things you converse about. But when you are alone, then your thoughts run upon your own, more than at any other time.

Children think a good deal about the future. I want you to think more about *your own* future. And do

TO YOU.

ur thoughts be limited to the life you are to live in world merely. You are going to live here in this only a few years. But in the world to come you ve hundreds and thousands, yea, millions of years. d you will never cease to live. If you should be so as to die the death of the righteous, and have the n of the righteous, when you have been there ten and years, you will have no less days to sing God's than when you first began. If you shall be permitted er the abode of the blest, out of those same lips of with which you now speak, you will utter praise lory to God. With the same eyes that help you to the words I am writing, you will see the more us manifestations of God's mercy and goodness. mind will remain unto you there, although it will ansed from all impure desires and appetites. Your will also have put on incorruption—will have ie like the Saviour's body after his resurrection. d *are* you to be one of the children of light? I e it is possible. There is opportunity; Christ bids me, promises to help you, *and will help you if you nly let him.*

; it is also true that you *may* be finally thrust down to This is an awful thought! Quit, then, the broad t once, and take the narrow path that leads to 1, where you will be safe and happy for ever.

But now, O Lord,

Those speechless lips delight to
And all my young affections learn
To seek my Saviour in his court

O grant me grace to give each care
With all its hopes, and all its care
My breast alike from every slavish
Alike from pride and from vain.

And grant me strength to choose
In which the lowly mild Redeemer
When he for sinful man endured
And trod the winepress of the

Like him may I, with meek and
The way of life, the narrow way
Learn how to bear, to wait thy will
To man as faithful as to Jesus

And when the gloomy shades of





THE EGYPTIAN ICHNEUMON.

THE EGYPTIAN ICHNEUMON.

THE Ichneumon, or, as the Egyptians call it—the Nems, is a fierce and fiery creature like the English ferret, but larger, being about twenty inches long beside the tail, which is a few inches shorter than the body. Its nose is long and pointed, fitted to poke into holes and corners for its prey; the eyes are small but very quick of sight, and like those of the cat have the power of seeing in the night as well as the day; the ears are short but wide and round; it has five toes with sharp claws; and its body and tail are covered with long bushy coarse hair of a brownish-grey colour.

So prepared for action, the Ichneumon creeps out under cover of the shades of night to seek its prey. It is not very nice about what it will eat, nothing seems to come amiss if it can only lay hold of it; snakes, lizards, birds, crocodiles eggs, or their young ones just hatched, are all seized and devoured. It moves along so silently and stealthily, and then springs on its victim with such rapidity, and grasps it so fast with its sharp claws, that it cannot escape. At other times it will wait and watch for its prey for hours, being as patient at one time as it is bold and daring at another.

It is said that the ancient Egyptians worshipped their Nems as a god, because it destroyed the eggs of those dreadful monsters, the crocodiles, which infested their

But Piny, the ...

Ichneumon which we can hardly believe when the crocodile has devoured its prey with great jaws wide open on the sands of the Nile, there will come a little bird called the Ichneumon to pick the bits of meat from between the great jaws of the monster, who expresses great satisfaction of the monster, who but seems to thank it for its pains. The Ichneumon also says that sometimes if the crocodile's eyes are shut and his great mouth open he will at one spring dart down and devouring his entrails soon put him to death. The Ichneumon is sharp enough in doing such a thing; but once inside of the crocodile when dying, should shut his mouth, how would master Nemesis get out of prison of his thick scaly hide again? A crocodile, would be like leaping into a

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

playful in its habits. If there be any vermin sure to find them out, for its power of smelling is very quick and strong. But it must not be let too far, or it will get among the poultry, and destroy them all in one night.

Some of the tales told about one of the most remarkable animals of one of the most remarkable nations.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

PROGRESS THROUGH LONDON.

We have told you of the arrival of the Princess Alexandra at Gravesend, on Saturday morning, where the Prince of Wales met her, and conveyed her by rails to London, where vast crowds were waiting to welcome them.

At the railway station, which was grandly and crowded with ladies and gentlemen, the procession of carriages was formed, and proceeded about five miles in the afternoon on their progress through the heart of London.

We ought to tell you that what is called the old London is only a small part of all London. The procession had to pass from a railway station at one end of London to another railway station at the other end, a distance of six, perhaps seven, miles. Every

erected across the streets, on
mottos, and flowers ; ships in
flags ; bands of music played, c
bells in the city rung out cla
louder yet, the ringing shout
carriage of the Prince and Prin
heard above all.

In some parts of the old cit
was very great ; and most of a
of the Lord Mayor, where the
the Princess with a splendid bo
St. Paul's Cathedral galleries l
10,000 people, which were crow
tlemen, who waved clouds of
token of welcome as the process

And so it was all the way :
what is called the West End
mobility and the rich people re

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

Turning round Apsley House, the residence of the Duke of Wellington, the procession entered Hyde Park, the road through which was lined on each side with 17,000 volunteer soldiers ; and then onward the carriages moved down the wide roads to the railway station at Paddington. But here, as along the whole line of their progress, crowds were waiting to give the lovely young Princess a good hearty English welcome—for “WELCOME” was the word most seen and heard everywhere.

And it must be very cheering to the Princess—and to her father and mother too, who rode in the same carriage with their daughter and the Prince—to find the English people so glad to see her. And yet it was a hard day's work for a young lady, who for ten days had been travelling by land or water, to have to meet the stare of millions of earnest eyes, and return their warm greetings ; for all the way both she and the Prince were perpetually bowing to the crowds on their right hand and their left.

Glad they were, no doubt, to find themselves seated in the Queen's railway carriage, speeding their way to Windsor Castle. It was almost dark, and the rain had begun to fall, when they left the rails and entered the royal carriages that were to convey them to the old castle. This was a disappointment to the hundreds of young gentlemen of the great school at Eton, as well as the inhabitants of Windsor, who had made grand preparations for giving a loyal welcome to the Prince and Princess.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

But there was ONE waiting for them in that old castle with yet greater anxiety—our widowed Queen! And right glad was she to embrace them both to her maternal heart.

But Windsor and Eton were not forgotten; for having rested on the sabbath-day, as both princes and peasants find it for their good to do, the Prince and Princess paid them a visit on Monday, to receive the loyal expressions of attachment from Windsor, and hear the uproarious joy of the Eton school-boys.

The Royal Marriage, to which all this was but the introduction, was on the next day. But as I wish you to know as much about it as I can find room to tell you, I must close here for the present, and tell you about it another time.

But one word more now. This reception of the

“Sea-king's daughter from over the sea,”

was perhaps the greatest and the grandest ever seen in England; but a greater and a grander will be given to you, my young reader, *yourself*, in that day, when the Lord Jesus shall come in the clouds of heaven, and all his holy angels with him, if now you give your heart to him who loved you and gave himself for you; for he will then welcome you into the celestial city, to dwell with him in his own royal palace for ever!

RAMBLES IN SPRING-TIME.

RAMBLES IN SPRING-TIME.

THE FARM-COTTAGE IN THE WOOD.



YOUNG FOLKS are fond of such rambles, and there is no harm in them, but may be much good if they do not get into mischief, or foolishly run into danger; for they will find much to delight them when seeking for the new-springing flowers, admiring their beauties, and smelling their sweet fragrance, while they listen to the merry songs of joyous birds, which are now bursting forth on every hand after the long silence of winter.

And let me tell my young readers that the gladsome feelings which then come over them will not be forgotten; for

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.”

RAMBLES IN SPRING-TIME.

Those joyous feelings will often spring afresh into sweet remembrance should you live to old age. It is just so with me; for often in my sleeping or waking dreams of the days of my childhood, the scenes of sixty years ago, always made up of sunshine and flowers, come before my recollection with more force and clearness than many a scene of manhood. And though I know full well that "childhood and youth are vanity," yet their harmless delights give more pleasure and less uneasiness to the conscience than many an action of future life.

Some of the scenes of my own spring rambles are thus described by MILLER in his "Country Year Book;" for he was a native of the same old town on the banks of the noble Trent:—

"Oh! what happy days did we spend during the primrose season of Spring! what rambles we had down Humble-car Lane, and Lea Marshes, and up Fosby Lane, and over Pingle Hill, and by White's Wood, and Somerby Wood, and over Corringham Scrogs, and among the dark trees in Long Plantation, and up Thonock Lane, and among the hedges on Castle Hills: over the river, and into the fields about Beckingham, and Bole, and Sawmby, and Wheatly; by the Delf Banks, among the water-flags and bulrushes; past Cape's ropery, with its high old hawthorn hedges, in Parnell's osier-holt, with its crumbling brick bridge, and weather-stained sluice-gates! Oh! I feel as if I could jump up out of my arm-

RAMBLES IN SPRING-TIME.

chair now, and run off, without once stopping, to visit those dear old familiar places.

“ Another of the favourite places which we were fond of visiting in Spring, was a little cottage that stood in the centre of an old wood: you never saw such a wild romantic place in your life as this was; and I can tell you that it would have puzzled you to have found it, unless you had been acquainted with the windings and turnings of the footpath, or knew the only wide road that led to it through the wood, all the gates of which were locked, and along which few went, saving the old man with his little cart, which he very rarely did. All round this little homestead was a land of trees; for the wood was at least four miles long, by three broad, and this wild forest-farm stood nearly in the centre of it. It seemed so strange to see a corn-field standing there, and a little green pasture, where the grey pony and the white cow quietly grazed together; while before the door of the house stretched the beautiful garden, with its row of bee-hives; and behind it, lay the old orchard; the blossoms of the fruit trees, in Spring, looking as if they formed a portion of the wood. And all around this little enclosure rose a high, closely-woven fence, formed of withered furze-bushes; their thick stems and prickly thorns, so matted and massed together, that even the very rabbits were compelled to burrow underground to get at the garden within; so impenetrable was that

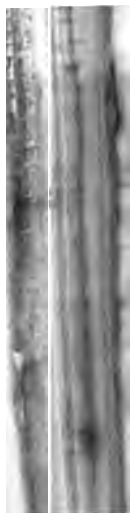


which we read of in the old
solemn, and quiet, and tranquil
it lay, that you would scarcely
half-a-dozen dusky Indians ha
out of the deep underwood, an
their war-hatchets in their hand
of flowers had such a strange
looked so clean and out-of-place
and violets, and lilies-of-the-valley
the barrier, and which we had
dingles and mossy dells, beneath
shady hazels, and prickly thorn
were just opening their fan-like
gorse bushes, whose tops were
was no trace there of the trees
away; and we often fancied that
been one of those open enclosures
Britons dwelt when they came

RAMBLES IN SPRING-TIME.

ey went curling upward to the calm, blue sky, that d to hang over, and bend there more beautifully nywhere beside; as if it loved to look down upon t sweet and peaceful spot. And we often asked the an what sounds he heard at night; for to us all d looked like an enchanted land. And he told us e used to hear in the deep midnight the fox bark, e raven croak, and the owl hoot from its hollow in the decayed old oak; and how on stormy nights ll trees rocked and creaked; and that he had lived for half a century, yet never once felt afraid. He is dog, and his cat, and his favourite raven; a goat o that went after him wherever he went; and we saw him marching forth, with his long gun over oulder, we thought of Robinson Crusoe in the island; for, although he was not surrounded by a, there ever stretched about him a great ocean of

All the walls of his little outhouses were built of bushes, and thatched with the long reed-like grass grew among the underwood, and which nobody; himself, ever cut down. And oh! what numbers ds built in them, and there brought forth their; he could not go to and fro without seeing the old eated upon their nests; he could have put out his and touched them, yet they seldom flew off, but d to know that with him they were safe. Then, his great gun over the mantel-piece, he had a brace



any-time he would come out a
our hands, seeming to say, as
delighted to see you!" Many
to visit that little farm-house in
always welcome guests; for th
the company of well-behaved b
things which we should never
habits of birds, and stoats, an
curious creatures that yet live
in Old England."

Such were the scenes which I
of our friend after many years
ought I not to remind my young
always be children, and that the
will soon pass away to be remem
for so only do I now remembe
feel very sad indeed if I thought
in this world or the next. I coul

THE WOOD-MOUSE.

and you must not think in that way. Our great
God, who made us, and gave us the pleasant sun-
and pretty flowers to please us in our childhood,
no other

“Beautiful land, just over the river,”

“Where everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers.”

Take us fit to go there, and show us the way there,
Send his Son from heaven; and you know how he
and died for our sins, that we, through him, might
be saved, and go to walk with angels

Along the fair banks of the life-giving river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever!

THE WOOD-MOUSE.

D'YE know the little wood-mouse,
That pretty little thing,
That sits among the forest leaves,
Or by the forest spring?

Its fur is red, like the red chestnut,
And it is small and slim:
It leads a life most innocent,
Within the forest dim.

'Tis a timid gentle creature,
And seldom comes in sight;
It has a long and wiry tail,
And eyes both black and bright:

It makes its bed of soft dry moss,
In a hole that's deep and strong;



The wood-mouse play
And plenty of food she
Where the beech and
He sits in the hedge-sp
When its summer bro
And picks the berries fr
Of the hawthorn over
And I saw a little wood-
Like Oberon in his ha
With the green green me
Sit under a mushroom
I saw him sit and his dir
All under the forest tr
His dinner of chestnut r
And he ate it heartily.
I wish you could have se
It did my spirit good,
To see the small thing G
Thus eating in the woc

THE NOGAY TARTARS OF RUSSIA.



THE NOGAY TARTARS OF RUSSIA.

W many things there are in a world like this that we should like to know more about. Boys and girls are of hearing about all kinds of birds, and beasts, and , and insects, and seeing pictures of them, and the curious any of these creatures are the more curious hildren to know all about them. And yet when have read all they can, there will be a great many birds, and beasts, and fishes, and insects, in the of which we have not yet heard, for the land and and air are full of them, and let men go where may they always find some new creatures of one or other.

THE NOGAY TARTARS OF RUSSIA.

And so it is too of men and women that dwell on the face of the earth. Travellers are always finding some new people of whom we had not heard before. They are men and women they know, for they can walk and talk and laugh and cry, like all the rest of us ; but their looks and their ways are different from any other men or women of whom we ever heard before.

Now if we wish to hear all we can about such creatures as birds, and beasts, and fishes, and insects, in other parts of the world that we have not yet seen, we may all wish to know more about the men and women who live in various parts of the earth.

I have told you of some of these strange people before, and I intend to tell you of more. This time you have a picture of the Nogay Tartars, of whom I will try to tell you a few things.

They are called Tartars because they first came from a great country in central Asia called Tartary, with a great Mogul warrior called Genghis Khan, hundreds of years ago. He was a fierce cruel man, overthrowing and destroying all before him. But he died ; and it is a good thing for the world that bad men cannot live long. His followers remained in the land, and they are now subject to the Emperor of Russia.

They say they are descendants of Ishmael, the son of Abraham, of whom it was said that his hand would be against every man, and every man's hand against him.

THE NOGAY TARTARS OF RUSSIA.

the disciples of Mahomet in their religion, who was Ishmaelite, for he was always fighting. They are men of great strength and very active. Their skin is a brownish red, they have high cheek bones and very small sharp features which give them a very singular appearance.

The country they now inhabit is in the south of Russia, from the Black Sea. All the region is a level

of hundreds of miles. They do not follow any other manufactures, which they despise, but have flocks of oxen, sheep, goats, and horses. With small sharp eyes they can see the colour of their flocks when at a great distance, or laying down their ears to the ground they can hear and tell them by their neighing or lowing.

There are neither roads, nor trees, nor hills, to guide them over those vast plains, and yet they always know the way they should go. They are wonderful horsemen or like the Arabs, their horses are their pets, and may be almost said to live on horseback. The Nogay is very weather-wise, and well understands the uses and virtues of herbs and shrubs. He is very busy in making repairs with his hammer-hatchet, which is always at hand; and if he needs a cord he soon finds one of certain wiry weeds, or of hairs from the tails of his horses.

The dwelling is mostly made of sun-burnt bricks and mud. Like the patriarchs of scripture his riches are in

THE NOGAY TARTARS OF RUSSIA.

his flocks and herds. He does not grow corn, his food being chiefly milk and flesh. He will eat nearly all kinds of animals, such as camels, horses, cats, dogs, rats, foxes, mice, wolves, and lizards, as well as sheep and oxen and all kinds of birds ; fish he seldom sees or tastes.

Among this people woman is a slave from her birth to her death. The Nogay always buys his wife ; and so he sells his daughters. A wife never eats with her husband, but she will weep for him for months if he dies, crying, " Baii ! Waii ! " " Woe is me ! " When first married the woman is only allowed to speak in a whisper for the first year, but there are great doings at the wedding. The children of a Nogay mother never treat her with any regard or respect, the father is everything to them ; for her they do not seem to have even any natural affection ; and yet she does all the work of milking, cooking, and clothing. The girls are very fond of gay clothing of very bright colours, and ornaments made of coins and shells, which they are fond of displaying at their marriage feasts, and on other great festivals, when they are dressed out as the victims of heathen worship are for sacrifice.

The men wear a high cap or turban made of the finest lamb skin, with embroidered coats, cloaks, and trousers ; both men and women wear many rings, the ear-rings reaching to the shoulders ; but walking or riding they always go barefoot.

THE SLAVE-BOY IN AMERICA.

very hospitable to strangers, but they hate Cossacks who oppress and rob them. They are superstitious, believing in dreams and charms for the sick. Among other singular facts is that the devil tempted Eve by using the forbidden tongue—that the angel expelled our first parents from Paradise in Turkish—but the language of God spoke kindly to them was Persian. I do not see such a people as this need the Bible and the Gospel which would teach them to live in love, loving their wives—wives obedient to their children honouring both—and all loving the Father of all, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent to save us. All this it has done for us in England more than this, for the ancient Britons were more than even these Nogay Tartars.

THE SLAVE-BOY IN AMERICA.

THE CHILDREN have been taught to sing and to address a song of thanks to the goodness and grace which smiled on their birth in this land of freedom—they little know all that is meant when they perse—

“I was not born a little slave,
To labour in the sun,
And wish I were but in my grave,
And all my labour done.”



The following appears in a newspaper:—

“ While travelling not long in the western counties of Virginia, an incident took place. Starting early in the morning after breakfast, the morning of the latter part of the month of October, a box by the side of the driver's seat, was seated a bright, intelligent-looking man, apparently of eighteen or nineteen years of age. Being on the road a few miles, I asked him where he was going, and he answered he was going down a few miles to a place where he kept the stage-house at the time he lived with him the last summer. I sent him down to live with him. Turning from the boy, the driver said in an under-tone, ‘The boy is de

THE SLAVE-BOY IN AMERICA.

without creating a disturbance on the place.' Shortly after, as we drew near to the place where the boy supposed he was to stop, he began to gather up, preparatory to leaving the stage, the few articles he had brought away from his home. The driver said to him, in a decided tone of voice, 'You are not to get off the stage here.'

The boy, in astonishment, replied, 'Yes, I is; I'se got a letter for Master ——. I'se going to live there this summer.'

By this time we had reached the house, and Master — making his appearance, John—for that was the name of the boy—delivered his letter, and appealed to Master — to be relieved from the command of the driver. The master made no reply, as this kind of deception was no new thing to him. After reading the letter and folding it up, he was about putting it into his pocket, when it flashed on the mind of the boy that he was sold, and was bound for the slave-pen.

He exclaimed in agony, 'Tell me, master, if I'se sold?'

No reply was made.

He exclaimed again, 'Tell me, master, if I'se sold?'

This last appeal brought the response, 'Yes, John, you are sold.'

The boy threw himself back on the top of the stage, and, rolling in agony, sent up such a wail of woe as no one in the stage could endure; even the hotel-keeper walked away in shame, and the driver hurried into his

THE SLAVE-BOY IN AMERICA.

box, and drove off in haste to drown the noise of his. The passengers were all deeply moved at the distress of the boy, and tried in various ways to soothe his wounded and crushed spirit, but his agony was beyond the reach of their sympathy. When his agony had somewhat abated, he exclaimed, 'Oh, if they had only let me say my mother good-bye! They have lied to me! They have lied to me! If they had a' told me I was sold, I could a' bid my mother good-bye, I'd a' gone without making them trouble, hard as it is!' By this time the driver had passed on some two or three miles since leaving the last stand, when, drawing near to a pretty thick wood, the boy became tranquil. Waiting till we had entered the wood a few rods, he darted from the top of the stand and ran into the woods as agile as a deer, no doubt without the feeling that it was for his life. The driver instantly dropped his reins, and pursued the boy. Proving himself no match, he returned, exclaiming, 'You see I cannot do what I could to catch him.' He mounted his horse and drove on a mile or so, when he reined up his horse to a house, and, calling to the keeper, asked, 'Where are your sons?'

He replied, they left home that morning with the driver to hunt a negro, and would not be home before noon. The driver said to him that Mr. —— had sent his son John on the stage that morning, to be delivered at the pen, and that he had jumped from the top of the stage

THE SLAVE-BOY IN AMERICA.

to the woods. His reply was, 'We will hunt to-morrow.' The driver said he wished only for the sake of his being in the woods.

He then, I made inquiry, 'How long have you been on this road?'

He answered, 'About fifteen years.'

He frequently take down negroes to this slave-

pen frequently.'

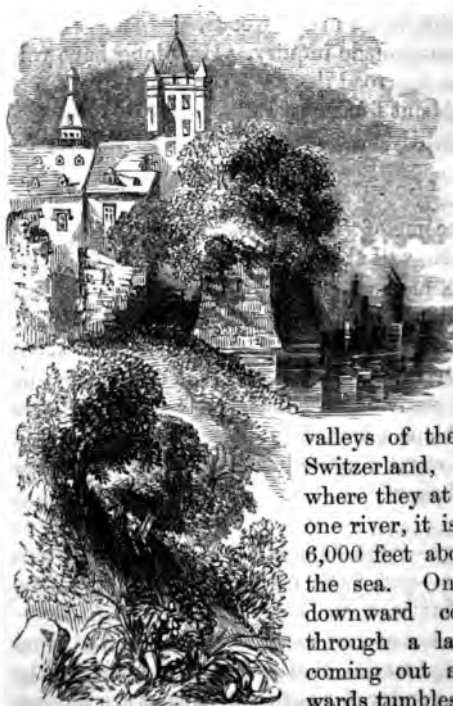
He will become of this boy John?'

He answered, 'He will skulk about the woods until he is starved, and will some night make his way up to the master's house, and in about two weeks I shall see him down again to the slave-pen in handcuffs.' He then, even this driver, feeling his degradation in the instrument of such misery, broke out in the next day, 'This is a cursed business; but in this case it is the worst feature in it: the man who sold his own father!'

slavery—"the sum of all villanies," as John called it—and "the curse of the world"—the crime that man can commit against his fellow-man which has at last brought on one of the most disasters in America that was ever known in the land no wonder, for such outrageous wickedness deserves with the punishment it justly deserves.

SCENES ON THE RHINE.

SCENES ON THE RHINE.



IF the 'da
rolling Du
ube,' of wh
we have t
you, is 't
noblest ri
of Europ
the Rhine
the most be
tiful. Forn
of three se
rate stres
which spr
from the h

valleys of the mountains
Switzerland, at the pl
where they at last unite i
one river, it is yet more th
6,000 feet above the leve
the sea. On it pursues
downward course, pass
through a large lake, a
coming out again, it aft
wards tumbles as a fine ca

ract into a lower region of the country; and th

JAPANESE CURIOSITY.

ing many other tributary streams, it forms the
ful river which has been so much admired by
lers.

romantic beauties of the scenery are ever chang-
ng its course. Sometimes it runs through lovely
ws, or plunges into forests with high trees down to
ks, or seems to nip itself up that it may cut its
way through two walls of rocks. Lovely islands
wider waters, and towns, and villages, and lordly
stles, like that in the picture, with vineyards and
as, are to be seen on every hand; boats, large and
and steam vessels, are busy on its waters; so that
lers are never without objects to excite their atten-
nd admiration.

ring the dreadful wars of the first Napoleon, the
was little known to Englishmen, but in these more
ul days of steam boats and railroads, thousands of
untrymen, who could afford to pay the expenses of
ip, have made a "Ride on the Rhine" their sum-
oliday.

JAPANESE CURIOSITY.

THAPS no country on earth has excited more
curiosity than Japan. For many generations the
there had shut themselves in from the outside
, never leaving their own land, nor allowing

JAPANESE CURIOSITY.

portraits of the Americans, and sketches of the various articles that interested them, but with very indifferent success. It should, however, be remembered that they were amateur, and not professional artists. The Japanese are, undoubtedly, a very imitative, adaptive, and compliant people; and in these characteristics may be discovered a promise of the comparatively easy introduction of foreign customs and habits, if not of the nobler principles and better life of a higher order of civilization. And may we not also hope, that when their hereditary misconceptions of christianity shall have been removed and the blessed advantages flowing both to individuals and nations from its possession shall be seen and appreciated, they will be disposed to welcome its advent in their midst, and submit to its Divine claims?

Notwithstanding the Japanese are so fond of indulging their curiosity regarding others, they are by no means communicative about themselves. They allege as a reason for their provoking reserve, that their laws forbid them to impart to foreigners any information relating to their country and its institutions, habits, customs. This silence on their part was a serious obstacle to the acquisition of that minute information about a strange people of whom curiosity is naturally the alert to know everything. It is to be feared, however, that much progress will not be obtained towards thorough comprehension of Japan, until some means

TO OUR BOY IN HEAVEN.

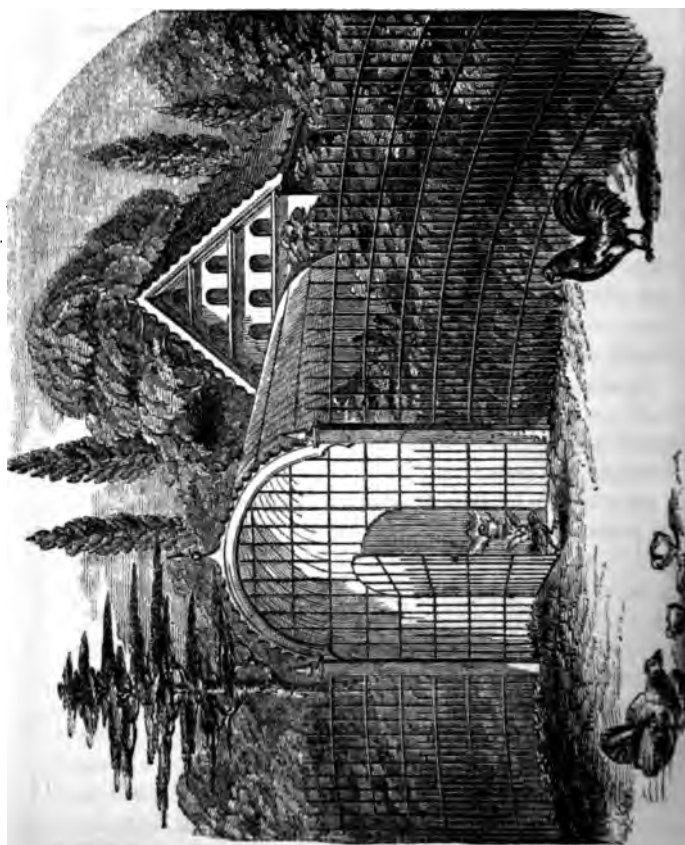
lligence, consular agents, merchants, or missionaries
le in the country. The common people were so
h more disposed to fraternize than were the Japanese
ials, that evidently nothing but a fear of punishment
rred them from entering into free intercourse with
r visitors ; but they were closely watched by their
eriors, as indeed the latter were by other spies ; for a
em of espionage is universal among all classes.”
ince this visit of the Americans, the English, French,
other nations have been admitted into Japan ; and
it is more wonderful, several ambassadors from Japan
e visited Europe, and were present in London during
Exhibition of 1862. What tales of wonder would
tell when they returned !

TO OUR BOY IN HEAVEN.

SNOWS muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring-bloom,
Down to the appointed house below,
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo, and the "busy bee,"
Return, but with them bring not thee !
'Tis so ; but can it be (while flowers
Revive again)
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain ?

Religion frenzy, virtue v
And all our hopes to me
Then be to us, O dear, le
 With beam of lov
A star, death's dark and
 Smiling above :
Soon, soon thy little feet
The skyward path, the s
That led thee back from
Yet 'tis sweet balm to ou
 Fond, fairest boy,
That God is heaven, and
 With Him is joy ;
There past are death and
There beauty's stream fr
And pleasure's day no su
Farewell, then,—for aw
 Pride of my heart
It cannot be that long w





A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

COUNTRY people, when visiting London to see the many wonderful things that are there to be seen, as they cannot see all of them, take care to pay a visit to these gardens; for there they will see what they cannot find in any other place. Besides, as they are situate away from the bustle and dust of the noisy streets, it is very pleasant, if it be a fine day, to walk over the green grass, or along the smooth walks under the shady trees of Regent's Park, in order to pay them a visit.

It was after our visits to the Great Exhibition, Kew Gardens, and the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, that, on a fine morning in June, 1862, we found our way to this interesting place.

As we were on foot we entered at the South Gate; but we shall pass on to the North Gate, for our "Guide Book" seems to take it for granted that we are rich enough to pay for a conveyance, and that we shall enter the gardens like gentlefolks. Very well: let it be so. We will suppose ourselves entering at the North Gate, and now our "Guide Book" will politely take us all round the gardens, aiding our recollection of what we saw. First, then, on our right, is the New Aviary—an aviary house for birds. This is 170 feet long, with about thirty separate divisions or apartments for birds from Asia, Australia, the Indian Islands, and South America,

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

as well as many interesting European specimens. The picture represents one of these divisions or apartments.

Now you must not expect me to tell you even the names of all these. That would take too much of our time. But I will just mention the Satin Bower Bird, the Blue Kingfisher, Mocking Bird, Trumpeter, Crowned Pigeon and Sacred Ibis of Egypt.

Then we come to the Storks and Cranes, and then to the beautiful Pheasants. And *then*, you may smile. I cannot help it, we come to the—what think you?—the pigs! for there is a “Swine House” for Wild Boars. But they are ugly savage brutes, so we will pass on to the ponds.

There we find, in various ponds, about fifty species of the Swan, the Goose, and the Duck, from all parts of the world. We were very much pleased with all of them but can only mention the Black Swan from Australia, the White-faced Whistling Duck from Brazil, and the Mandarin Duck from China. Gobbling Turkeys and screaming Peacocks seemed determined that we should not pass them by without notice; but we only gave them a little; feeling more disposed to visit the Alpaca, in the hope that we might see the useful animal that has afforded an excellent material for ladies dresses, employing the same sands at Saltaire, near Bradford, in its manufacture, unstained, like our English wool, with the curse of adulteration in its production.

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Passing the enclosure of a pond for birds that wade in water, we come to the houses of those attractive animals, the striped Zebra and the graceful Antelope. Near at hand, too, is the terrible-looking Gnu from the Hottentot country, the lovely Gazelle, with its soft bright eyes, and the noble wild ass of India and Assyria.

Now we come to some of the great savage wild beasts. There is the Lion, the King of them, and his broad head



and flowing mane seem like ensigns of his royalty; and there is the handsome and nimble, but fierce and blood-thirsty tiger, and the beautiful spotted Leopard from India; the Puma and the Jaguar, the former called the

WHILE DEER OF THE
heavier, and more powerful than h
neighbours, and cannot live without i
in which he can roll, and dive, and
pleases.

But we must move on, or we shall
Here is an aviary for Eagle Owls, a
and another for Kites ; and here is
and an enclosure for Pelicans ; and t
old aviary, in which are many curiou

The north pond is laid out with
rushes, and water plants, and bushes
to form a breeding place for Waterfo
Then there is a pond for Seals, whic
It is very amusing to see their perfor
One of these, called " Old Tom," v
but he died through eating too gree
were some fish-hooks which had esc

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

ilt, having died of a cattle complaint, it is now occupied
Brahmin Bulls from India, not much larger than a full-
own English calf, tame and gentle creatures.

We will now run over the names of a few more foreign
imals. Here they are. The Glutton, Tasmanian
evil, Ichneumon, Clouded Tiger, Flying Squirrel, and
any more. The Wolves and Foxes have separate dens
their own, in which they are securely kept; and it is
ght they should be, for the sheep-sheds are not far off,
id they would soon make sad work among those harm-
ss creatures if they could, on some dark night, get out
their dens.

We have now reached the south entrance, so we have
ly got about half way through. Turning aside for a
ute, we look over the Three-island Pond, and there
see the stately black-necked Swans from South
tralia sailing about over its smooth waters.

re stop at the Fish-house. When we write again we
begin by telling you what we saw there, and then
you with us in our ramble over all the rest of these
is gardens.

before we close, we may as well, as we have seen
ng of beasts, just step aside a little way and see
ng of birds—the mighty Eagle. Here is an aviary
a and his kindred the Vultures. But we cannot
rticing how dull and dreamy they all seem, as if
re sullen and discontented; and no wonder; for

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN

their natural element is liberty. The eagle from his native rocks to soar in freedom to



take his rapid swoop to seize his prey on the p is one of the most animated creatures in crea

THE SQUIRREL TRAP.

THE SQUIRREL TRAP.

AN AMERICAN TALE.

ERT RAY had set a trap in the woodland for
squirrels. The "woodland" was a large plot of
 acres of land, covered with beautiful trees, most of
 were walnut. The squirrels loved that place. It
 ne for a great many families of them. Robert
 he would like one of the sprightly little things
 own; and as it was in the spring, when there
 nuts on the trees, and when it might be sup-
 hat the squirrels had eaten up all, or nearly all,
 inter's store of provisions, he thought one of
 ight be tempted by a nice yellow ear of corn, to
 his box-trap. He set it in the woodland one
 rnoon, and having dropped a few grains of corn
 for "decoys," as he called them, left it there. A
 ck stood not far from the place, and behind it he
 eep up quietly, to see if his trap was sprung.
 days passed, but no squirrel was caught. On the
 y, Robert asked his sister Jane to go with him to
 his trap. They approached it very carefully, keep-
 nd the rock; and then Robert, taking off his cap,
 cautiously through a crevice. An exclamation of
 st escaped him, but he checked it, and with a
 of his hand hushed his sister, and beckoned her
 and look. A bushy-tailed little fellow was

THE SQUIRREL TRAP.

nibbling the scattered grains near the mouth of the trap. They watched him almost breathlessly. He finished eating the decoys, and, lifting up his head, looked at them. They could see his bright eyes. He gave a hop toward the trap, and again looked about him. They looked in ; then around again, seemingly in doubt whether it was safe to venture further. But at last he sprang into the trap, nibbled at the ear of corn, the cover was closed, and he was a prisoner !

Now, before I tell you what became of him after this, I wish to say that I have seen more than one boy and girl who seemed to me very much like that squirrel. When I see a boy beginning to be a little disobedient to his parents, because he thinks it pleasanter to do his own way than to obey them ; or when I hear him say words which, though not the worst, perhaps, that can be spoken, are such as he would feel unwilling his mother should hear ; when I learn that a girl does or says anything when out of sight of her mother, which would grieve her mother's heart, then I think—that girl, that boy, is like the squirrel who nibbled up the grains which the great trap-setter, the evil one, has strown about the entrance to his prison.

Robert took up the trap to carry it home. He heard the imprisoned squirrel scratching and struggling, and his heart was full of pity for his fright at being shut up in that strange dark place, and before he reached home he began to feel some misgivings about keeping the poor little fellow there.

THE SQUIRREL TRAP.

wish he was back in the woodland," said Robert sister Jane.

Well, so do I; I'm sorry that he should be there in the grass, when he has been so happy all day long."

"Mean to let him go!" said Robert.

"Oh, that will be nice!" cried Jane. "But do you think he could find the way from here?"

"I am afraid not; but we can go back to the woodland."

And back again they went. Robert set the trap in the grass; then he lifted the cover a little way back in. The squirrel put his nose to the opening, thrust out one of his pretty slender paws, as if to be let out. Robert opened the trap wide. The squirrel sprang out, and was off in a twinkling, stopping to look back till he was safely up in a tree, and then he perched on one of the branches, his tail a whisk, as if he would say, "I will never get caught so again."

And the great trap-setter, of whom I have told you, is willing to let precious souls go out of his snare, when he has once caught them. Look out carefully for the decoys. For he makes them very attractive, and thus he tempts you to go nearer and nearer to temptation. Our Lord has taught you to pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." And the wisdom of the Lord to the young is, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."



wales with the Princess Ali
by direction of the Queen,
Chapel, Windsor Castle. No
to avoid any public processio
might be expected to take a c
yet ventured to do so since th
band, the Prince Consort, rat

The wedding took place o
10th. On the previous s
Oxford preached before the Q
very beautiful and eloquent
" Rejoice with them that do
that weep ;" a very appropria
a year ago there was weeping
funeral of Albert the Good, in
to rejoice at the marriage o
sorrow and joy, or joy and so
heels of each other among

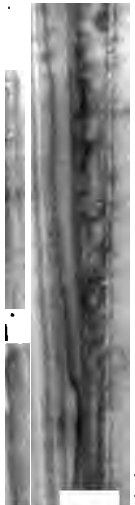
THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

we must go on. We have told you before of the banqueting hall of the Knights of the Garter St. George's Hall; the noble old building called George's Chapel is near to it, and is also regarded as appropriated to their use, as well as to the use of the royal

The inside of this ancient chapel, which is richly decorated, was now fitted up with the most splendid decorations, and when the seats were all filled with nobles, and lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses, ambassadors and foreign representatives, all in "robes of state dress," the scene was very grand indeed. Among the most conspicuous was the Maharajah Duleep Singh, an Indian Prince, whose clear olive face, dark beard, and bright eyes, were about all that could be seen of him, covered as he was in silken robes, and from his urban to slippers, studded over with diamonds and emeralds, and pearls.

The Queen came from the Castle privately and took her seat in the Royal Pew, attended by the Duke of Saxony, brother of her late husband, whom she much resembled. But he soon retired to attend upon the Prince of Wales, and a lady in waiting took his place with Her Majesty, who was dressed in the weeds of widowhood.

When all who were bidden had come to the wedding, the Archbishop and Bishops were in their places at the communion platform, the trumpets announced the arrival of the Prince, who soon appeared and walked up



Princess. In a few minutes the trumpets told her and soon she entered, attended by Prince Christian, her father, and the Duke of Cambridge, cousin of the King. Her train of white silk borne by eight daughters of the Queen as bridesmaids. The Princess looked lovely, but shy and timid, carrying in her trembling hand a large bouquet of orange blossoms. Having curtsied to the Queen, the Prince assisted her to step on the platform, and the ceremony proceeded, Her Majesty looking down upon the scene with parental interest, and now and then a smile of satisfaction.

The ceremony over the Prince and Princess, now the King and wife, walked down the aisle, and soon the spectators' vision vanished!

The singing and music performed at intervals during the processions to the chapel and the performance of the ceremony, were magnificent. The most disting

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

Handel's march from 'Joseph' had been played at the beginning, but all music had ceased as the party stood round the altar, till its strains broke out with the solemn words of the chorale:—

'This day, with joyful heart and voice
To Heaven be raised a nation's prayer;
Almighty Father, deign to grant
Thy blessing to the wedded pair.

So shall no clouds of sorrow dim
The sunshine of their early days;
But happiness in endless round
Shall still encompass all their ways.'

The exquisitely soft music of this chant, at once solemn and sorrowful, was composed by the late Prince Consort. It may have been this, or the associations and tender memories called up by the scene beneath her, but certain it is that as the hymn commenced her Majesty drew back from the window of the pew, and, after an effort to conceal her emotion, gave way to tears, nor did she throughout the rest of the ceremony entirely recover composure."

We must not omit to mention that among those who attended this splendid ceremony were not only the father and mother of the Princess, but her brothers and sisters, as well as the younger brothers and sisters of the Prince; his next brother Alfred, the sailor, alone being unable to attend through illness at Malta. But the elder sister, the Princess Royal of England and of Prussia, was there, and attracted much attention as she



of the valley were not yet in
reared, which, it is said, were
As soon as the service was c
soldiers struck up the nation
nounced it to the country and
graph told it in London, who
all the bells in the city rung f

On returning to the castle
signed, and in the afternoon
departed for Osborne House i

All over England holiday v
in the history of our country
rejoicing known. One cause
more than a year sorrow for th
sort, and sympathy with the
people, but now, when opport
forth in a greater volume of gl

For several weeks after th

CAUCASIAN CHIEF AND RUSSIAN GENERAL.



CAUCASIAN CHIEF AND RUSSIAN GENERAL.

have lately given you some scenes in foreign eastern countries. Here is another ; which represents a curious interview between a Russian General and a Chief from the Caucasian mountains.

The river Kuban runs through a low country not far from the foot of the mountains. On the north side of the river are the Russian Cossacks, and on the south side are the Caucasians, both of whom have for many years been in the habit of robbing each other as they had no unity. Both are a wild people, fond of such

CAUCASIAN CHIEF AND RUSSIAN GENERAL

exploits, in which they would rather indulge than cultivate their own lands in peace.

Sometimes, however, for some reason or other these people will send word to the other that they wish to be at peace. At the time referred to in the picture the Caucasian chief sent to ask for an interview with the Russian General, and he was told that he might go. So he crossed over the river with one attendant only. Each of them was armed with a sword, a gun, two pistols and several daggers. The Russian General seeing them coming, left his soldiers at a short distance and went to meet them alone, armed only with his sword. They met, and proceeded to talk over the terms of peace. All the time they were talking, the attendant of the Caucasian chief stood behind his leader with a loaded pistol in his hand, and his finger on the trigger, ready to shoot the Russian General in a moment if he saw the Cossack soldiers coming to take them. But nothing happened to them, and the terms of peace were settled for a while, but only for a season; for they soon began to fight each other again as their fathers had done, and as we fear their children will do after them. The knowledge of the gospel of peace shall teach them to live in peace, and enjoy in peace the rich bounties their Heavenly Father has scattered on ever around them. For the whole region is rich in fruit and fields, and pastures.

THE SPARROWS' PARLIAMENT.

THE SPARROWS' PARLIAMENT.

TWELVE sparrows perched upon a tree,
Just opposite a nursery ;
I listened to their words, and learnt
It was a sparrows' parliament.

The representatives were come
From every part of sparrowdom ;
And all, with one consent, agreed
The times were very hard indeed.

A grave old cock first 'rose and said,
Inclining with a bow his head—
" Friends, Cocks and Hens, of the same feather,
'Tis time we put our heads together.

When I was young, long time ago,
A sparrow's life was one of woe ;
But lately matters have grown worse,
Cats, men, and boys, are all a curse.

Last summer thrice my nest I made,
And thrice her eggs my partner laid ;
Yet thrice the cruel school boys took
Our treasure from its shady nook.

At last, though late, and with great care,
A tribe of younglings we did rear ;
A splendid hatch, in number five,
As fine as any now alive.

But soon as they began to fly,
What happen'd to them makes me cry ;
A stone was thrown at little Meg,
And, sad to say, it broke her leg ;

THE SPARROWS' PARLIAMENT.

And Polly, who so sweet did sing,
Lost all her feathers from one wing ;
While Bill, a cheerful little brat,
Was caught and eaten by a cat."

He ceased and wept. Had you been there
You would have seen a sparrow's tear.
Another 'rose, and loud declared,
" I quite concur in all you've heard.

Last season with my mate I paired—
A nice young lady she appeared ;
One day we took a little walk
To find some grubs, and have some talk.

A little while she left my side,
And fearing evil would betide
I followed her. She said she'd found
Such splendid grain upon the ground.

' Beware,' I cried—but 'twas too late,
She'd eaten ' Barber's poisoned wheat.'
She gently rolled upon her side,
One look of love she gave, and died.

I've been a widower since then.
I will not take another hen.
Nor shall ' encumbrances' me fetter,
"Till times and boys grow greatly better."

Then next arose a brisk young sparrow,
Who said, " I think your views are *narrow* ;
Bad men and boys there are I know—
Among ourselves is it not so ?

THE SPARROWS' PARLIAMENT.

But look within that nursery,
And little Tom and Harry see ;
How meek and mild and good their looks,
And how attentive to their books.

They throw us crumbs of bread and meat ;
Through them I have had many a treat ;
I'm sure they would not hurt a fly,
Much less such little birds as I."

" You barebub, go !" an old hen cried,
And pitch'd her spur into his side ;
" Youths who their *bettors* contradict,
Out of society should be kick'd.

Boys are the *same*, and 'tis their *nature*
To kill and torment every creature ;
And could those 'meek' young gents but reach you,
This lesson they would quickly teach you."

A wise and philosophic bird
Now 'rose and begg'd he might be heard :
" I think," said he, " the point is miss'd
On which we *chiefly* should insist.

From man I ask *no* kindnesses,
But *justice* simply and redress ;
We help ourselves sometimes, 'tis true,
To what is his—but 'tis our due.

We work for man—preserve his bread—
Millions of grubs and insects fed
Upon his produce, we devour,
And fields and gardens of them scour.

"IF YOU PLEASE."

How mean to grudge us in return
The just protection which we earn ;
How ignorant these men must be
To exterminate such friends as we.

My motion is that we present,
As soon as is convenient,
A strong address to England's Queen,
Beseeching her to intervene.

They say she is both wise and just ;
In her protection let us trust ;
If by our motion nought we gain,
We can but meet and talk again."

The sparrows all, with one accord,
Chirp'd their applause both long and loud ;
Then spread their wings and flew away,
To meet again some other day.

Leicester.

"IF YOU PLEASE."

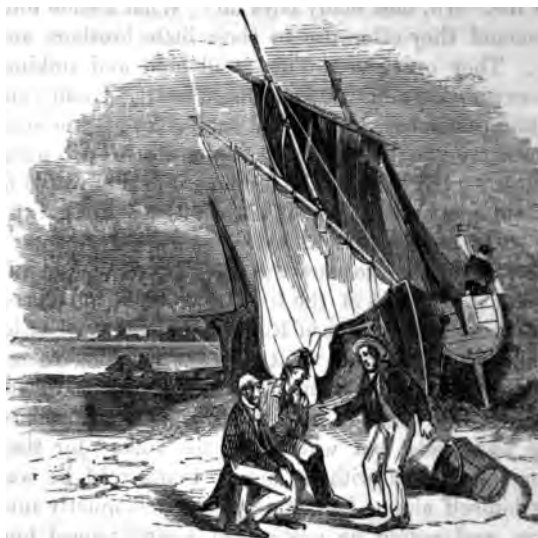
WHEN the Duke of Wellington was in his last illness the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant's bringing it to him and asking if he would have the duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them. He who had commanded the greatest army of England, and was long accustomed to the use of authority, did not despise or overlook the small comforts of life.

"IF YOU PLEASE."

f life. Ah, how many boys do ! What a rude tone
nmand they often use to their little brothers and
s. They order so. This is ill-bred and unkind,
hows a coarse nature and a hard heart. In all your
talk remember, "If you please." To all who wait
or serve you, believe that "if you please" will make
etter served than all the cross or ordering words in
hole dictionary. Dont forget these three little
—"If you please."

d then, further, to show the propriety of such gentle
sies, it was said at the time, that when the Queen
n a visit to the Duke of Rutland's at Belvoir Castle,
uke of Wellington went out one morning to see
unds start ; on returning, being then an aged man,
t down to rest on a sofa in one of the rooms.
r was ready, but where was the Duke ? for they
not sit down without him. Being told he was
g himself alone, Her Majesty stepped quietly into
om, and seeing he was asleep, gently tapped him
shoulder with her fan, and as he opened his eyes,
ed him a curtsy, saying, "If you please, my Lord
dinner is waiting." The Duke started to his feet,
olitely conducted the Queen to her seat at the
f the table. You will say this was very pretty ;
it was. Try if you cannot do something pretty
th "If you please ;" and remember that both the
and the Duke have set you the example.

FISHING-BOATS ON THE SANDS.



FISHING-BOATS ON THE SANDS.

THOSE who have visited the sea-shore in summer time, have often noticed a scene of this kind in fine evening. The tide has gone down, and leaves the boats high and dry on the sands; but it will return and float them off again before long. The fishermen, therefore, so they have come down on the shore to be

FISHING-BOATS ON THE SANDS.

we sent their boys to gather up the sails, which read open to dry when they came back in the day. And as they have nothing else to do themselves they are talking about which way over the sea would steer their boats that night to find the most. The man standing up is pleading very earnestly, that they should go further north than they did the night before, and no doubt, as an old salt-seaman, he has good reasons for thinking so.

Fishermen generally go out at night, and remain all night trying to catch the fish, returning early in the day. Just as you read Peter and his companions in the last chapter of the gospel by John. Some of our fishermen go a long way out to sea, several days perhaps, before they begin to cast their nets.

I remember one night crossing what is called the German Sea on board a large steamer. We were then many miles from land, and it was past midnight. I was sitting talking to the man who was on the look-out at the stern of the vessel, when all on a sudden there was a bright light on the sea before us. "What is that?" I asked. "Only fishermen," was his reply; "they are out there with lights to show us where they are, that we may shoot them down." Orders were then given for the vessel to go more easy, and we passed by them without doing them any harm. I thought at the time, what a pity it was to see those fishermen so far out at sea in

FISHING-BOATS ON THE SANDS.

their small boats at midnight trying to catch fish ; and felt sure that their wives must always be very anxious about their getting safe back again.

And they do not always get safe back again. Sometimes, when so far away from land, the wind will blow higher and higher, blowing a gale, and not only hindering them from doing any more fishing, but preventing them from returning back again, as it may blow, not to their favour, but against them. Only a few days ago I read of some fishing-boats going out in the north of Scotland. A storm came on, and the wind was so unfavourable they turned their boats to sail home ; but one of them struck on some rocks under the sea, which they did not see ; the boat was broken and sunk, and the six men who were in it were all drowned. And these poor men had all wives and children at home.

And so the next time you see great fish exposed for sale in a fisherman's shop, perhaps they will remind you of the perils which some men and lads must have gone through to catch them, when you, very likely, were fast asleep in your warm bed.

And let me remind you, too, that Jesus Christ, when he left Nazareth to go about doing good, did not go to Jerusalem to get some of the doctors, and scribes, and lawyers to come and help him, but he went to the shore and told some poor fishermen to come and follow him. Mark tells us in his first chapter that it was

FISHING-BOATS ON THE SANDS.

y. "Now as he walked by the sea of Galilee, he saw Simon and Andrew his brother casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers. And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men. And straightway they forsook their nets and followed him. And when he had gone a little further thence, he saw James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, who also were in the ship mending their nets. And straightway he called them: and they left their father Zebedee in the ship with the hired servants and went after him."

And when he had done all his wondrous works, and he died for us and risen again, he did not go and leave himself alive to Pilate, or Herod, or the High Priest, but he went again to the sea-shore of Galilee, and showed himself alive to Peter and his companions, for they were a fishing, as you may also read in the Gospel of John.

Should not, then, think lightly of poor fishermen,

for the Son of God himself made them, when he was with them, his chief companions, and sent them, before he went back to heaven, to preach his glorious gospel to all creature. "So then after the Lord had spoken to them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God. And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and giving them signs following."

THAT LITTLE HAND.

THAT LITTLE HAND.

“HE sent from above, he took me, he drew me
of many waters.”

Black and blue eyes opened wide with wonder
bright faces of the children who had gathered lo
around old Mr. Elden, as he slowly spoke those w

“What does he mean, Elsie?” whispered Jane
her cousin. “We asked him for a story, and you
he always has one ready. I hope he isn’t go
preach a sermon!”

“Wait, Jenny; we shall see.”

“This text,” continued Mr. Elden, “always re
me of an incident of my childhood. When I
little boy, I had a pleasant company of playmate
we used to enjoy our sports together, just as you ch
now do. At the lower part of the village whe
lived was a river, and a bridge across it. We ofte
there to play, and many times I have stood a long
trying to see the fish as they swam below.

One day we were playing on the bridge, and
our number, who had mounted the railing, was wa
something in the water, when he suddenly slippe
his hold, and fell. We heard his cry, and the spl
he struck the water. We ran to the side of the b
and looked over. The water had already closed
him, he had sunk so quickly, and bubbles were

THAT LITTLE HAND.

he went down. We were too young to know what to do, and too much frightened even to for help. The little fellow rose once more to the surface, struggling for life, but could only give us a sinking look, when with his arms uplifted, as if imploring help, he sunk again.

We were still speechless with horror; but a kind man noticed our movements from a short distance, and seeing what had happened, was hastening toward us. He reached the bridge. Nothing was in sight but one man and above the water, and that was fast disappearing. We had recovered our voices, and pointing at it, we eagerly, 'There's his hand! Oh, there's his hand!' It was that outstretched hand! I seem to see it now—I never forget how it looked to me. But our friend did not wait a moment. As that hand went out of sight and disappeared into the river, and soon brought the drowned man to the shore. He looked earnestly into the pale face of our play-mate as he held him in his arms, and in a low voice that sent a thrill of joy through all our hearts, he said,—'Saved!' Then turning to the rest of us, he added,—'Boys, I know you will never forget that sinking hand. Remember, when it comes into your minds, that we all are sinking in a colder and darker place than that river, unless we have asked One to save us, who alone can do it. This boy will soon be able to say that I took him from the

has been answered. Will you remember these things and the lesson it taught us? Jesus is ready to take of those little hands of yours, as you lift them up ploringly from the depths of sin and evil in the world, and he will bring you at last, not to the shore of this river, but to the 'Shining Shore.' Ask him to do so. Remember him as he did, who was sinking, when the Saviour saved him, for so he will save you if you cry to him. Listen.
"But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind was contrary. And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea. And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; they cried out for fear. But straightway Jesus said unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid. And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if thou wilt, bid me come unto thee on the water. And he said unto him, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the

TRIFLES.

k, he cried out, saying, Lord, save me. And im-
ately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught
and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore
thou doubt?"

TRIFLES.

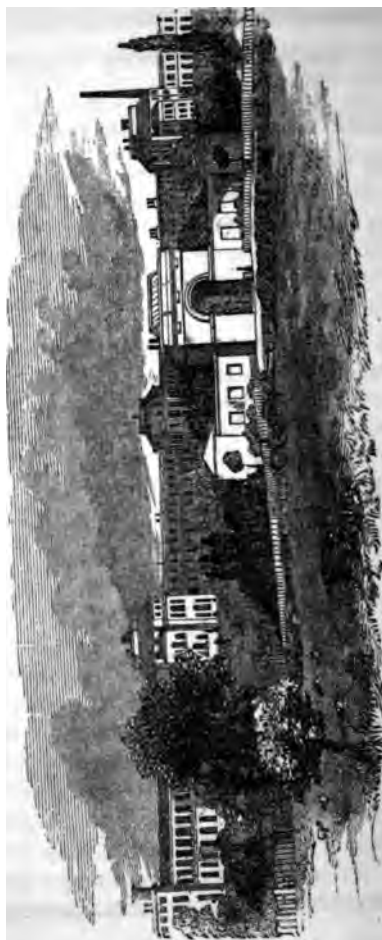
W^hAT are trifles—who may guess
All a trifle's meaning?
Scattered ears on life's broad field,
For a wise one's gleanings.
Naught but hath its work on earth,
Fraught with pain or pleasure —
Links in nature's mystic chain,
Though of smaller measure.
Trickling from the mountain height,
Through the beech roots stealing,
See a thread of silver light,
Sunbeams are revealing;
Drop by drop it gathers fast,
Never resting, never,
Till it swells and flashes forth
In a glorious river.
'Twas a single rain-drop fell
On a green bud thirsting—
Strengthen'd by the cool fresh draught,
Lo, a flower is bursting;
And an acorn lightly flung
In a pathway dreary,
Spreads an oak's broad shadows out
To refresh the weary.

TRIFLES.

But a flower's perfume may bear
Back through years of sorrow,
The sweet sunny morn of life,
With a bright to-morrow—
And a tress of silken hair
On a young brow parted,
Wake a fount of bitterest tears
For a broken-hearted.
Just a look may waken thoughts
Full of proud resentment—
Just a look may fill the soul
With a glad contentment ;
Little prayers of children fair,
By their mother kneeling,
Touch a worn and weary heart
With a childlike feeling.
But a trifle seems a word
All unkindly spoken,
Yet the life-harp wailleth low
For a gold-string broken.
But a trifle seems a smile
On a kind face beaming,
Yet a faint heart groweth strong
'Neath its gentle gleaming.
Trifles ! each one hath a part
In our pain or pleasure,
Making up the daily sum
Of our life's brief measure :
All unnoted as they pass,
Scarcely worth our heeding,
Yet a trifle, it may be,
God's own work is speeding.



2025 RELEASE UNDER E.O. 14176



HANWELL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

ENGLISH HOMES FOR THE HELPLESS.

GLISH HOMES FOR THE HELPLESS.

right that English children, whether younger or
er, should know that no nation upon earth is more
than their own for all kinds of charitable institu-
or the relief or support of the destitute and the
s. They are so numerous, that we could not now
n them all. Some provide food, lodging, and
g for the very poor, with schooling for their chil-
others, like hospitals and almshouses, are snug
nfortable homes for the aged—others provide for
ess and motherless infants and young children—
ny, like infirmaries and dispensaries, are for the
of all kinds of wounds and diseases—while some
one class of sufferers only, as the blind, the
r the consumptive. And the best of all is, that
f these are open to all, and without charge to
ates.

u ask who pays for all these excellent institutions,
y reply is very pleasing. They are, for the most
upported by the voluntary contributions of the
of England, who are not compelled to support
ut do so of their own good will, and in imitation
s Christ, who “went about doing good”—“heal-
manner of diseases among the people.” The
as taught our nation to do all these acts of kind-
the suffering. Were you to go among the



though men and women, are not
and often do not know what they
These poor unhappy and helpless
lunatics, and the places in which t
are called Lunatic Asylums. The
of the largest of these, near Lon
show you all the buildings, for t
and there are many hundreds of
beings within its walls, where al
done for their safety and comfort.

Some of these Lunatic Asylum
whose friends pay for their being
dreadful disease is not confined
the poor there is now, I believ
England a Lunatic Asylum ; and
full, they are well supported by t
richer people in the county. On
then sadly neglected or cr

HEAVEN.

utions. And now I would only remind you that ought to thank God every day, not only for food, clothing, and lodging, and for the use of all the parts of your body, but for the right use of your mind. The body is a machine which the mind directs. But if the mind is out of order, then the body is in helpless distress. Be thankful, then, to God for the right use of your reasoning powers, and pray that he will ever keep you from this dreadful disease, the most distressing and that can afflict humanity.

HEAVEN.

THERE is a world we have not seen,
That time shall never dare destroy,
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

There is a region, lovelier far
Than sages tell, or poets sing,
Brighter than summer beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

There is a world,—and O how blest !
Fairer than prophets ever told ;
And never did an angel guest
One half its blessedness unfold.

It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose ;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.



Flow round it
There forms, that
Too glorious fit
And clad in peerl
Move with unu
In vain the most
May seek to vi
Or find it in the
It is THE DWEL

THE UN
THERE is a
Where pa
And but a step
That world of
The friend I lov
She is no lon
I see no face—I
But may she

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS OF THE BLACK SEA.

Jesus has gone from mortal gaze,
And clouds conveyed him hence ;
Enthroned amid the sapphire blaze,
Beyond our feeble sense.

Yet say not—who shall mount on high
To bring him from above ?
For, lo ! the Lord is always nigh
The children of his love.



RUSSIAN SOLDIERS OF THE BLACK SEA.

For many years the Emperors of Russia have been trying to subdue the various tribes that inhabit the vast steppes that stretch from the Black Sea to the Caspian



from Sebastopol and other
taineers. But all they could
into bays along the shore, ar
lands lying between the sea
they built strong forts for t
ing them all they wanted b
mountaineers took care to
and cattle up into the val
stroying also all the corn :
the shores.

And more than this, if tl
in the day time to leave th
neighbouring spring, some of
always on the watch, lurking
rocks, would, with their long
marksmen, shoot them dow
might feel safe when shut
when they went out in law

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS OF THE BLACK SEA.

me, and by no means one of safety and comfort at ne.

aps you want to know why an Emperor of Russia ; let these tribes of mountaineers alone. He can- cause he will not. He has already the most exten- pire in the world ; but so it is that ambitious men, though they have, always want more. And hence wars and fightings all the world over. God made rld for men—for all nations of men to dwell on e of the earth ; and though he has fixed the bounds ir habitations, wicked men are always trying to , and break them up. And so we need not wonder i tyrants are resisted, for all men love their own ative land—the land in which they and their fathers orn. War is always a shocking thing, and if right time, is only right in resistance of those who come vage thieves to rob a people of their land, and pro- and liberty.

some men have always done such things, and we ey will until they listen to the word of the truth Gospel, which teaches all men to lead peaceable iet lives in all godliness and honesty. We ought y and work for the coming of those days when Christ, the Prince of Peace, will sway his peaceful e over all the nations of the earth, and men shall war no more !



sudden death that I could
over it, and try to realise
Sunday before he had been
baby, as he sat in the sun
his little hands, as the sh
across the bare floor, and
Now the child was sitting
October sun streaming in
him look so pretty—so li
was gone from us for ever

It seemed to me I must
that he would surely lift th
our child up, and say, as h
would you take for this litt

Even the baby missed hi
at my knee, calling, 'Fader
poor heart would break.

GIVING AWAY LITTLE CHARLIE.

wiped my wet face with his little chubby hands ; but I could only hold him closer to me, and cry more bitterly.

Just then, Mr. and Mrs. Lorrimer drove up in their handsome carriage. They lived not far off, and were our richest neighbours. When I had invited them in, and dried my tears a little, they seemed at a loss how to begin the conversation, but Charlie had slid away from my side, and went and stood at the lady's knee, and pointing to her heavy gold bracelet, said—'Pretty, pretty!' in his childish way. She took it off, and gave it him, saying—

'Wont you come to be my little boy, Charlie?'

My motherly heart took fright at once. They had no children, and I seemed to feel as plainly as if they had told me, that they had come to ask me for one of mine.

'My dear woman,' began Mr. Lorrimer, 'have you thought seriously of the impossibility of your getting along with five children, under twelve years of age? It has required all your husband's efforts to make a living for you—how can you hope to do it without him?'

'We offer,' joined in his wife, 'to take the most helpless of your little ones—to give him all the advantages we would our own child ; and surely you must see that through us God intends to help you.'

I need not tell you how long I withstood all their arguments. But at last, overcome by their entreaties, I consented to consider the matter. In two days they came for my answer. I never mentioned their visit to

could get it to please me; and I ran
shoulders until they were all rosy.
was ready, and I thought he never lo
was full of animation, for he was ol
what it meant to go riding, and he
and laughed aloud at the horses, as t
I handed him to his new mother, (th
that he was to come back soon,)
looked at me. Oh, how jealous my

When I came back into the hous
eye set on was his cradle. I c
down, and sob aloud. Then came t
whole truth to the two young chil
seem pleased; but I felt that the
when the two oldest should retu
almost dreaded to meet them, espe
so like his father, so quiet and

GIVING AWAY LITTLE CHARLIE.

one it for the best, and that he must hide his own sorrow for my sake.

The day ended, as the longest will at last, and it came time to go to bed. I had taken Willie to sleep down stairs near me. Since his father's death, the other children slept just above us. Well, when I came to lie down, there was the empty pillow! Baby had always hid his little rosy face as close to mine as he could get it, and slept with one little warm hand on my neck. All my grief broke out afresh when I thought of him. Willie tucked himself up at last, and said earnestly—

‘Mother, it's Charlie you are crying for, isn't it?’

‘Yes,’ I answered; ‘I know it's for the best; but oh! it's so hard to give him up.’

‘Mother,’ continued the child, ‘when father died, we knew it was all for the best, because God took him from us; but I have been thinking ever since we laid down how poor little Charlie must be crying for you, and how God gave him to us to love him and keep him; and now you have given him away. If He had meant him to be Mr. and Mrs. Lorrimer's baby, wouldn't He have given him to them at first?’

The boy's words carried more weight with them than all the arguments of my rich neighbours. After considering a moment, I said earnestly—

‘Oh, if I only had him back, he should never go away again, no matter how poor we might be!’

GIVING AWAY LITTLE CHARLIE.

The moon was shining so brightly that it was almost as light as day, and presently Willie said—

‘Mother, it’s only half a mile across the fields, and they wont go to bed for a long time at Mr. Lorrimer’s; let us go and get Charlie back. Why, mother, I seem to hear him crying now.’

Urged by the child’s entreaties, and the fond promptings of my own heart, I consented. I think I never walked half a mile so quickly in my life, and neither of us spoke at all until we reached the mansion. Then we stopped a moment for breath, and sure enough, we could hear baby screaming at the top of his voice. We went round to the front door and knocked. They seemed disturbed when they saw who it was, but asked us in politely. A hired nurse was walking with the child up and down the floor, trying to pacify it. Mrs. Lorrimer had wearied herself out, and was lying on a sofa.

‘Come to mother,’ Willie said; and he brought the little fellow to me at once.

How he clung to me, still sobbing, yet smiling all the while to find himself in my arms!

‘I cannot give him up,’ I said at last, when I could get my voice clear. ‘You must let me take him home.’

They evidently thought me a very simple woman; but their cold words only made me the more determined, and we started back in less than half an hour after we came, I carrying the baby; Willie offered to help me,

GIVING AWAY LITTLE CHARLIE.

but I felt as though I could carry him in my arms for ever.

When I had laid him in bed, now fast asleep, but still sobbing, and reaching out his little hands to feel if I was there, I said, 'God helping me, come what will, I will never part with one of my living children again;' and I never did.

I need not tell you how wild with joy the rest of the children were when they found the baby in bed next morning; they almost fought over the little fellow, and from that day forth it was their greatest pleasure to amuse Charlie and have him with them.

When the affair came to be known, many blamed me, and many favours that my rich neighbours might have done me they withheld, I think, for my folly, as they called it. But a few poor women like myself, that had always nursed their own children, said I had done right. We had many trials, and often scarcely a crust of bread in the house; but our hardships only bound us the more closely together.

All my children proved comforts and blessings to me. God took care of one for me; but as Willie said, we know that was for the best. The rest married in the course of time, and left me; but the prop of my old days, the one whose industry and management give me this plentiful and comfortable home, has never left me since the day I gave him away."

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN

SECOND NOTICE.

WHEN we had gone about half way round these interesting gardens, we came in sight of what was called the Fish-house. Now we will go in and see some of its curiosities.

We find it consists of a number of aquariums, or fish-houses, some full, and others partly filled with water. Here is a large one with water running through it at the bottom, in which are small fishes swimming about. There are a few small birds sitting on the branches of trees or on the rock-stones above. But they seem to be asleep, with their eyes turned down to the water. Suddenly one, a beautiful fellow with a long bill, darts from his perch, and seizing a small fish, flies back with it and devours it. It was a kingfisher.

We walk all round, and find more to interest and please us than it is possible for us to tell you. To describe all would fill a book ten times as large as this. If you should ever visit the gardens, be sure you go to the Fish-house.

Then, passing by the pond of the Water-pig, the Otter's cage, and the Armadillos' inclosure, we come to the Monkey House. There they are, scores of them, grinning, chattering, swinging, leaping, and playing

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

manner of tricks with one another. We do not like these impudent, saucy animals, so we pass on, and leave them to play their antics just as they please.

We peep into the inclosure of the "fretful Porcupine," with his quills standing up like bristles on a boar's back.

And now passing under the arch which supports the highway above, we turn to the right, and enter, almost with a shudder, the Reptile House for snakes and serpents. But we are safe, for we are protected by large



squares of thick plate glass. Here we find the poisonous American Rattlesnake, and the deadly Indian Cobra; there the Boa and the Python. What monsters! Could one of them get hold of you, it would roll itself round you, crush all your bones, and swallow you whole!

We turn away from these hideous creatures that we may find something more agreeable, and here they are—graceful Birds of Paradise from the Indian islands. And well may they be so called, for we can

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

hardly conceive that there could be more beautiful splendid birds in the garden of Eden.

The Parrots have a house of their own, and they serve one, for here is a rich collection of them, of every variety of colour from all parts of the world, as many as we are told, as eighty different kinds.

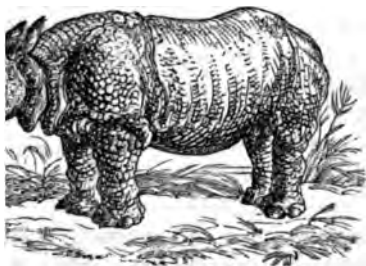
There are also sheds or inclosures for Deer. I always love to see these timid and harmless creatures in our English parks. But here we have more specimens of graceful beauty from other countries, where they live wild through boundless forests, free as the air of heaven.

Now we come to the Elephant; and as he is such a big fellow he must have a big house; and it is a big one, not like the cage made for him in a wild beast show, which he can scarcely turn, but a large round building in which he can walk round and round as often as he pleases. See, the keeper has mounted on his back, and a father below there is lifting up his little boy. The keeper takes him on his knee, and round and round they go on the great creature's back. But the little fellow seems glad when his father takes hold of him again, and leads him to his mother, who has been watching them the time, not without a little fear and anxiety.

Two other monstrous animals come next. The Rhinoceros, supposed by some to be the Unicorn of the Bible, if not so big as the elephant, is, perhaps, as strong. Indeed he seems made for strength, and few wild be-

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

dare to encounter him with his terrible horn on
p of his snout.



•
Describing these ugly but powerful creatures, a writer says :—“ They are heavy and clumsy in appearance, not unlike a monstrous hog, ex-

hat the Indian has one horn, and the African
ro, in a line projecting from the nose, a large
smaller, the longest bending backward, adhering
to the skin, without any bony socket, and com-
of a fibrous and horny substance resembling
hair, but hard as iron. The eyes are small ; the
rect and pointed ; the limbs short and thick, and
in capable of resisting the stroke of a scimitar or
ce of a musket ball, and deeply folded across the
ers and thighs in the Indian, but smooth in the
n animal. The senses of smelling and hearing in
re keen, and the appetite gluttonous ; herbs, and
ft roots of herbs, are their food ; swamps and
7 plains their favourite haunts, in which they wan-
itary, seldom in pairs. They are quiet if undis-

the waggon. --

ture, and possesses all the rage, untameness, and strength, ascribed to that Heber, however, mentions having seen Indian breed, who were quiet and generally submitted to be ridden as tractably as a

There is a description of one of the tures in Job xli. If the Almighty can power, what must His be?"

But here comes his keeper, with branches with green leaves to feed him; he crunshes them up, leaves, twigs, &c. with his strong jaws and broad teeth being crushed between two millstones.

The other is the Hippopotamus, which, as the text says, has a spacious enclosure to him; and a large deep pool of water. For years, it was said, one of these creat

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

the island of Obaysch, in the White Nile. When found in the reedy covert to which the mother had confided



him, this Hippopotamus, which now weighs at least four tons, was of such small dimensions that the chief huntsman took him up in his arms to carry him to the boat from which his men had landed. Covered, however, with a coat of slime more slippery than that of any fish, the calf glided from his grasp, and struggled to regain the safe recesses of the river. Quicker than he, the hunter used the gaff-hook fastened to his spear, of the same model as that used for a like purpose at the mouth of the Nile 3,000 years before, and hooked him on the side, where a scar still marks the wound, and safely held him."

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

He was walking slowly on the grass near the pool when we got there. Soon he crept along to the edge, and then tumbled into the water, swimming beneath, and now and then showing his great head above.

Now we come to a very different kind of animal, which for the beauty of its skin and the great height to which

it lifts itself up, might almost lay claim to royalty; for its head, which it lifts, like Saul the son of Kish, so high above all others,

"The likeness of a kingly crown has on."

But it is not a savage beast, and so because it cannot or will not fight, some people say it must not be called a kingly animal. Well: all we can say is that

we do not agree with them in thinking so. This gentle and graceful creature is called the Giraffe, or Cameleopard.



A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Its head bears a considerable resemblance to that of the horse, and is furnished with erect horns, about six inches long, and covered with a hairy skin ; these are blunt, as though cut off at the ends, and each is tufted with a brush of coarse black hairs. The neck is very long, thin, and erect, and has on the ridge a short thick mane, which extends along the back, nearly to the tail. The shoulders are very deep, which has given rise to an idea that the fore-legs are longer than the hind ones.

This extremely singular and noble creature is found only in the interior recesses of Africa, whence it is never taken alive, except when young, and where it is seldom even seen by European travellers.

When they stand with their head and neck perfectly erect, many of these animals measure sixteen or eighteen feet in height.

We had now done. So passing through the gardens and the park, we find a 'buss for King's Cross station, take a hasty dinner, enter the train, and after a hundred miles' gallop by steam, get home to tea !

The pictures we have given of the most remarkable animals a few of you may have seen before, but supposing that the greater part of our young readers had not, and that all would wish to have before them a representation of the animal of which they were reading, we have given as many as we could conveniently.

TWELVE YEARS OLD.

TWELVE YEARS OLD.

THIS is just the time of life when boys who are in good health are full of animation and hope. They find that they can now do such things both in school and at play which they could not do two or three years ago; and they begin to think that they shall soon do many more, like their elder brothers and other bigger boys.

And this is about the time that some of them begin to think about religion. They have heard about heaven and hell, about death and judgment, about their souls, and their sins, and their Saviour; and they know when they do right and when they do wrong. Most boys think about these serious things when they are twelve years old, and some do before they are that age.

I have noticed that many boys die about this age. Two of my own boys did, and this made me think a great deal about such boys. I felt as if I should like to know that they were gone to heaven. But of that I could not be certain, and so I found comfort in thinking that the Lord Jesus loved them more than I did, and that he was as ready and more ready to forgive them when they had done wrong than I was myself.

But some boys, and some girls too, who die at this age, make their parents and friends feel happy in believing that they are surely gone to heaven. I will tell you about the last hours of one who was twelve years old

TWELVE YEARS OLD.

he died. His parents were pious, and his master, when he went to school, was a good man. His sufferings were at times very great. Whenever pain abated, he would raise his feeble voice in thanks to God. Once, when suffering very much, he was asked, "you now feel patient?" He replied, "O yes: when pain is at the worst, I pray to my Saviour Jesus Christ, and he supports me." The nearer he approached the end of his sufferings, the more did his comforts abound, and the more earnest and fervent were his desires to God. He would sometimes say, "I cannot be satisfied unless I am singing, or praying, or thinking of a goodness." Being asked another time how he felt, he said, "Happy;" and that he knew he should not survive, but feared not death. He then, although in a state of great weakness, prayed aloud for nearly ten minutes, and ended by saying, "Is it not good to live in the love of God? Blessed be his name for what he has done for me, in pardoning me, an unworthy child!" When his mother read to him some of his favourite scriptures, he would frequently, and with much animation, exclaim, "Glory be to God! How happy I feel!" Once, when alone with his mother, whom, next to his God, he loved the most, he said to her, very solemnly and sweetly, "Mother, I know you love me: would you like to see me die?" Seeing her to be much affected, he tried to comfort her, saying, "I shall only go home a little before

TWELVE YEARS OLD.

you, and I will be your angel. Once, when you were very ill, I prayed the Lord to spare you, and take me; and now my prayer is going to be answered. Do not, then, be afraid to see me die."

One of the last things he did was, to leave to his parents, and to his brothers and sisters, his little stock of books. These consisted of his Testament, Hymn Book, and a number of small reward books, which had been presented to him at the school for good conduct. All these had been very carefully packed up, and preserved in a neat box, the gift of a lady. After distributing his smaller books, the greater portion of which fell to the lot of Richard, he said, "My Testament I leave to my brother Peter. Peter, if you will read it seriously, the Lord will open your mind, and show you what you are. My Hymn Book I leave to my dear mother." He was always anxious about his school-fellows, and often mentioned them in his prayers. The master states, that on visiting him a few days before he died, he was much affected by his saying to him, with much feeling, "Oh, master, get all the children to heaven you can!"

The last week he lived, he had some very serious and affecting conversation with his father in the prospect of death. "Father," he said, "do continue to keep in the ways of God, and to read the Scriptures, and pray in the family. Your reading and praying twice a day have been a great blessing to me." Thus he continued to

A PRAYER-MEETING BROKEN UP BY A TIGER.

erse with all around him on that subject which ever
earest to his heart, constantly praising and blessing
and bearing his sufferings with lamb-like patience.
a murmur or repining word ever escaped his lips.
elighted to talk of Jesus ; and some of his last words
uttered in recommending his blessed Saviour to
around him. The schoolmaster visited him on the
last evenings before he died. He could then with
ultly speak ; but his broken accents consisted of
er and praise. The last words the master heard
utter were, " I am happy, happy ! Jesus Christ is
s all ! "

st before he died, being apparently insensible, he, to
urprise of all present, looked at his weeping father,
ing out to him his hand ; and then, being unable to
t, with his finger he pointed upwards to that heaven
which his happy spirit soon after entered.

PRAYER-MEETING BROKEN UP BY A TIGER.

WILLIAM C—— was the son of decent poor people,
and was living in our quiet little town, engaged
e peaceful pursuits of industry, when he suddenly
ok them, entered the army, and after a time was
with his regiment to Southern India, to Madras,

A PRAYER-MEETING BROKEN UP BY A TIGER.

then to Trichonopoly, where the circumstance I am going to relate happened. At that time William knew not God. Who followed him more especially with her prayers and tears? His mother. Yes, she thought of him day and night, and said how she longed to know he had become a child of God, and a good soldier of Christ Jesus. She asked me to write to him, and to point him to the Saviour of the lost: and we agreed to pray for him. The Lord heard our prayer; after some years William was converted; he experienced *the great change*; for his letters showed plainly that his heart was changed. Then he wrote so truly about sin and salvation. Sin, which he once loved, he now hated and shunned: salvation, rich, free, and full, through the precious blood of Christ, was now all his desire; he found such high delight in the service of God and in the means of grace as he had never enjoyed in the pursuit of worldly pleasures. And this brings me to the subject of my paper. I will give you an extract from one of his letters, or the substance of it, in which he speaks of an intruder at a prayer-meeting. He says, "One day myself and two or three comrades thought we should like to enjoy a little prayer-meeting privately by ourselves; so we took a hymn book, and walked to a quiet spot outside the town, and sat down on a little bank, no one near to disturb us. After speaking a little of the love of God, we were just going to give out and sing a hymn, when one of the

A PRAYER-MEETING BROKEN UP BY A TIGER.

men said, 'Look there!' Sure enough, there were the glaring eyes of a fierce tiger at a short distance, the hinder parts of his body concealed in a bush, to which he had crept softly and stealthily on his padded paws unobserved, and his practised eye was measuring the distance for a leap at the moment we saw him. With all speed we jumped up, fled, and mercifully reached a place of safety, where we thanked and praised God for his watchful care and preserving goodness."

"How happy all thy servants are,
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee."

Let us learn from this startling account to watch and pray, lest intruders, in the shape of evil thoughts, creep in, when we are at the prayer-meeting or elsewhere. There is a foe, subtle, active, and strong, whom we cannot see, always lurking about, especially where God is sought and worshipped, and the gospel is preached, just to pick up the good seed ere it take root in the heart. What had become of those pious young soldiers if they had not seen and fled from the fierce hungry tiger? Death, certain death, to one of them, for the tiger will seize and run off with a man as a cat does with a mouse. And as William said, "There was no escape had he sprung on us; we had no guns; we never thought of taking our firearms to a prayer-meeting." Be sober, be vigilant (watchful), because your adversary, the devil, as



Every path of the
fulness and prayer for your me

There is one other thought
story which we must not ne
precious the gospel was to W
heard and received its glad ti
its privileges. Could he have
sent to India? Here, then,
sions. O go, and labour, a
never rest, until the gospel
creature that is under heaven.

ON DOING LITTLE THINGS

DO thy little; do it
Do what right ar
Do what wrong and sc

ON DOING LITTLE THINGS FOR CHRIST.

They whom Christ apostles made,
Gather'd fragments when he bade.

Do thy little, never mind
Though thy brethren be unkind;
Though e'en those who ought to smile
Mock and taunt thee all the while.

Do thy little; then when death
Comes to take away thy breath,
Ere thy spirit flies away
To the realms of endless day—

Then the little thou hast done,
Little battles thou hast won,
Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love express'd,
Little wrongs at once confess'd,
Little favours kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne,
All for love of Christ thy Lord,
In obedience to his word —
Shall a holy fragrance shed,
All around thy dying bed,
And thy little deeds of love,
Shall follow thee to heaven above;
And Jesus from his glorious throne
Will look, and smiling, say, " Well done!
Faithful unto me and mine,
Thou shalt now in glory shine."

USE ME!

USE ME!

MAKE use of me, my God !
Let me not be forgot,
A broken vessel cast aside—
One whom thou needest not.

I am thy creature, Lord,
And made by hands Divine ;
And I am part, however mean,
Of this great world of thine.

Thou usest all thy works—
The weakest things that be ;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on thee.

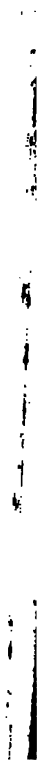
Thou usest the high stars,
The tiny drops of dew,
The giant peak, and little hill ;
And why not use me too !

Thou usest tree and flower,
The rivers vast and small,
The eagle great, the little bird
That sings upon the wall.

Thou usest the wide sea,
The little hidden lake,
The pine upon the Alpine cliff,
The lily in the brake,

The huge rock in the vale,
The sand-grain by the sea,
The thunder of the rolling cloud,
The murmur of the bee.

All things do serve thee here—
All creatures, great and small :
Make use of me, of me, my God,
The weakest of them all.





EVENING.

ENGLISH MILK-MAIDS.



MORNING.

THE MORNING MILK-MAID GOING OUT.

THE MORNING MILK-MAID GOING OUT.

THERE she is! with her pail and her stool, on her way to the next field to milk the cows. It has just struck five by the village clock, but that means half-past four, for that "time-teller" is always kept a-going half an hour too fast, that it may give warning to all the busy folks that it is now time to get up.

Never mind that: the sun got up before Mary did on that midsummer morning, and his warm rays had already begun to drink up the dew; and the birds were all singing a merry song, and Polly loves to hear them; and she is sure that the wild flowers look prettier and smell sweeter; and the air, too, is more fresh and fragrant when she goes a-milking in the morning, than at any other time of the day.

Sometimes Polly feels so glad that she cannot help singing herself. Hark! what is it? I know. It is a favourite song of hers, which she got off at the sabbath school. She has not forgotten it, and this midsummer morning reminds her of the first words—

"The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold."

Yes: and if you were to meet Polly some fine morning when coming back from milking, you might almost fancy she was a walking wild-rose, for her cheeks are as

THE EVENING MILK-MAID COMING HOME.

fresh, and fair, and rosy as that prettiest of all English wild flowers.

But flowers fade, and so do we. And yet it is a great blessing to enjoy good health, and the best way for young people to find it is for them to go and seek for it "all in the morning betime."

THE EVENING MILK-MAID COMING HOME.

HERE is Kitty! She has milked the cows, and hoisted the full pail on the top of her head. Tommy is carrying her stool, and they are just setting off home again.

If Polly, with her blooming red cheeks, was like a wild rose, Kitty is like a white lily of the valley, as pale and as graceful, when she walks erect, steadying the pail on her head with her right arm, and supporting her body with the left.

Tommy goes with Kitty that he may not only carry her three-legged milking stool, but open the big gates for her that she may walk through, and not have to let down her pail when she comes to a stile.

But I dont think that Kitty will have to carry the full pail all the way home, for there is George, the farmer's young servant-man yonder on the top of a gate, looking to see if she is coming, and he will soon be over the home

UNDER THE SUN.

ld to meet her. George has much respect for Kitty ;
y, I do not know, but I fancy he feels something more
an that, he is always so ready to go and relieve her of
e heavy load.

Such an English scene as this always reminds me of
at we read in the books of Genesis and Exodus, about
bekah at the well of Nahor, and about Moses and the
ven daughters of Jethro in the land of Midian. There
something so pleasing in the innocent pursuits of rural
e, that they form a striking contrast to the noise and
stle of our large and crowded cities ; and I never leave
e smoky, dusty, and noisy large town in which I live
: a walk through a few quiet villages, but I think of
at line of my favourite poet—

“ God made the country, but man made the town.”

UNDER THE SUN.

THERE are little birds in the sycamore trees,
Toiling and singing, the whole day long ;
Working with gladness while daylight lasts ;
Cheering their labour with gladsome song.
There are green fields waving in wind and rain,
Telling of labour yet to be done,
When the grain shall be ripened and gathered in—
A golden harvest—under the sun.

Under its banks, to the restless sea,
Floweth the river all clear and bright ;

UNDER THE SUN.

Kissing the flowers which grow in its path ;
Dancing along through the pleasant light ;
Rocking the boats on its bosom broad,
As into the harbour they gladly run ;
Gleaming and sparkling as to the sea
It floweth for ever down—under the sun.

Little feet wearied before the time ;
Little hands folded up on the breast ;
Bright eyes closed ere the sad tears came ;
So go the little ones unto their rest.
Old men, laying their strong staff down,
Close their eyes on the race all run.
Death is an angel that leads the way
Out of the shadow down—under the sun.

Grave-yards spread over hill and dale,
Graves far down in the deep blue sea,
Tell where our hopes and joys lie hid,
Safe in the depths of eternity.
But whether the flowers bloom over their graves,
Or the waves sing over their treasures won,
Their angels look out from the heavens above,
And watch those who love them—under the sun.

There is pain and labour and sin and woe,
Like dark clouds hovering over the way,
With hope and happiness shining through all,
The sunshine making the pleasant day.
But a time will come when the cares shall cease,
When we weep no more—but, with work all done,
Fold gladly our hands o'er our quiet breasts,
And rest from all murmuring—under the sun.

SARAH'S FIRST PLACE.



SARAH'S FIRST PLACE.

HER parents lived in one of our retired villages, and had a large family of children, four boys and five girls, for whom the father worked hard every day, and the mother did her best to "make all ends meet" with her husband's earnings, in finding food and clothing for her little ones; whose only schooling was such as, fifty

SARAH'S FIRST PLACE.

years ago, most of our villages afforded. The boys were taught in a rough way to read, write, and do a few sums; but reading only was, in those days, thought enough for girls, who, instead of writing and summing, were taught to knit and to sew.

The boys, before they were twelve years old, were taken from school and went with their father to work until a farmer's place could be found for them. The girls, as they grew up, helped mother about the house, or took care of the lesser children when mother was away. When fourteen or fifteen they were hired as under servants by the farmer's wives, who taught them how to go on. Four of the girls had now gone, and some of them were taking good wages.

Sarah was the youngest; and as mother was poorly sometimes, she felt as if she could not well spare Sarah to go out to place so early as the others. But being better, she thought she could now let her go; and as Mrs. Johnson, whom Sarah's mother nursed when she was a baby, had been so kind as to say that as soon as her old nurse would do without her she would take Sarah into her service, and try to make a good servant of her, it was agreed that she should go. Her mother did her best to get all her things ready, and one cloudy afternoon in November her father put his thick walking stick under the cords of her box, and lifting it on his shoulders, set off with her to the hall, which stood outside the next village,

SARAH'S FIRST PLACE.

about four miles off; Sarah carrying a band-box with her best bonnet in it, and a small basket with a few odd things in it that mother thought she might want.

Going to place for the first time, always makes a girl feel very queer. For a few days she was uneasy, always thinking about home. Indeed she was what some call "mother-sick," she wanted so to see her mother. If she could only see her mother a bit she should be better.

Mother had told her she would feel so, but she told her, too, that she must try to get over such feelings, and the best way to get over them would be to mind her work and do all she could to please her new mistress, who would not like to see her going about fretting and unhappy.

In a few weeks Sarah began to feel more comfortable in her place, and only thought about mother and home now and then.

Sarah had been at the hall a little more than six months; it was midsummer, and one fine Monday morning after breakfast, the post-man brought a letter, which Sarah took, as she always had done, to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson in the parlour. Mrs. Johnson took the letter, and looked at the direction outside of it; and then giving it back into her hand, she said, "Why, Sarah, that letter is for you. Cannot you read writing?"

Poor Sarah blushed and said, "Please, Ma'am, I can only read books. I was never to taught write, and I cannot read writing."

SARAH'S FIRST PLACE.

"Well, Sarah, what is to be done? The letter will be of no use if you cannot read it."

"Please, Ma'am, will you read it for me."

"Yes: if you wish me, Sarah, I will."

Mrs. Johnson read it, and then said, "It is from your parents, who wish you to ask me if I can spare you to go home for a few days next week. I think I can, Sarah, and as you have been a good girl you shall go. You may get your things ready, and John shall drive you over on Saturday afternoon."

"Thank you, Ma'am," said Sarah; and as Mr. Johnson sat looking at her he saw tears swimming in her eyes.

"There, Sarah, take your letter," said Mrs. Johnson, "and we must see what can be done next winter to have you taught to write, and then you will be able to read your own letters. You can go."

As Sarah left the parlour she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron, and I don't know how many times she wept for joy that day, when she thought how soon she should see her own dear mother and father again.

Sarah went and had a happy week's holiday, for some of her brothers and sisters were there too, and many tales they had to tell one another, and very glad indeed were the old folks to see them all, and to know that they were all doing well.

Next winter Sarah was taught to write, and then she

TO MY SISTER.

did not only read a letter, but she could write one herself to her mother, and her brothers and sisters. When Sarah had been five years at the hall, she one morning gave a letter to the postman; I won't tell you for, but I guess it was for that steady quiet nice-looking young man who sometimes came to the hall from next town with grocery in a cart. For next year that young man opened a shop in the old village where Sarah was born, and it was not long before there was a wedding, I think that the letters that the postman brought to the hall, or took back again, had something to do with giving it about.

TO MY SISTER.

WHY should I tell how fair, how bright,
My Sister! was thy early bloom,
If memory did not oft invite
To weave my chaplets round thy tomb.
We were but two, the rest were gone,
And our young hearts so close were twisted
As if, deserted and alone,
We only on this earth existed.
Like two young plants in joy we grew,
The glory of one widow'd mother;
We liv'd, and lov'd, and always knew
Each thought, each feeling of the other.
If e'er I smil'd, her gentle eye
Was seen at once with joy to brighten;
If e'er I griev'd, a sisters sigh
Took half the load, my grief to lighten.
They found her; on her wan white arm
Gently reclin'd her drooping head:

TALES ABOUT LIONS.

With cheek so pale, with brow so calm,
It could not be that she was dead !
They rais'd her; she had fallen asleep !
She, to whom all our love was given,
Had left us all alone to weep ;
Had slept in Christ to wake in heaven !
Long years since then have flitted by ;
Now kneeling near my sister's tomb,
I think of immortality,
And all its brightness and its bloom ;
I think of her, the pure, the bright ;
I seem to see her stand before me ;
And thoughts of that fair land of light,
And Christ and heaven come stealing o'er me.

TALES ABOUT LIONS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON WALKER, and JAMES BACKHOUSE, members of the " Society of Friends"—we should call them " Quaker Missionaries"—two excellent men, when visiting the missionary stations of various denominations in South Africa, heard several tales about lions. We select a few of them.

A wild Bushman hired himself as a shepherd. " No long afterwards his new master was out in the field and was attacked by a lion, which had got him down, when his perilous situation was observed by the Bushman, who having no arms at hand, took off his kaross in an instant and boldly going up to the lion, flapped it in his face, and so intimidated the creature by this unexpected salute that it retreated, and the master's life was saved. Sub-

TALES ABOUT LIONS.

sequently the Bushman was himself nearly being destroyed by a lion, when the sudden appearance of his master with a gun, who shot the lion, proved the means of rescuing the faithful servant in turn from the jaws of the devourer. The Bushman has been now nearly thirty years in the farmer's employ, and has been allowed to rear a flock of sheep on his own account, which have so increased that they are supposed to be worth £1000."

"Our ride lay through a tract once much frequented by lions. Two or three years ago a Bechuana was pursuing his way along the dry course of a river called the Lion River, near Plaatberg, and being intent on the spoor of some game, did not observe that he was himself followed by a lion. The day being cold, for it was mid-winter, the man had his kaross drawn partly over his head, and just as he was descending towards the river's level the lion sprung at him, and fastened its claws upon the kaross. When once the fatal spring is made, the instinct of the lion is said to be to close his eyes while upon his prey, to which circumstance the Bechuana was probably indebted for his life; for in the scuffle he slipped out from the kaross, and got away unperceived by the lion, escaping with little other injury than the fright. A farmer's wagon happening to pass that way, a few hours after the occurrence, the man returned with it to the spot, and recovered his kaross, which the lion had left also unhurt."

TALES ABOUT LIONS.

"Roger Edwards, one of the missionaries at the Kuruman, had rather a serious adventure with lions. He was on a journey from the colony, whither he had been on a visit of business, and wishing to rejoin his family, had pushed on in the night. Just as the moon was descending below the horizon, he suddenly concluded to stop. He was attended by a single Hottentot who, in addition to the horses they rode, led a mare, which had a foal that ran by her side. On alighting, they placed their saddles under a bush, and knee-haltering the horses, turned them adrift to feed. As R. Edwards lay down on the ground to rest, he became very uneasy in his mind, and could not divest himself of an impression that danger was near. Nevertheless, after committing himself and his companion to the protection of the Almighty, he sought repose; but sleep fled from his eyes. In this wakeful state, with his attention peculiarly alive to any interruption of the profound silence that reigned in this region of solitude, he heard the scream of one of the horses; and presently he heard the roar of a lion. At the same moment the horses approached, fleeing in the direction of the very bush where he and his attendant were resting, until within a short distance of the spot, when they turned off along the main road towards the Kuruman, with the lions closely in pursuit. Roger Edwards looking earnestly in the direction of the moon's last receding rays, saw distinctly a large lion at but a short distance

TALES ABOUT LIONS.

off, and as if it were dubious whether to follow its companions after the horses, or to come forward to where human prey awaited it. The Missionary literally quaked for fear, being ready to give himself up for lost, for he had no human means of defence, but he cried in secret unto the Lord. To his great relief the lion presently took off after its fellows. Overcome with fatigue, the travellers, in spite of their fears, fell sound asleep under the bush, where they reposed unmolested till the break of day. They then traced the footsteps of the horses along the road homewards. It appeared from the spoor of the lions, that five had been in pursuit. The two horses made their escape, without being injured; but the mare fell a prey to the lions, and the foal keeping by its mother, as it was supposed, received a wound in its neck, but it also got clear off, and survived its rough treatment."

"Four hours from Leeuw Fontein is Wolve Kraal, which we have been warned against stopping at for the night, numerous lions having been seen in the immediate vicinity only the day before. A party had killed three of these animals, one of which was shot off the body of an unfortunate Hottentot, whom it had disabled, but who was not eventually much injured."

"We were introduced to Ameral, a Namaqua chief, descended on his father's side from a Dutch colonist. He resides on the borders of the Damara Country, and is extremely anxious to obtain a missionary. Chiefly with

TALES ABOUT LIONS.

this motive, he has completed a journey to Cape Town, a distance of nearly 1,000 miles. The subject has so far met with the concurrence of the Wesleyans, that E. Cook is instructed to proceed to the Chief's residence on a journey of observation. As an instance of extraordinary resolution, combined with strong fraternal affection, I may mention a circumstance that had nearly cost this Chief his life. He and his brothers and others of the tribe were hunting in a part of the country where lions were numerous, and several of the party had fallen a prey to them. The last who was attacked was Ameral's brother, who, in a disabled state, was in the grasp of one of these terrible creatures. Ameral snapped his piece several times at the lion, but unhappily it would not go off. Desperate at seeing the animal tearing his brother, he threw down his gun, and seized the lion by the mane from behind. In the scuffle that ensued, the lion grasped the arm of the chief, and was on the point of destroying him, when a well directed fire from one of his attendants laid the monster prostrate at their feet. The chief's arm was dreadfully mangled in the encounter, the elbow joint fractured in such a way that it was impossible it could be of service to him ; but his people, by a happy exercise of ingenuity, set it at such an angle with his head as to allow of access by the hand to his mouth ; so that though the arm is perfectly stiff he can make considerable use of it."

VISIT TO A CANNIBAL ISLAND.



VISIT TO A CANNIBAL ISLAND.

Great Pacific Ocean are thousands of small but
iful islands, some of them in groups near to one
and others standing alone. When first dis-
they were found to be inhabited by savage races
who were constantly at war with each other,
oasting, and devouring the prisoners whom they
ive. And besides this horrible crime they were
bit of destroying their own children. And thus
Word of God again found to be true, where it
he dark places of the earth are full of the habi-

VISIT TO A CANNIBAL ISLAND.

tations of cruelty." Neither men, nor women, nor children, were ever safe ; all might expect such a cruel death.

When the Christians of England and America heard of the sad state of the people of these islands, they could scarcely believe that such horrid things were done. But they were too true ; and to teach them better, many missionaries, at the risk of their own lives, visited some of the islands to teach them the peaceful and loving gospel of Christ. The God of heaven gave them favour in the sight of the people, and great good was done by the preaching, and by the bibles and books that were translated and printed in the languages of the islanders, and by the schools that were opened for the children.

For many years now this good work has been going on. Many of the natives who became christians, knowing the good of religion themselves, and feeling sorry for the people of other islands who were yet in heathen darkness and misery, have gone to tell them the good news. Some lost their lives in the attempt ; but others followed them, and so at length hundreds of the islands were visited with the glad tidings of the Gospel.

One group, called the Fiji islands, was inhabited by a very savage race of cannibals. After many dangerous attempts to reach them, some English Wesleyan missionaries at length succeeded ; and now one of these says :—

"The converts love the Scriptures ; and, as soon as they can read, they do not rest until by some means or

VISIT TO A CANNIBAL ISLAND.

they possess a complete New Testament, in good binding. We have in this District 394 churches, uses for preaching, 12 Missionaries, 1 English master and 1 schoolmistress, 1 printer, 11 or Native-Assistant Missionaries, 17 on trial as ditto, schists, 250 Local preachers, 1,476 school-teachers, church-members, 5,216 on trial for church-members, 871 schools, 3,500 scholars, and 66,860 persons send public worship. And now all parts of Fiji bring to us. Will you, please, complete the 10,000 of the New Testament, and send them out as soon as possible. The demand has been far beyond our anticipation; and we have to refuse hundreds who earnestly to purchase *the Book*."

yet there is danger in some of the islands of the

A Missionary, describing his visit to one of them where the people were at war, says:—

I went on shore at Navatu. As I led the way, I was much pleased with the affection that was shown to me by the chief. All the inhabitants came after us; they were then clinging round and hemming him in, in their eagerness to speak, as some feared, their last word to him. At that time he walked on with all the dignity of a chief, but he suddenly stopped, appeared dejected, and I thought he would turn back. After proceeding a considerable distance in earnest conversation with the old men, he told them to return, also the women and chil-

VISIT TO A CANNIBAL ISLAND.

dren: he bade farewell, and shook hands with them all. Again we hurried on, and again he stopped to shake hands with the young men and boys. These then returned to the town. Our party was then diminished to about thirty individuals, including the chief's little boy and several warriors: these remained behind at their fortification. The other mile was walked in silence.

On our way we passed the stones, upwards of two hundred paces in length, which register the guilt of the people of Thakova in the sight of God and man. These stones witness that the chief of Thakova cruelly butchered and ate nigh upon one thousand individuals. I would to God that this fearful testimony of iniquity were demolished! Before I came to this land of spiritual darkness, I noticed that it was the impression of a great many that such gross wickedness was a crime of the past. *It is not so.* The names of sixteen strong men of Navatu were given to me who had been dragged to the ovens, and eaten by this people, a very short time before I arrived!

As we neared the town, the chief called a halt. He then said, "The Bau men go first,"—meaning my boat's crew and the Native Assistant-Missionary,—"*Missa Osele* (Mr. Horsley) will go just before me; the man with the loaded gun near me, and the rest follow. Keep close."

Thus we proceeded; no one spoke till I shouted to the armed, naked, and painted warriors, *Sa loloma!* ("My love to you!") We walked straight to the chief's house.

VISIT TO A CANNIBAL ISLAND.

folasi commenced the shout of respect, all the natives joining him. Wankalavu and his party answered from within, and we entered. The old cannibal at once called me to sit with him on his mat, and at once entered into conversation. Messengers were sent for all the chiefs and the warriors to come.

He promised to stop the war on the coast, if I would send teachers to the towns; he said, "They will listen to them and follow their words, and fighting will cease."

I took the opportunity of speaking to him about his own salvation, as I had done with Ratu Bolabola.

If these two men were converted, a tremendous amount of evil would be stopped, extending over several miles of coast; and the good that they could accomplish God only knows. Meanwhile fierce painted warriors had been rowding in, leaving their guns and clubs outside.

I was solicited to send catechists or local preachers to help the *three* who have been at work here; one of them saying, "I often have to preach *five* times on the Sunday, and meet the classes." My heart was full, and I could have wept for joy at what God had wrought."

The picture may be regarded as representing a missionary visit to one of the islands. The vessel must not come too near, because of the coral reefs which rise under the water all around the island at a short distance from the shore. On these reefs the sea breaks continually, and so even the boats have much difficulty in passing

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

over or through them to reach the inner waters, which are quite smooth all round the island, and in which the people are always fishing and bathing.

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

L OUD he sang the Psalm of David;
He a negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory;
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could but choose to hear—

Songs of triumph and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ the Lord arisen;
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the slave the glad evangel;
And what earthquake arm of might
Breaks his dungeon gates at night!—LONGFELLOW.

A RUSSIAN FORT ON THE BLACK SEA.



RUSSIAN FORT ON THE BLACK SEA.

THIS is a view of one of the bays into which the Russians ran their ships when they wickedly deterred to send soldiers to fight the inhabitants of the mountains and valleys of Caucasia. You may see those mountains in the picture, lifting up their high heads in the distance covered with perpetual snow. This scene is one of our great poets, when wishing to describe how possible it is for us to avoid one extreme by only using of its opposite, to write—

A RUSSIAN FORT ON THE BLACK SEA.

"Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus;
Or wallow naked in December's cold,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat;
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?"

But between these high mountains there are narrow rocky passes, shaded by trees, and down which brooks and rivers flow on their way to the Black Sea. Sometimes these narrow passes widen into a rich valley, near which the people build their houses, and in which they grow fruits and corn in great abundance, for the land is very rich.

But the Russians, though they have for many years made numerous attempts to force their way up into the valleys, cannot succeed; for the people climb the sides of the narrow passes, and shoot at them, or roll down large masses of rock upon them, whenever they try. And then the Russians have to retreat again to their sea-side fort as fast as they can, carrying their wounded soldiers with them.

The people of the mountains are now known by the name of Circassians. I intend to give you a picture of the outside of the house of a Circassian chief, and then one of the inside, with both of which I think you will be much interested, for perhaps you have not seen any pictures like them before.

THE ANT-LION.

THE ANT-LION.

all the creatures which secure their prey by stratagem, there is perhaps none more singular than the ant. It is found in the South of Europe. When grown, its length is about half an inch: and in form some degree resembles a wood-louse; it has six legs, its mouth is furnished with a pair of pincers, composed of two jaws curving inwardly, which give it a formidable appearance. But looking at its form a person not acquainted with its habits would be apt to set it down as the most helpless of creatures. It consists solely of the juices of other insects, chiefly ants, but at first view it appears impossible that it should secure a single meal; for its powers of moving are feeble, that it can walk only at a very slow pace, and backwards; it never follows its prey, and would rather perish with hunger than advance one step towards it, and so it stands but a poor chance of being able to catch down an active ant: nor would its prospects be improved by standing still; its grim and forbidding aspect is such as to deter every insect from venturing within its reach.

In the choice of its food, the insect is very dainty, however pressed by the calls of appetite, it will taste of no insect except what it has itself killed; and of this it extracts the finer juices. Thus delicate in its appetite, and thus apparently incapable of securing a supply

THE ANT-LION.

of food, what is to become of the poor ant-lion? How does an insect, thus to all appearance unfitted by its natural habits to provide a supply of food, contrive to secure delicacies? It accomplishes, by art and stratagem, what would utterly baffle all its exertions,—it makes a round pit, and, concealing itself at the bottom, calmly lies in wait for an unlucky insect which may chance to stumble over the margin and fall into its den.

For the purpose of making this trap, it seeks a spot of loose and dry sand, under the shelter of an old wall, or at the foot of a tree. In such a soil its snare is made with the least possible trouble; and the prey most agreeable to its appetite abounds in such places. Having fixed upon a spot proper for its purpose, it traces in the sand a round furrow, to the extent of its future abode. The outline of the hollow being drawn, it proceeds with its task. Placing itself on the inside of the furrow it thrusts the hind part of its body, like a ploughshare, under the sand; and using one of its fore-legs as a shovel, it deposits a load of sand upon its head, which is flat and square: it then gives its head a jerk, strong enough to toss this load to a distance of several inches beyond the outward circle. All this is done with a wonderful degree of celerity. Always going backwards, the same process is repeated, until it reaches that part of the circle where it begun its operations. Another furrow is then made in the inside of the first circle; this is succeeded by others, until at

THE ANT-LION.

As the insect arrives at the centre of the intended hollow. One thing deserves to be pointed out:—the insect neither uses its outward leg, nor disturbs the sand lying on the outside of the circle; using the inner leg only, it loads its head with sand taken from the inside of the circle. It seems to be well aware that the sand within the circle is all that requires to be removed, and also that this can be effected only by using the inside leg. If both the legs were used at the same time, the inside of the hole would be of the same width all the way to the bottom, like a mug, and that would not do. It must be like a funnel. It must, however, be obvious, that if, throughout the whole of this laborious process, one leg only continued to be used, the limb would get tired. To obviate this inconvenience, the little pioneer adopts an apt expedient: one furrow having been completely made, another is traced in an opposite direction; this brings into play the leg which had been at rest. It frequently happens that small stones impede the progress of its labours; these are all, one by one, placed upon its head, and jerked outside. But when arrived near the bottom, it sometimes encounters a pebble too large to be removed even by this process, its head not having sufficient breadth and strength to bear so bulky and so heavy a substance; while the hole is too deep to admit of its being thrown out. In this case the little engineer is not destitute of resources. A new mode of proceeding is adopted, suited to the difficulty which the

THE ANT-LION.

insect has to overcome. By a series of the most clever movements, it contrives to lift the pebble upon its back, where it is kept in a steady position. Having thus secured the pebble from the chance of falling, the labourer walks, tail forwards, up the slope of the hole, and deposits its burden on the outside. When the stone to be removed happens to be round, the insect's task becomes more difficult: in this case, the proceedings of the little creature cannot fail to excite the deepest sympathy.

Desirous to witness the ingenuity, and try the perseverance, of one of these creatures, M. Bonnet threw a good-sized pebble into the den: its removal seemed to be quite necessary; for the ant-lion left its work to effect it. To toss it out was beyond its power: it therefore determined to carry it up. For this purpose it pushed its tail under the pebble, and, by moving the rings of its body, hoisted it gradually on its back: thus loaded, it set off with its burden, walking backwards up the sloping side of the hole. Of course, every step made the stone shake; but it was righted in a trice by the proper movement of the rings of its body. Five or six times, the stone fell off, in spite of all the skill and patience of the creature; and five or six times, Sisyphus-like, it renewed its efforts. In some instances, success attended its patient labours; in others, its efforts proved unavailing: but rather than submit to the inconvenience of a pebble, which could offer the means of escape to its prey, the insect chose to quit

THE ANT-LION.

, and begin a new one. Another, however, acting
ore sagacity, simply sunk the stone into the den
oving the sand below it.

ifficulties having been at length surmounted, the
ished: it is rather more than two inches deep,
out three inches wide at the top, gradually
ning in its dimensions, until it becomes no more
point at the bottom. It is at this narrow part of
that the ant-lion now takes its station; and lest
uth and forbidding appearance should scare away
y which might happen to approach its lurking-
conceals its whole body under a layer of sand,
he points of its expanded pincers, which stick out
ne surface. It seldom happens that much time
before some vagrant ant, unsuspecting of danger,
upon the margin of the den. Impelled by some
otive, it is prompted to explore the depth below;
erly is made to rue its prying intrusion. The
ous sand gives way under its feet; the struggles
; makes to escape serve but to hasten its descent;
alls headlong into the open jaws of its destroyer.
t, however, sometimes succeeds in arresting its
ard progress half-way, when it uses every effort to
e up the sloping side. Furnished with six eyes on
e of the head, the ant-lion is sufficiently sharp-
to perceive this. Roused by the prospect of
he expected delicacy, it instantly throws off its

A DAUGHTER'S LETTER.

inactivity, shovels loads of sand upon its head, and
ously throws them after the retreating victim. The
which the ant thus receives, soon bring it down
the grasp of the terrible pincers which are extend
receive it.

A DAUGHTER'S LETTER.

AN old Officer, who had served under Wellington in Spain and Portugal, said to a gentleman with whom he was conversing about those countries in a coffee house in London :—

“Though there is doubtless much ungodliness in this land, yet when compared with the sabbaths in Spain and Portugal, a sabbath here is a delightful season : I can truly value that blessed day until he has been deprived of its enjoyment. When in the army I felt deprivation ; we had misery in every shape : for danger, disease, and death were continually around among us. The nearer the men appeared to be to duty, the farther off their thoughts seemed to be from duty.”

It was on a sabbath day that I received a letter from my daughter, then in England ; it alluded to the uncertainty of life, especially to a military man ; it pressed upon me the consideration of eternal things, and pointed to Jesus, who, in health and in sickness, in life and in death, is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him. Every word made a lodgment

THE ECHO!

heart; folding up the letter, I walked out to a distance from the camp, until I came to a solitary place, and there, on my knees, I poured out my soul before God, and found that peace which the Saviour gives to all them that put their trust in Him."

THE ECHO!

↑ STOOD on the banks of a swift flowing river,
↓ While I mark'd its clear current roll speedily past,
It seem'd to my fancy for ever repeating

That the dearest enjoyments of life would not last.
Oh! tell me, I said, rapid stream of the valley,
That bear'st in thy course the blue waters away,
Can the joys of life's morning awake but to vanish,
Can the feelings of love be all doom'd to decay?
And Echo repeated—"All doomed to decay."

Flow on in thy course, rapid stream of the valley,
Since the pleasures of life we so quickly resign,
My heart shall rejoice in the wild scenes of nature
And friendship's delights, while they yet may be mine.
Must all the sweet charms of mortality perish,
And friendship's endearments—ah! will they not stay?
The simple enchantments of fair blooming nature,
And the pleasures of home—must they too fade away?
The Echo slow answered—"They too fade away."

Then where, I exclaimed, is there hope for the mourner,
A balm for his sorrow, a smile for his grief?
If beautiful scenes like the present shall vanish,
Where—where shall we seek for a certain relief?

TO AN INFANT SMILING IN ITS SLEEP.

A voice said, "Fly now to the feet of thy Saviour,
Believe in his mercy, for pardon now pray,
With him there is fulness of joy and salvation,
Thy gladness shall live, and shall never decay,"
The Echo said sweetly—"Shall never decay."

TO AN INFANT SMILING IN ITS SLEEP.

SLEEP, little one, a witching grace
Lurks in the dimples of thy face,
As thus when sunk in slumber deep,
Thou smilest sweetly in thy sleep.
Dreamless thy slumber cannot be;
Perchance bright angels visit thee,
And flash across thy baby sight
In all their dazzling robes of light.
Thou hear'st perhaps the heavenly songs
Of pure angelic spirit throngs;
And, mingling with their deeper tones,
Soft notes of infant cherub ones.
Smile on, fair child, in calm repose,
Nothing thou know'st of earthly woes;
Shelter'd secure from all alarms,
Thy resting-place, a mother's arms.
In life's fair morn, O may thy heart
Be led to choose the better part;
A precious lamb of Jesu's fold,
With all his chosen ones enroll'd.
Should earth allure, O still abide
Close to thy heavenly Guardian's side;
And then in life's last closing hour,
Calm mayst thou smile, and weep no more.

Dudley.

EDITH LAWRENCE.



EDITH LAWRENCE;

OR, THE FORGOTTEN RESTING PLACE.

From South Australia.

"They have forgotten their resting place."—Jer. i. 6.

at elegantly furnished house, rich carpets, soft
sions, delicate drapery, all contributed to the
effect. The perfume of rare flowers stole in and
d incense through the room. Subdued sunbeams

EDITH LAWRENCE ;

sent a tracery of tremulous leaves over the stained glass windows, which, in their turn, threw their rich tint on a satin-covered couch. And yet, amidst all the luxury and refinement of that exquisite room, there was wanted little flower—peace, without which all is a barren waste.

Half buried in cushions lay a fair young girl, to whose slight fragile form and large languid eyes had imparted an appearance of extreme delicacy. Edith Lawrence was, indeed, fast fading, and the knowledge of this given a heart-pang which no soothing tenderness of friends, no splendid luxury could subdue.

Fading from this earth ! fading, sinking away from her treasures ! Oh, how hard it seemed to part from those she so fondly loved ; how hard to leave her beautiful home for the cold grave !

And yet Edith Lawrence had early given her young heart to God. She thought she could have yielded her life to Him ! How little knew she what woes and scenes and worldly influences had crept in, and that in the midst of the luxuries of earth she had forgotten the treasures of the heavens. She had “forgotten her resting place.”

It was not in the midst of such luxury she had found Jesus a resting place. Edith had known bitter sorrows and deep trials before she quitted her childhood home in dear old England, and it was an aching broken heart which needed rest, that first discovered how a

OR, THE FORGOTTEN RESTING PLACE.

ing place" was Jesus. Since then, what changes inspired ; an ocean crossed, and wealth and luxury in our southern land. Was she happier for the

Ah, no ! There was a worm at the root of all . Jesus was too little remembered, perhaps the nest was too downy.

form came at last to Edith, and then the pillow afforded poor refreshment to the aching head. flowers, rare perfumes, and silken cushions, conbalm for a weary heart.

was weary. Oh, so weary of all the vanities of so weary of the very luxuries that surrounded yet how fearful, how loth to leave them. They she must die, and her heart sunk within her. as one upon a troubled ocean ; no place of refuge she seemed to be tossing on the mighty deep, on, onwards to an unknown shore. But wherefore Alas, dear reader, she had forgotten her "rest-e."

brought round her all that wealth could bring. g and the merry laugh re-echoed in her presence. solemn mockery it seemed, standing as she did brink of an unfathomable abyss, "fearing to way !" All the news of town and country were d before her. Adelaide and its gaieties proved, a poor attraction to one who had lost her foot-and needed rest. Ah, little knew her loving

EDITH LAWRENCE;

friends, as they sadly saw their efforts useless; ah, little knew they the sorrow of their dear one arose from having "forgotten her resting place."

The hectic flush grew deeper on the fair cheek, the soft eyes looked still larger, for the dark shadows resting round them; and all day long Edith lay among her rich cushions, wearily, wearily moaning.

And had God forgotten his erring child? Oh, no! oh, no! The very strokes he laid upon her were strokes of love. He was turning the thorns into her nest,—the soft downy nest she had loved so well. It was no resting place for the heir of heaven! He who has said, "Come unto me, all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," permits the christian to find rest no where but in Himself, and through bitter storms, through rude tempests, through nipping frosts, he will still lead on, till the weary soul again turns to Him exclaiming, "Thou art my hiding place!"

And so her storm of fear and trouble and deep anguish brought messages of mercy to Edith. Amidst the many friends who tried to cheer the passing hours of the dying girl, came one young friend who had but recently found courage to testify before the world that Jesus was her "resting place." Putting aside her extreme timidity, she had taken up her cross, and in simple child-like obedience to the command of her Lord, had passed

OR, THE FORGOTTEN RESTING PLACE.

the waters of baptism ; near and dear friends and taunts and sneers awaited her on all sides. As the weak was made strong. Emily Lynden forgotten her "resting place."

Now, what could she do for Jesus ? Ah, she felt how little she was capable. The reserve, the strength of her nature remained ; how could she shake

How could she trim her little light, so that its light reach some poor sinner ? Deeply troubled, not do as some do, sit still deploring her retiring

No ; she went at once to her "resting place." She found, the rest of faith. Henceforth she leaned on God for support, knowing that out of weakness God would bring forth strength.

Her friendship brought Emily Lynden, as we have seen, evening to the sick couch of Edith Lawrence. Some hours by her side, tremulously alive to her words, and yet fearing to speak on the one subject occupied her own mind. Edith was in evident distress. Could she not find out the cause ? Many times she opened her lips, but precious time departed, and at length she rose to go, no word for Jesus having passed those lips. Should this be ? Oh, no ; it must not ! With an upward glance to her "resting place" he turned towards the feeble invalid, and clasped her hand, while tears glistened in her loving eyes, and he departed—

EDITH LAWRENCE.

"What can I do for you, dear Edith? Have you gone to Jesus with your sorrow; he would help you?"

To Jesus! Oh, that name; how soft and musical it sounded in the dying one's ears! Emily saw the sudden longing glance of the dark eyes upturned to hers, and blessed God that he had heard her prayer, and permitted her to speak even though at the last moment, for her brother was waiting at the door to accompany her home. She hastily imprinted a warm kiss upon the pale brow, and whispered—

"Ah, do you not remember, dear Edith; have you quite forgotten what a "resting place" for a troubled soul our Jesus is? Oh, do not forget Him! Return unto thy rest."

The thin hands eagerly clasped hers: "Come again," she murmured, "come again and talk to me about Him!"

Those very few words had revived long memories of Jesus' love and Jesus' faithfulness in days gone by. Emily left her friend, but the influence of that name remained behind. She left her feeling for her "resting place," crying after Jesus.

Jesus is never vainly sought. He loves to respond to the cry of the seeker. Yea, before they call he has promised to answer. And so Edith Lawrence was not long before she found her forgotten "resting place" once more.

And then how faded away her fear of death. It was

THE LOST TREASURE.

to her sweetly falling asleep. She could lean her head on Jesus. She should awaken in His embrace. She once more lighted up the pale countenance. Her friends were glad, but how little they understood the value of her joy!

Then came the entrance into the dark valley. But Jesus was with her, and her only sorrow even then was, that she had so long forgotten her "resting place."

"Jesus, Jesus!" she murmured with her latest breath, she fell asleep in Jesus!

M. J. F.

THE LOST TREASURE.

THE following beautiful verses were written by Mrs. Emily C.

Judson, on board the ship *Tudor* in 1851, on occasion of the birth of a child, which was committed to the deep, while on the voyage from Calcutta to London. Their insertion may comfort a sorrowing mother.

Not to the silent church-yard,
Not to the dread, cold grave;
But give the mother's treasure
To the keeping of the wave.
The wave, so soft and sunny,
So buoyant and so free;
O, sweetly will it slumber,
In the bosom of the sea.

Yet look not there, young mother,
Though beautiful its bed;

THE LOST TREASURE.

No balm is there for sorrow
In the mansions of the dead;
But ask a clearer vision,
Then turn thine eye above,
And seek among the angels
The child whom thou dost love.

Not by those pale sad features
Thou'lt know thy darling now;
Nor by the look of suffering
On its sweet and patient brow;
For light is on its pinions,
And joy is in its eye;
A beautiful, glad seraph,
It wings the upper sky.

Yet thou art sad and lonely,
Thy heart has lost its gem,
The bud so fondly cherished
Is severed from its stem;
Weep on, young mourning mother,
Our Saviour wept in love,
And he looked in pity on thee,
From his throne of grace above.

Bow meekly in thy sorrow,
Before the mourner's Friend,
That his loving hand may lead thee
On to thy journey's end;
On and for ever upward,
Till, in the realms of joy,
Thou'rt welcomed by a seraph,—
Thine own bright angel boy.

CAPTAIN WILSON.

CAPTAIN WILSON.

MES WILSON was the son of a captain of a Newcastle trader, and was brought up to the same service. In a very young man, he was placed in command of a vessel bound to the Nicobar Islands, in the sea of Malacca. Shortly after his arrival in the east, he learned that the English army was surrounded by the troops of Tipu Ali, the warlike prince of Mysore; that their provisions were nearly consumed, and that a large French fleet cut off all succour by sea. Captain Wilson, at the request of the governor of Madras, undertook to attempt a rescue with four store ships, manned by black men, in order to save his countrymen from famine and captivity. He performed the service with much skill and success, and arrived at the English camp with supplies when the soldiers were reduced to forty-five bags of rice.

Captain Wilson continued to find employment in supplying the army; but in one of his ventures, while in charge of a valuable cargo, he was taken prisoner by the French, who gave him up, with other captives, to Tipu Ali for a large sum of money. No sooner did he find himself exposed to the cruelty of the Indian prince, than he resolved to make his escape from a slavery which he thought worse than death. One evening, just as the guard was set, he contrived to reach the ramparts of the fort in which he was confined, along with his

himself; then bidding the boy
him in his arms.

He had now to pass, in the di
along a country crossed by several
river Coleroon, which was know
numerous alligators. When he ca



CAPTAIN WILSON.

and, he took him on his back, and safely reached the side. He thus passed over three arms of the river and came to a fourth, which was very wide and open to the sea. Again the boy got on his back; they reached the middle, where the current was very rapid, the boy was alarmed, and clung about him so as nearly to drown him. After a desperate struggle in the water, captain Wilson returned to the surface, finding that they would both perish together if he tried to escape with the boy, he directed him to go by land to the fort, to a friend who would take care of him; and once more he plunged into the stream. In spite of all his efforts he was carried by the tide down the river, and again was obliged to land on the side from which he had started.

At this juncture he met two friendly natives, who were on a canoe. The moon was now shining brightly, and prompted by the hope of liberty, he pressed forward, and before break of day reached a still wider river than the Coleroon than he had passed before, which, with difficulty he crossed. Soon after he had reached the opposite shore, as the day was breaking, he was seized by a party of Hyder's soldiers, who seized him, leaving him nearly naked, tied his hands behind his back, and then drove him before them to their tents. A Mohammedan officer asked captain Wilson who he was, whence he came; to which he answered

CAPTAIN WILSON.

truly ; but the astonished chieftain declared his account to be false, for that no man could cross the great river swimming, as if he but dipped his hand in it, the soldiers would be sure to seize him. But when he was convinced that what he heard was true, he lifted up both hands with surprise, exclaiming, "This is God's will." And indeed he was ; for the Lord had marked him for his own, though as yet captain Wilson knew him not.

As a punishment for his attempt to escape, captain Wilson was placed among the meanest captives. The next day he was led out to be driven on foot to Serapatam, a distance of five hundred miles. Some of his fellow prisoners, in pity to his forlorn condition, supplied his wants as far as they could. One gave him a shirt, another a waistcoat, and a third a pair of shoes. But the cruel guards had no sooner marched him to the halting place than they again stripped him, leaving him only a piece of cloth to wrap round his waist. In the villages through which they passed in their long journey he was placed under cover, as an object of curiosity exhibited to the country people, many of them having seen a white man before. There he was forced to present himself in all possible positions, and to do all the antics of which he was capable, that his conduct might obtain money at the expense of their poor captives.

On arriving at the end of his journey, he was brutally exposed to the scorching sun, and at night was tormented

CAPTAIN WILSON.

np prison, without clothes, and almost without ere he was attacked by an alarming disease. miserable condition did not soften the hearts of ls towards him. They placed on him chains thirty pounds, and at night he was fastened to

His bed was the earth ; a few rags were thrown wrap around his loins, and his daily portion of a pound of rice, but which was so full of stones, was compelled to swallow it whole. At length, rn with misery, hunger, and disease, he seemed nt of death. But such is the state of the human en unrenewed by the Holy Spirit, that he was me quite insensible to his spiritual condition. s no prayer to God ; he felt no conviction of had no comfort from the gospel ; and he was r to all thought about a Saviour and an eternal le appeared to be dying “like the beasts that

wenty months of imprisonment and suffering, of his dungeon were thrown open, for the glad reached his ears that Hyder had been compelled, in the war, to set his captives free.

1 Wilson now made his way to Madras, and God's blessing on the kind care of his friends, restored to his former health and spirits. After ne he once more went to sea, where other perils him. In a ship in which he sailed every

CAPTAIN WILSON.

European of the crew died, after a few hour's illness except himself.

In one of his voyages he sailed in a vessel with Thomas, a missionary. They frequently conversed the subject of religion; but the infidel principles and careless conduct of the captain so grieved the heart of pious passenger, that he observed he had more hope converting the Lascars to christianity than Mr. Wil That, however, which appears impossible to man possible with God. His grace can overcome the most stubborn heart.

Having, by successful voyages, obtained a sufficient sum of money to live upon, he took a house near Port Here for some time he indulged in worldly pleasures, only regardless of religion, but scoffing at those who lived in the fear of God.

At length, after a conversation with a young minister for he was fond of discussion, he was induced to go and hear him preach. There he heard the gospel, and from that time became serious and thoughtful. The result of his conversion to God.

One day, after his conversion, he was walking in a garden, thinking of the faith of Abraham, in leaving his country and friends at the call of God, not knowing whither he went; when he was led to ask himself what he could give up for Christ, if called to it by Providence. While in this state of mind he heard of the design to

CAPTAIN WILSON.

el to the islands of the Pacific Ocean, when the came into his mind, "If I am wanted to come expedition, have I faith to sacrifice all the around me; and freely devoting myself to the could I embark once more on the deep, not to my substance, but to seek souls redeemed by d of the Lamb?" He felt he could do it; and after offered himself for this work, was gratefully, and had the honour of commanding the first ry ship to the heathen world.

s return to his native country, after an absence ears, he took up his abode at Walworth, near

But he found that no state or period of life is its cares and trials. Heavy afflictions and losses him, which he bore with pious submission to the his heavenly Father. About the year 1813, his egan to decline, and he felt that he was drawing he grave. His last sickness was long and pain-in prospect of his death he enjoyed a settled rough faith in the atonement and righteousness Christ.

ve to the Bible—the book he once rejected—was ecially manifest. He had committed large por-it to memory. "When I arrived at the age of," said he, "beginning to feel the failure of sight, ruck with the idea that I might perhaps become nable to read the sacred volume. Under this

CAPTAIN WILSON.

impression I set myself to learn by heart whole chapters and even books ; which I now repeat in my solitude cannot describe the pleasure and advantage I have derived from this practice, especially since I have been laid in this sick bed. I am now incapable of reading much, I have found a rich fund of consolation in recurring to those parts of the Scripture which I have treasured in my mind." In one of those nights which he passed without sleep, he was heard to repeat the first eleven chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and, as it is believed, without omitting a single verse. And to a young friend sent this last message: "Charge him to store his memory with the Scriptures, and to begin immediately, for not the time to set about it." When near death exclaimed—

"Triumphant now, from sin and death,
From law and curse secure;
Peaceful I yield my parting breath,
And know my heaven is sure."

At another time he said, "I would let you all know how happy I am: I am looking for that blessed hope the glorious appearing of the great God my Saviour. And again, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for I trust mine eyes have seen thy salvation. Many other expressions fell from his lips, all showing a peaceful state of his mind in the prospect of death. He departed this life, August 12, 1814, aged fifty-four.

VISIT TO A CIRCASSIAN CHIEF.



VISIT TO A CIRCASSIAN CHIEF.

I gave a promise to my young friends that I would send them a picture of the outside of the house of a Circassian Chief. Here it is; situate, you will see, in the beautiful valleys of the Caucasian mountains, where the rocks and trees overhanging the broad brook, which is continually running and tumbling its clear waters past the open plain, the chief has chosen on which to erect his dwelling.

How happy such people might be if they were let alone. But, as I have told you before, the Russians have been continually trying for many years to subdue them and

VISIT TO A CIRCASSIAN CHIEF.

make them their subjects ; and hence it is that the Circassians are very jealous of strangers, and will not allow them to come into their country for fear they should be Russians in disguise.

This is well known by other nations, and so very few have ever been up into their mountain valleys. But an English traveller, meeting with a young Circassian in Turkey, obtained from him a written paper to say that he was an Englishman, and not a Russian spy. This paper was addressed to his father, who was one of the chiefs of the country.

But how was this gentleman to get there ? The Russians, with their ships, were watching all round the sea shore to prevent any vessels from bringing arms or ammunition to the Circassians. At last he heard that a vessel was going to sail for this very purpose, and he resolved to go. The captain was a bold fellow who had often gone on the same dangerous errand. On they went for several days and nights, but one night when it was getting dark, and they could just see the mountains above the coast, they observed a Russian man of war ship chasing them. The Russians fired a gun as a signal for them to stop, but the bold captain only laughed at them, saying, " Catch us if you can." He knew that his little full-sailed vessel would go faster than the man-of-war, and she did.

The captain knew the coast ; and aided by the light of

VISIT TO A CIRCASSIAN CHIEF.

half a moon, he run his vessel into one of the rivers, where, shaded by the trees, he knew it was safe. He knew, too, that the man-of-war could not get up that river, and that if they were to send men after him in open boats, the Circassians would fire at them from behind the trees and bushes along the banks of the river, for they had been waiting there several days and nights expecting this vessel would come.

They soon unloaded the vessel, and then carrying with them all she had brought, they started off for the mountains; some of them dragging the empty vessel over the shallow waters higher up the river, where they knew the Russians would not dare to come.

The English gentleman, mounted on horseback, went with them up into the mountains. In the picture he has just arrived at the house of the chief, who, with his wife and her little boy, and his eldest daughter, are waiting to receive him in a friendly way, for they are satisfied that the paper he has brought was written by their son in Turkey. Next time we shall go inside the house, and see what there is to be seen there.

I have said how happy these people might be if let alone. They might, and much more happy than they ever have been if they knew the joyful sound; but war is a sad hindrance to the spread of the gospel of peace and love all over the world.

RIDING ON HORSEBACK.



RIDING ON HORSEBACK.

“**A** HORSE is a vain thing for safety,” says the Bible; and it is, whether in the field of battle when riding over green grass, or when going along highway.

Some horses are very gentle, and have no bad tricks; but some are very vicious, and it is not safe to mount them or stand near them. I knew a fine young man

RIDING ON HORSEBACK.

ng at a fair, had no sooner got on the back of a king horse to try how it would go, than it reared w him on the stone pavement, and he died, to ; grief of all his friends. But sometimes acci- ill happen when the horse is not vicious or and when neither the horse nor his rider was).

n a few years two eminent men have met with ; which ended in death when riding on horseback e highway. One of these was a Judge. His ough his horse at the time appointed, and the ounted it to ride home. It was a quiet creature, going fast. But on the way, a nobleman's car- e horses of which had run away with it, struck knocked him down. He was conveyed home, few days he died.

ther was a great statesman, who had been, I everal times, prime minister of England. He ng along the same road as the Judge at a gentle en his horse was seen to stumble and fall, pitch- ider off, who fell head foremost. He, too, was home to his own splendid mansion, where all e for him that could be done ; but he died, to the ef of the Queen and the nation.

ny young readers of these two accidents, for I at a fine thing some young boys think it is to horseback ; and I know that some of them are

HUNTING AFRICAN ELEPHANTS.

not careful. Directly they are on the saddle, they will urge the horse or the pony to its greatest speed, regardless both of their own safety and that of the animal on which they are riding.

But I need not say more. A wise boy will take caution by what I have told him ; but a foolish lad will be likely to go on in the same headstrong way until he is punished for his reckless conduct.

Horses are noble and useful creatures, and ought to be treated with care and kindness ; and yet, as I reminded you at first, it is always true, and therefore not to be forgotten, that "a horse is a vain thing for safety."

HUNTING AFRICAN ELEPHANTS.

SOME men, especially military officers, are very bold and daring ; I might say foolishly bold and daring. I think this young lieutenant and his companions were. I would not have made one of the party for all the ivory tusks of all the elephants in Africa. In giving an account of this exploit, and his own wonderful escape, the lieutenant says :—

"I had joined the military settlement of Fredericksburg, on the picturesque banks of the Gualana, beyond the Great Fish River. At this place our party (consisting chiefly of the disbanded officers and soldiers of the

HUNTING AFRICAN ELEPHANTS.

Royal African corps) had already shot many elephants, with which the country at that time abounded. The day previous to my adventure, I had witnessed an elephant-hunt for the first time. On this occasion a large female was killed, after some hundred shots had been fired at her. The balls seemed at first to produce little effect; but at length she received several shots in the trunk and eyes, which entirely disabled her from making any resistance or escaping, and she fell an easy prey to her assailants.

On the following day, one of our servants came to inform us that a large troop of elephants was in the neighbourhood of the settlement; and that several of our people were already on their way to attack them. I instantly set off to join the hunters; but, from losing my way in the jungle through which I had to proceed, I could not overtake them until after they had driven the elephants from their first station. On getting out of the jungle, I was proceeding through an open meadow on the banks of the Gualana, to the spot where I heard the firing, when I was suddenly warned of approaching danger, by loud cries of, *Pas-op!*—‘Look out!’ coupled with my name in Dutch and English; and at the same time heard the crackling of broken branches, produced by the elephants bursting through the wood; and the tremendous screams of their wrathful voices resounding among the precipitous banks. Immediately a large female, accompanied by three others of a smaller size, issued

HUNTING AFRICAN ELEPHANTS.

from the edge of the jungle, which skirted the margin of the river. As they were not more than two hundred yards off, and were proceeding directly towards me, I had not much time to decide on my motions. Being alone, and in the middle of a little open plain, I saw that I must inevitably be caught, should I fire in this position, and my shot not take effect. I therefore retreated hastily out of the direct path, thinking they would not observe me till I should find a better opportunity to attack them. But in this I was mistaken; for, on looking back, I perceived, to my dismay, that they had left their former course, and were rapidly pursuing and gaining ground on me. Under these circumstances, I determined to reserve my fire as a last resource; and, turning off from them in the opposite direction, I made for the banks of a small stream, with a view to take refuge among the rocks on the other side, where I should have been safe. But before I got within fifty paces of the stream, the elephants were within twenty paces of me: the large female in the middle, and the other three on either side of her, apparently with the intention of making sure of me; all of them screaming so tremendously, that I was almost stunned with the noise. I immediately turned round, cocked my gun, and aimed at the head of the largest,—the female. But the gun, unfortunately, from the powder being damp, hung fire, till I was in the act of taking it from my shoulder, when it went off, and the ball merely

HUNTING AFRICAN ELEPHANTS.

grazed the side of her head. Halting only for an instant, the animal again rushed furiously forward. I fell; I cannot say whether struck down by her trunk or not. She then made a thrust at me with her tusk. Happily for me she had only one, which, still more happily, missed its mark. She then caught me with her trunk by the middle, threw me beneath her fore feet, and knocked me about between them for a little space. I was scarcely in a condition to compute the number of minutes very accurately. Once she pressed her foot on my chest with such force, that I actually felt the bones, as it were, bending under the weight; and once she trod on the middle of my arm, which, well for me, lay flat on the ground at the time. During this rough handling, however, I never entirely lost my recollection; else, I have little doubt, she would have settled my accounts with this world. But, owing to the roundness of her foot, I generally managed, by twisting my body and limbs, to escape her direct tread. While I was still undergoing this buffeting, Lieutenant Chisholm, of the R.A. corps, and Diederick, a Hottentot, had come up, and fired several shots at her, one of which hit her in the shoulder; and at the same time her companions or young ones retiring, and screaming to her from the edge of the forest, she reluctantly left me; giving me a cuff or two with her hind feet in passing. I got up, picked up my gun, and staggered away as fast as my aching bones would allow: but, observing that she

HUNTING AFRICAN ELEPHANTS.

turned round, and looked back towards me before entering the bush, I lay down in the long grass, by which means I escaped her observation.

On reaching the top of the high bank of the river, I met my brother, who had not been to this day's hunt, but had run out on being told by one of the men that he had seen me killed. He was not a little surprised at meeting me in a whole skin, though plastered with mud from head to foot. While he, Mr. Knight, of the Cape regiment, and I, were talking of my adventure, an unlucky soldier of the R. A. corps, of the name of M'Clone, attracted the attention of a large male elephant which had been driven towards the village. The ferocious animal gave chase, and caught him immediately under the height where we were standing, carried him some distance in his trunk, then threw him down, and, bringing his four feet together, trod and stamped upon him for a considerable time, till he was quite dead. Leaving the corpse for a little, he again returned, as if to make quite sure of his destruction; and, kneeling down, crushed and kneaded the body with his fore legs. Then, seizing it again with his trunk, he carried it to the edge of the jungle, and threw it among the bushes. While this tragedy was going on, my brother and I scrambled down the bank as far as we could, and fired at the furious animal; but we were at too great a distance to be of any service to the unfortunate man, who was crushed almost to a jelly.

HUNTING AFRICAN ELEPHANTS.

after this catastrophe, a shot from one of the ke this male elephant's left fore leg, which com-
abled him from running. On this occasion, we
a touching instance of affection and sagacity in
unt, which I cannot forbear to relate, as it so
rates the character of this noble animal. See-
nger and distress of her mate, the female before
l, my personal antagonist, regardless of her
er, quitted her shelter in the bush, rushed out
istance, walked round and round him, chasing
assailants, and still returning to his side and
him; and when he attempted to walk, she
r flank under his wounded side and supported
is scene continued nearly half an hour, until
received a severe wound from Mr. C. Mack-
the R. A. corps, which drove her again to the
re she speedily sank, exhausted from the loss of
d the male soon after received a mortal wound
same officer.

ided our elephant hunt; and I need hardly say,
we witnessed on this occasion, of the intrepidity
ty of these powerful animals, rendered us more
n our dealings with them for the future."

well that they were more cautious, for if the
utenant had ventured among such a ferocious
1, he might never have told us this tale of his
inter and his own wonderful escape.



TALK ABOUT THE LITTLE

“It is just one year ago, then, that I buried my darling boy,” said herself, after looking at the almanac of the month.

All that morning, while busy at

TALK ABOUT THE LITTLE ONES.

talk with Widow Wale"—Old Betty, the s called her.

it, and found the poor old woman busy at her wheel; and having told Betty that her heart f trouble, the wheel was set on one side, and own to talk.

, it is just a year this day since I buried that of mine. I have been thinking about him all ng. Oh, how I wish he had lived! He was ree, and had such pretty ways; he could run aly, and had begun to talk so pretty. I have say that you once had seven children living; hey are all dead, and your husband too. Did ury a little boy like my Henry?"

Mrs. Evans, I did; and he was my first child, the same age as yours when he died of fever. forget what a trouble I made of it then; but greater troubles came, as you know, and I am ll alone. But the Lord has helped me to bear blessed be his name! And now I have often ughts of comfort about the dear child that I out so much after I left him in his grave."

not understand you, Betty. I cannot see how now have comfort in thinking about the child l so long ago. I hoped my Henry would grow fine boy and go to school, and that I might him become a man."

TALK ABOUT THE LITTLE ONES.

"I dare say you did, for I hoped so too. But I tell you how I get comfort from thinking of him. There never is anything else in my thoughts but a sweet loving child. It is no use my fancying him as a big boy or man; I cannot if I would, and I don't like to try, then, as I found afterwards with some of my other children, I must have thought of some wrong things he had done too, and that would have made me unhappy. I hope the Lord forgave the wrong things some of the bigger children did when they grew up. But about this child I have no need to say so, I hope, for I feel sure that the Lord who gave him took him back to himself."

"Well, I never thought about my Henry in that way. I wish I could. Whenever I think of him it fills my heart with trouble, for I feel as if I had lost the joy of my life."

"Lost, Mrs. Evans, how can he be lost? He is young yet, and you may find him again safe in heaven. I always think of my little Willy as my own boy. He is mine, and he is mine. The Lord is only taking care of him in heaven for me, and there I believe he will be a joy for ever."

"Oh, Betty, I wish I could only think about such things as you do. If thinking in that way, after you have lost all, can make you contented and happy, I ought to make me so, who have two more children left and a good husband to take care of us. How came you

TALK ABOUT THE LITTLE ONES.

in that way? I should never have had such a come into my head."

Then should I had I not read my Bible. That is for me; for no matter what my trouble may be, do it, and read what God says, and believe him as he says, I am sure to find his word come true even down to this world, and that makes me sure it will come true what it says about heaven."

Now, do you think my Henry has gone to heaven?" I have no doubt about it, Mrs. Evans. For did not Jesus say, and he knew all about it, for he came from heaven—did not he say of the little ones—'Of such is the kingdom of God,' and, 'In heaven their angels do behold the face of my Father.'"

Thank you, Betty, thank you! I feel more easy now. Glad I came to see you. I thought you could say something to comfort me. You always seem so happy."

Well, Mrs. Evans, I'll tell you how that is. I trust for all things. I am sure that he who gave his life to save me, will hear me always, and give me aid. Jesus Christ is willing to save you too, Mrs. Evans, and if you love him he will let you see your child as he will let me see mine, safe in the great Father's house."

Evans went home with a wiser and a lighter heart. She now believed her Henry was in heaven, and she tried to follow him.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

“**W**HAT is life, father?”

“A battle, my child;
Where the strongest lance may fail;
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail.
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not, day nor night;
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight.”

“What is death, father?”

“The rest, my child,
When the strife and toil are o'er;
The angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who driveth away the demon band,
Bids the din of battle cease;
Takes the banner and spear from the falling hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace.”

“Let me die, father! I tremble and fear
To yield in that terrible strife.”

“The crown must be won for heaven, dear,
In the battle field of life.
My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,
Christ loveth the weak and small;
The angels of heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all.”

VISIT TO A CIRCASSIAN CHIEF.



VISIT TO A CIRCASSIAN CHIEF.

I have seen a picture of the arrival of an English gentleman at the house of the chief, and the friendly manner in which he was met with from the family outside their dwelling. We now introduce you to its interior. The whole building stands on the ground-floor, which is paved and covered with a splendid Turkey carpet. The windows are small and usually wide open. The walls are bare; and instead of pictures or ornaments, various instruments, such as guns, swords, pistols, bows, spears, and daggers, are hung all around.

Turkey, &c.

is an ottoman behind the chief and ~~and~~ they are inviting the Englishman to be se

The women of Circassia are very beautiful, the most beautiful in the world. But it is not so, tell, and yet it is true, that many of them are so for the sake of wearing silks and jewels, like the rich Turks of Constantinople. We are long time this disgraceful custom has been a trade.

Then with regard to the boys—they are not used to the use of arms and riding on horseback. They have but little schooling, and less reason. It appears that even in the family of a chief, the knowledge of reading, writing, and counting is not common. For their religion, it is a strange mixture of superstition and mohammedan intolerance. The most inveterate hatred of the Russians

SEA-BIRDS.

SEA-BIRDS.

Near Tasmania, George Washington Walker served the movements of various sea-birds.

—
flocks of Mutton-birds have again been in sight. They are also numerous. It is curious to mark their movements while in quest of prey. Soaring along in the air at a height of two or three times the ship's mast, they frequently observe some unhappy fish that approaches the surface, when down they drop head foremost into the water, with all the apparent weight and velocity of a stone; and they rarely miss securing their prey, but it is difficult to ascertain the truth of this from the deck alone.

Mr. Chouse and myself accompanied a party who went on shore for water, which is obtained from a spring that runs behind the sand-hills. Here we had an opportunity of seeing the Black Swans that frequent the lake. Several, which had been swimming on the lake, on our approach, and after making a few majestic circles round the heads of the intruders on their haunts, disappeared. In the afternoon a party of whom we have with us, succeeded in disabling these noble birds, so that it could only elude its pursuers by swimming. We could hear its piteous cry ere it came in sight, as it approached the

SEA-BIRDS.

extremity of the water, which terminates in a very narrow point, where we happened to be; here the means of escape being cut off, a shot soon placed it beyond the reach of pain.

I went on shore with J. Thornloe, and accompanied him to the head of the lagoon, to see the manner in which the swans construct their nests. They generally choose a situation where they can swim to them, and which is cut off from all communication with the shore, for they are very timid birds. The nest is placed on a cluster of rushes, and is composed of dried grass or rushes piled in great quantities, until it assumes the form, and nearly the size, of a hay-cock; the top is so slightly hollow that the eggs may be seen when twenty or thirty yards from the nest. We met with several, but they had all been visited by the men, who had despoiled them of their eggs. The flesh of the bird, when prepared in the form of a sea-pie, though strong and rather oily, we found preferable to salt meat.

Preservation Island is the resort of great quantities of Mutton-birds. Haunts of this kind are called by the inhabitants of the Straits, 'Rookeries.' There are Mutton-bird rookeries, and Penguin and Albatross rookeries, and even Seal rookeries. The Mutton-birds are a species of petrel, in size resembling a wood-pigeon; they are valuable both as food and on account of their feathers; their eggs are not quite equal in flavour to a

SEA-BIRDS.

hen's egg. The periods at which they visit the islands in Bass's Straits are very accurately known. Their first appearance is on or about the 20th of the 9th month, when the object of their visit appears to be the preparation of their nests prior to incubation. About the 8th of the 11th month they disappear for a fortnight, when they again visit their haunts in numbers that far exceed all calculation. At this period they begin the work of incubation. Each couple of birds occupies a hole in the earth, which they have previously excavated, choosing generally a sandy soil for the purpose. The hole is about two feet deep, and much like a rabbit's; and at the extremity a single egg is deposited. The female is occupied for a month in hatching this egg. About the 8th of the 5th month, the young are able to fly, and the birds take their final departure from the island in vast bodies. From the length of their pinions they cannot rise from the ground unless it be steep and smooth. Accordingly at the dawn of day the birds may be seen walking over the grass and among the scrub, making their way to the edge of the shore, from which they can throw themselves, and thus give free play to their wings. During the day they are unceasingly on the wing, or skimming the surface of the waves in quest of food. At evening they return in a body to their nests, when the air resounds with their querulous note, and the traveller who visits their rookeries is liable to tread on the birds at almost

TALK ABOUT THE WEASEL.



"I've been thinking, boys."

"O, father," cried Nat, "dont be thinking! W you say that we always know you are not going to us do as we want to do."

"Very likely. But is that a reason why I should think?"

"No, father. But what reason *can* there be why should not kill that rogue of a weasel? We can't t of one. Did we not yesterday reckon up seventeen

TALK ABOUT THE WEASEL.

and thirteen chickens which he has destroyed? Would you suffer a creature to live which does so?"

"Not without good reasons. This weasel has been with us or about the barn a whole year. We have known the hens and the number of eggs they laid. We have not lost any which we have not probably reckoned. You say he has destroyed seventeen eggs. How much would these have brought in the market?"

"About thirty-five cents."

"And how many chickens?"

"Thirteen dear little chickens."

"And those were worth, say five cents each, at the time they were killed. How much do both come to?"

"Why the eggs to thirty-five cents, and the chickens to sixty-five more, which makes a whole dollar."

"And so you think if poor weasel should pay us one dollar, we should be even?"

"Yes, it seems so."

"Ah, I am afraid he will bring us in his debtors to a much larger sum."

"How can that be?"

"I will tell you. The year before the weasel came, our barn was infested with rats. They gnawed holes in my bins, and in my bags, and they ate my corn, my oats, my wheat, and my rye. They got into our cellar, and ate the bread and the potatoes. We reckoned the last year that we lost full one hundred dollars by the rats."

MARVELS OF A SEED.

They did immense mischief in the grain before it threshed. Well, the weasel came, and we have had rats since! He cleared them all out! And I have been thinking since we caught him, that if he should bring his bill, deducting the dollar for mischief, we should owe him ninety-nine dollars. Now, if we kill him, rats will all come back. Don't you see? Why, if we could keep a dog which should kill off all the rats, the expense of one dollar a year, it would be very cheap. If weasel keeps off all the rats, he must live on something. He doesn't do mischief for the sake of it, because he is hungry. What do you say, boys, are you prepared to kill him?"

The boys said nothing; but they went and just looked at the poor prisoner, and then gently opened the door and in an instant "out popped the weasel," and within a few leaps was in his hole, out of sight; and the rats have never been there since.

MARVELS OF A SEED.

HAVE you ever considered how wonderful a thing a seed of a plant is? It is a miracle. God says, "Let there be plants yielding seed;" and it is further added, "each one after his kind."

The great naturalist, Cuvier, thought that the germ of all past, present, and future generations of seed was

MARVELS OF A SEED.

ed one within the other, as if packed within a
ion of boxes. Other learned men have explained
ystery in a different way. But what signifies all
xplanations? Let them explain it as they will,
nder remains the same, and we must look upon
roduction of the seed as a continual miracle. Is
pon earth a machine, is there a palace, is there
city, which contains so much that is wonderful
closed in a single little seed—one grain of corn,
tle brown apple seed, one small seed of a tree,
up, perhaps, by a sparrow for her little ones; the
t of a poppy or a blue-bell, or even one of the
at are so small that they float about the air invis-
our eyes? Ah! there is a world of marvellous
illiant beauty hidden in each of these tiny seeds!
er their immense number, the perfect separation
different kinds, their power of life and resurrec-
d their wonderful fruitfulness.

ider first their number. About a hundred and
ars ago, the celebrated Linnæus, who has been
“the father of botany,” reckoned about eight
d different kinds of plants; and he then thought
e whole number existing could not much exceed
usand. But one hundred years after him M. de
le, of Geneva, described forty thousand kinds of
and supposed it possible that the number might
ount to one hundred thousand.

MARVELS OF A SEED.

Well, let me ask you, have these one hundred thousand kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right seed? Have they ever deceived us? Has a seed of wheat ever yielded barley, or a seed of poppy grown up into a sunflower? Has a sycamore-tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech-tree from a chestnut? A little bird may carry away the small seed of a sycamore in its beak to feed its nestlings, and on the way drop it on the ground. The tiny seed may spring up and grow where it fell, unnoticed, and sixty years after it may become a magnificent tree under which the flocks of the valley and their shepherds may rest in the shade.

Consider next the wonderful power of life and resurrection bestowed on the seeds of plants, so that they may be preserved from year to year, and even from century to century.

Let a child put a few seeds in a drawer and shut them up; sixty years afterwards, when his hair is white and his steps tottering, let him take one of these seeds and sow it in the ground, and soon after he will see it spring up into new life and become a young, fresh, and beautiful plant.

M. Jouannet relates that in the year 1835, several old Celtic tombs were discovered near Begorac. Under the head of each of the dead bodies there was found a small square stone or brick, with a hole in each, containing a few seeds, which had been placed there beside the dead by their heathen friends who had buried them, perhaps

MARVELS OF A SEED.

seventeen hundred years before. These seeds were carefully sowed by those who found them. What is to spring from the dust of the dead? Beautiful ears, blue corn flowers, and clover bearing blossoms, bright and sweet as those which are woven into the garlands by the merry children now playing in our fields!

Years ago, a vase, closely sealed, was found in an Egyptian pit in Egypt, by the English traveller Wilkenson, who sent it to the British Museum. The librarian, having unfortunately broken it, discovered in it seven grains of wheat, and one or two peas—old, hard, and as hard as a stone. The peas were planted under a glass on the 4th of June, 1844, and, after the lapse of thirty days, these seeds were seen to spring into new life. They had been buried, probably, about six thousand years ago, perhaps in the time of Moses, and had slept all that long time, apparently dead, yet still living in the dust of the tomb.

Gaussen.

This writer has told us about seeds, and should remark that God is just as able to raise our dead bodies from the grave, and give them new life. For why should we be troubled by the thought of a thing incredible that God should raise the dead? For our conversation is in heaven; from whence we should look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who will change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself."

THE LAKES, AND THE RIVERS,

THE LAKES, AND THE RIVERS, AND THE LITTLE BROOK.

AN AMERICAN FABLE.

ONCE upon a time all the beautiful lakes of our country were lying quietly in their beds. Here and there a white sail was seen on their smooth waters. The steamboats were not then built. On the banks were great forests hanging over and looking down as into a large mirror, in which each tree could see its own form and admire the beauty of its green clothing. The duck swam and led on her wild, young family. The deer, with her fawns, waded into the shallow waters, and nipped the tender grass. The trout leaped out here and there in his joy. The beautiful cardinal flower stood in the low grounds, and threw her odours far and wide.

But suddenly there was a terrible commotion among the lakes and rivers! The waters boiled and foamed, the waves rolled and dashed, and tried to break out and burst over all their boundaries. The rivers stopped and refused to run, and their sullen waters murmured along their banks. The young ducks made for the woods. The deer fled in terror. The trout sunk down to the bottom with one whisk of his tail. It was a terrible time, and everything seemed to be going wrong.

Just then the GREAT KING came riding over the awful waves in his chariot of clouds.

AND THE LITTLE BROOK.

What's the matter now?" said he.

"I," said a lake, "I am sick of life and sick of my kind and I am determined not to stay any longer! So all, and I am speaking for all! We all feel alike! All, what's the matter? What would you have?"
"We! We would have space, and room, and greatness! We want to be each an ocean. We hear the seas are vast, and salt, and have great ships on them, great whales swimming in them, and that men can sail on them days and weeks, and not see land! How is that must be! To have huge ships of war and fight fought on one's breast, and mighty fish diving and sporting in one's bowels! But instead of this, here we are, with nothing but little speckled trout—not a porpoise, nor a porpoise, not even a lobster or a shark as us! Here we are! cooped up in our narrow—nothing but lakes! We want to be oceans!"
"But the earth is not big enough to have any more oceans! Don't you see that if I let you out, you will be an ocean, but be at once swallowed up in the sea and be lost!"

"And you, river! what ails you?"

"Why, your majesty, I am ashamed of myself. I am so small! Just look at that map! Why, I'm only a little black streak!"

"And what do you, and the other ten rivers, want?"
"We want to be Amazons! and be two hundred miles

THE LAKES, THE RIVERS, AND THE LITTLE BROOK

wide and five thousand miles long, rolling through mighty forests, where crocodiles and great serpents live!"

"Foolish one! I must make ten or a dozen new continents before you can be Amazons!"

Just then the KING heard a low, silvery laugh. He looked down, and there was a little mountain brook rippling and laughing along its pebbly channel. It was bright, and it danced and leaped with joy. The grass was green and the flowers were thick, honey-bees hummed among them, and birds hopped and sang near its head.

"Little brook, little brook," said the KING, "don't you want to be an Amazon? Why are you not in an upland and pouting, and wishing you were something great?"

"O," said the little brook, "didn't you make me so? And I suppose you wanted me to be a cheerful little brook, and to run here and keep the grass green, the flowers bright, and the bees humming, and the birds happy! I suppose if you had wanted me to be an Amazon, or a Missouri, you would have made me so!"

"Dear little brook," said the KING, "henceforward thou shalt be a favourite with everybody!"

And the brook went singing on, and the lakes and rivers were ashamed, and well they might!

The Lesson taught by this fable is that it is better for us all to do just what it is the will of God we should do without murmuring or disputing.

"FLITTING" OF AN ITALIAN FAMILY.



"FLITTING" OF AN ITALIAN FAMILY.

Italians are a peculiar people, and their history perhaps, the most remarkable of the great Euro-nily of nations, reaching back to those remote which the facts of history are lost in the legends ice.

een hundred years ago, when the inhabitants of sh Isles were rude barbarians, the Romans, who lians, were the masters of the world ; and though ds their power was broken, for hundreds of years of Italy were the richest and most splendid in

r ages that rich and beautiful country was cursed

"FLITTING" OF AN ITALIAN FAMILY.

with the blight of popery, the common people were kept in a state of superstitious ignorance, and but little improvement was made in their temporal condition. While England and other nations were advancing in civilization by improvements in agriculture and manufactures, the States of Italy seemed to make no advances, but the rude and rough customs of their forefathers were followed without any attempts at improvement. Our plate gives an illustration of this in the clumsy mode of conveyance the Italians use when removing from one part of the country to another.

And so it is in Spain and Portugal, where, as in Italy, the people have, for ages, been held back by the domineering power of popish priests, who wish to keep them in a state of ignorant submission to their authority. And this, too, is one reason why the people in Ireland have not kept pace with those of England, Wales, and Scotland. Popery, by keeping the Word of God from the people, hinders their progress in temporal things as well as spiritual.

But a new day has dawned upon Italy. Civil and religious liberty are already beginning to bring forth their precious fruits. Thousands of Bibles have been distributed, the gospel is openly preached, and ere long we hope the Word of God will break down the power of Romish popery, and the whole people rejoice in glorious liberty of the children of God.

THE WOODCOCK.

THE WOODCOCK.



THIS bird can scarcely be called a native, for we are told that they come over the sea in flocks. They do not, however, all return, like a few of our annual bird visitors,

them having been known to stay in places where they are not likely to be disturbed. When writing of its haunts, MILLER, in his "Country Year" having given a description of a wild scraggy place, full of furze bushes and pools of water, says:—

Its haunt was this in autumn for the Woodcock, which we seldom see in summer: which somehow makes its appearance all at once, coming, nobody knows, and contriving almost always to land in the hedge. As the woodcocks bring no luggage with them they return from their long sea voyage, they put the first inn they come near, which is generally a hedge or a ditch; and without disturbing either the ostler, chambermaid or innkeeper, there they tarry their quarters until the following morning. They rest a day or two before they proceed further

THE WOODCOCK.

into the country, for they have neither had sail nor steam to aid them in crossing the stormy sea—and you marvel that they have come so far to feed only on such simple fare as insects and worms. The Woodcock leaves the woods in the evening twilight, where at such times you may hear scores of them making a shrill noise, not unlike that of the snipe. Poor little things! hundreds of them, during the season, fall a prey to the fowler and the gunner. The former captures them in his net; and the latter fires at them when resting on the ground, or on the trees, whenever he can find an opportunity. They are a sadly persecuted race, and I dare say, if they ever wish at all, would be glad to have as strong a savour as the pole-cat, if it would but save them from being shot at so often. You will not often meet with them out of the woods in the daytime, whilst in the evening they are here and there and everywhere, seeking for food. Their eyes seem to be of no use to them in the daytime, excepting to enable them to see when danger is at hand, for they can catch their prey in the dark, without either the aid of lamp or lantern. The bill of the Woodcock is about three inches long, and, by all accounts, as sensitive to feeling as the horns of a snail. Had man but such a nose in proportion to his size, he would have to look a yard before him to see the end of it. The plumage of this bird is a mixture of black and grey, while the under parts are of a dim yellow, with dusky

THE CONCERT OF THE RAIN-DROPS.

aks. It sometimes, though very rarely, remains with all the year round, when it builds a nest of moss, is, and dry leaves, within which it lays four or five of a yellowish white, spotted with brown and ash ur. The eggs are somewhat larger than those of a on."

THE CONCERT OF THE RAIN-DROPS.

MILLIONS of tiny rain-drops
Are falling all around;
They're dancing on the housetops,
They're hiding in the ground.

They are skilful as musicians
With anything for keys,
Beating tunes upon the windows,
Keeping time upon the trees.

A light and airy treble
They play upon the stream,
And the melody enchants us,
Like the music of a dream.

A deeper bass is sounding
When they're dropping into caves,
With a tenor from the zephyrs,
And an alto from the waves.

O, 'tis a stream of music,—
Robin, you "don't intrude,"
If, when the rain is weary,
You drop an interlude.

It seems as if the warbling
Of the birds in all the bowers,
Had been gathered into raindrops
And was coming down in showers.

AN AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL PIC-NIC.

AN AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL PIC-NIC

AND WHAT HAPPENED THE NIGHT BEFORE.

THE scholars in Miss Merritt's school were to have a picnic, and there was a great bustle for three days before the time appointed, and many consultations as to what should be contributed.

Margaret Graham hurried home after school in a state of great excitement. She was a girl of about fourteen, stout and healthy, the only daughter of a widow, who maintained herself and her two children by taking washing. The summer work had begun about a fortnight before, but as the quarter was so nearly ended, Mrs. Graham managed to do the extra work, that Margaret might remain till the end of the term, which was close with this picnic, on an island in the river much frequented by pleasure parties.

Mrs. Graham was leaning over her wash-tub at the brook in the garden as Margaret came up.

"Oh, mother!" she began eagerly, "the picnic is to be to-morrow, and may I go and look for some berries? Sandy Merrill says there are plenty on the north lot."

"Yes," she said quietly, "if you will take Ally with you. I find it very hard to work alone with him."

Ally, a bright little fellow of three or four years old, who was throwing pebbles into the brook, stopped

AN AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL PIC-NIC.

ran up to Margaret, crying out, "Oh, yes, take me!" and Margaret went to the house and returned with a large tin pail and Ally's hat, but he wanted to carry the pail himself.

"Give him the pint mug," said his mother, "it is all that he will want to carry when he is tired; and do not go over the mountain, Ally is not strong enough to walk there, and it is past four o'clock now."

They walked quickly along the fields, and crossing the rail fence entered the woods. The great trees gave a pleasant shade after the sunny meadow they had just crossed, and they sauntered on, plucking from either side; but Sandy Merrill's report of the fulness of the pond was not found true, for the bottom of the large pail was scarcely covered, and the tin mug was yet a light burden for the little hands.

Ally ran on a little way, when he suddenly turned, screaming, "The wolf! the wolf!" and running towards his sister fell prostrate, whilst a great black animal bounded over him. Margaret stood for an instant paralyzed with terror, when a crackling in the bushes, followed by a cheerful voice, shouting, "Here, Rollo, Rollo!" recalled her to herself, to see that the wolf was Colonel Clemshire's big black Newfoundland dog, and that the Colonel himself, with his gun in his hand, was coming toward her.

The Colonel lifted up the frightened child, whilst

AN AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL PIC-NIC.

Rollo stood by looking very penitent, and Margaret picked up the mug, which had fallen from his hand.

"You will not find many berries here," said Colonel Clemshire; "over by Muddy Run there are plenty, but it is too late for you to go to-night;" and whistling to his dog, he walked on to the village, whilst Margaret sauntered on, followed by Ally, but the berries were few and far between.

"Oh, Maggie, do let us go to Muddy Run," said the child; "my cup is not half full."

Margaret's mind had been dwelling on the same thought, but she answered hurriedly—

"You know the Colonel said it was too far for us to go to-night."

"Oh no, Maggie, I can walk all the way," said Ally, "and you want a big lot of berries for the party."

"Mother did not tell us not to go to Muddy Run," she said to herself; "she only said over the mountain." But in her own heart she knew that any distance was meant. Stifling her convictions, she took Ally's hand, and turned across the woods. The stony ground was hard for the little feet, but he trotted on bravely, now and then comforted by a big berry dropped into his mug with great care. The way seemed very long, and after a while Ally's courage failed. There was yet no murmur of the brook, and he began to feel tired and hungry; but the hill began to slope away, and Margaret hurried on as

AN AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL PIC-NIC.

At the opening in the trees beyond, where the brook ran through. The brook was reached, and they went up its banks, where the bushes grew thickly among the trees up on the hilly sides of the stream. Berries were abundant, and Ally's mug was soon full, but still Margaret pressed on; her mind was full of the picnic and the berries, and she did not heed the falling shadows. They had turned away from the stream and followed a stretch of bushes growing up the hillside. Ally began to grow fretful; he had eaten as many berries as he wanted, and his mug tired him.

"Maggie, let us go home, my feet are tired," he said at first, but she would not heed him; and finding that her mug was nearly full, she took his hand and turned about; the path was lost, and they had strayed too far to be brought back by the brook. She said nothing of her misgivings, but hurried on, dragging the child, who, footsore and perplexed, cried yet more by his cries.

"Hush, Ally, and let us go home," she said softly; and the child, cheered by the prospect of a picnic, stopped his cries and followed, but the shadows grew darker and darker, and she sat down, worn out, holding Ally in her arms.

"Hush, Maggie!" sobbed the frightened child, "do not think the robins will have to cover us with leaves?"

Ally was too breathless to answer, and only hugged her closer. All the stories she had heard of a panther

AN AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL PIC-NIC.

seen on the mountain came to her mind. Bears, she knew, might be near, and every rustling branch increased her terror. She tried to pray, but the thought of her disobedience checked her. There was no deception now—she saw the wrong without excusing it to her conscience.

"Maggie, dont you think God will take care of us?" whispered the child. "Mother says he will."

"Yes, he will take care of you, Ally, but I dont deserve it."

"Oh yes he will, Maggie, he's real good," said the little fellow, nestling up to her.

"But I've been so wicked," she went on—in her remorse pouring forth her repentance even to the child, and trembling yet more as the branches rustled in the wind—"Mother told me not to go over the mountain, and I came away here; and now we're lost, and God wont let me go home again."

"Yes, he will," persisted the simple child. "Mother says he will, if you ask him."

"But I'm so wicked," again urged the repentant girl.

"But he's good," said the child again. "Mother says that God dont love me because I'm good, for I'm not good, but out of his own great heart."

The simple words of the child came with a power of their own to the girl's heart—"God loves me out of his own great heart!" The lesson of the last Sunday at

AN AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL PIC-NIC.

had been "While we were yet sinners, Christ us."

It all now," she said to herself; "while we ; sinners. Miss Hall tried to make me understand but I could not see it as I do now."

Child now slumbered at her feet, the trees rocked before, there was a great solitude, but God was and all fear had died out of her heart. A light shed through the trees, voices seemed to spring every quarter of the forest, and she had scarcely start to her feet before Rollo, with a joyful bark,

towards Ally and licked his face. Margaret knew how she found her way out of the woods, or did the hundred questions. Ally was lifted in arms, and never woke till in his own little bed,

mother bending over him. Colonel Clemshire took them in, and received the heartfelt thanks of the young group; but he observed that, as he had been unconscious of their wandering, it was but right that he should lead the party sent out to seek them.

"I knew where to look for them," he said; "that talk was a great temptation."

A bowl of berries had been overturned in the confusion. Mrs. Graham baked a large cake, and Margaret was not the least happy scholar at the picnic. She had learned that one great lesson in the picnic with God.

H. S. P.

THE ORPHAN SISTERS.



THE ORPHAN SISTERS.

“YOU won't leave us any more, Uncle, until Emma is better, will you?” cried little Fanny, as she threw her arms around him as if to hold him fast.

Emma and Fanny were orphans. But Emma, who was eighteen, was twice the age of Fanny. Their father had died two years ago. Their mother, who for the sake of her two girls had worked beyond her strength, was at length laid on the bed of sickness and death. Uncle and Aunt, who came over to her funeral, advised Emma to remain in the house at present, and he would come ag

THE ORPHAN SISTERS.

several weeks and make arrangements to take them to his own house.

Poor Emma, like her mother after her father's death, seemed as if she could not bear up under the strain she had sustained. She could scarcely eat or sleep in a few weeks was confined to her room.

Neighbours, hearing of Emma's illness, came in to render her what aid they could, and Fanny, as an affectionate little creature, never left her a day.

Emma got worse, and after a consultation among the neighbours, it was agreed to send a letter to their father by post to let him know that his niece was seriously ill, and that something must be done for her directly.

When as Uncle and Aunt received the letter they were very much alarmed, and sent for a doctor, who came and gave them his opinion as to what must be done. Aunt put on her shawl and net, and taking a basket was leaving the room to buy what the doctor had ordered; and it was just as she was going that little Fanny threw her arms around her Uncle, "You won't leave us any more, Uncle, will you?" Seeing the dear child, the tears flowing down his face, her kind Uncle said, "Don't cry, my dear; you must not be left by yourselves any more. I shall have to come again; but Aunt will stop with you." And he kissed her, and told her not to be afraid, for he would take care of them.

THE ORPHAN SISTERS.

And everything that Aunt and the doctor could do was done, but poor Emma was like a fading flower that cannot be revived. The doctor told her Aunt that he could not hold out any hope as it was a case of confirmed consumption, and only a question of time as to when she must die.

Aunt was a good woman who feared God and loved the Saviour, and yet she hardly knew how to tell Emma that there was no hope. But by little and little she told her all.

At first Emma seemed agitated and alarmed, but her Aunt talked to her so wisely and so well about afflictions coming from God, and about the love and gracious kindness of Jesus, and how willing he would be to take her to heaven if she trusted in him, that she soon became resigned and peaceful.

Indeed her Aunt had not much trouble in talking about these things to her suffering niece, for Emma had always been a thoughtful girl, and she did not forget how both her father and mother had died happy in the love of Jesus, and praying that their God would be the God of their children, and lead them both to himself and to heaven.

After several weeks of wearisome weakness and suffering, Emma died in peace. At her funeral, they sorrowed not for her as those who have no hope, for they believed she was gone to be with Christ which is far better.

THE AUTUMN FLOWER.

Why should we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

or little Fanny was now left alone—and yet not
, for she found a happy home in the house of her
aunt and uncle, and in the company of her loving
ns.

THE AUTUMN FLOWER.

† WANDERED forth at the blush of morn,
† While the dew on the leaves yet hung ;
And shadows deep of the giant oak
Were far o'er the green sward flung.
'Twas an autumn morn, and beside my way
A sweet flower bloomed on that autumn day.

I watched as it oped to the breath of morn,
A blossom alone on the plain ;
For a few fleet hours in beauty it bloomed,
But the sharp frost came again.
It withered and dried, and shrunk away,
That flower that bloomed on an autumn day.

Thus on each tender thing of life,
Will Death's cold hand be laid ;
And what now blooms in rosy health,
Or sparkles with dew on the glade,
Must sink to the earth and pass away,
Like the flower that bloomed on an autumn day.

TALK ABOUT FAITH.

TALK ABOUT FAITH.

MOTHER.

HOW sweet it is, my child,
To live by simple faith ;
Just to believe that God will do
Exactly as he saith.

CHILD.

Does faith mean to believe
That God will surely do
Exactly what he says, mother ?
Just as I know that you
Will give me what I ask,
Because you love me well,
And listen patiently to hear
Whatever I may tell ?

MOTHER.

Yes, you may trust in God,
Just as you trust in me ;
Believe, dear child, he loves you well,
And will your Father be.
For when you seek his love,
Your Father up in heaven
Looks kindly down for Jesus' sake,
And speaks your sins forgiven.
To pray in faith, my child,
Is humbly to believe
That what you ask in Jesus' name,
You surely shall receive.
Go with your simple wants,
And tell him all you need :
Go, put your trust in Christ alone ;
Such faith is sweet indeed.





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THE BARON BOLD, AND HIS LADY FAIR.

THE BARON BOLD, AND HIS LADY FAIR.

THERE are some curious old books which tell strange tales about the old Barons and their Ladies fair, who lived in strong stone castles ; some of these tales were partly true, but most of them were very untrue, and were written only to make people wonder. Such books were called " Romances."

The Barons, in this and other countries of Europe, were what we now call " nobles." They were lords over many miles of country all around their castles, and the people were all subject to them. Indeed, being next to the king, they were, where they lived, petty kings themselves. They had with them in their castles many soldiers—rough and violent men who would do whatever their lord commanded them.

These barons were often quarrelsome fellows. It was no unusual thing for them, if they thought they could get anything by it, to lead out their soldiers to plunder some town or village belonging to another baron, or attack him in his own castle.

The castles were generally built on some high hill, having high towers, from the top of which the watchman could see for miles all round. If he saw the enemy coming he would give an alarm, and then the gates would be closed and made fast, and the soldiers would mount on

THE BARON BOLD, AND HIS LADY FAIR.

the walls with their strong swords, and bows and arrows ready to defend the place.

The picture represents a baron and his lady walking outside the castle one fine morning, not expecting an attack, but a captain of the soldiers is coming in great haste to tell them that the enemy is approaching. The baron now sees them, and is trying to make out how many there are of them, that he may decide whether he should take his soldiers and go out to fight them on the plain below, or wait for them in his own stronghold. The lady is alarmed, and begs him to make haste into the castle.

When you see one of our old English castles in ruins—for most of them are in ruins now—you may think it is a pity; but it is no pity at all; for they were curses and not blessings to the land. Most of them were strongholds of a number of petty tyrants. The people all around them were their slaves, who trembled at their power, and who could not call what they had worked for or their lives their own. Such people were never in peace or safety.

Sometimes these barons would join all their soldiers into one army, and go and dethrone the king, and set up one of their own number in his place. An Earl of Warwick was so famous in this way, that he was called the "King-maker," but at last, like many other bold bad men, he went too far, and got killed himself.

THE BARON BOLD, AND HIS LADY FAIR.

History tells us of one good thing the barons of England did. King John was a tyrant who would not rule law, so they all united and went to him, and made him a paper, called the "Magna Charta," or Great Charter, which has ever since been regarded as the foundation of English liberty.

In our days the rich nobles of our land live in splendid mansions; most of them have one in London, as well as one or more in the country; only a few of them are seated in old castles, and none of them have soldiers in them to guard them. Our nobles now are protected by the law, like all other people.

He said that these old castles, when in their strength and power, were curses to the land—and they were. In the time that most of them were destroyed—about a hundred years ago—the people of England have enjoyed more peace and freedom. Instead of fighting with one another they have been better employed in cultivating the fields and improving and extending their manufactures; instead of castles, with their dark dungeons, we have now churches and chapels; and in the place of a people sunk in ignorance, our sabbath and day schools are giving to the poorest children an opportunity to learn and read the Word of God. "Say not thou, What is the use that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."

BIRTH-PLACE OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

BIRTH-PLACE OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON



THE birth-place of a great man is always an object of interest. When we have read the life of such a man and visit the place where he was born, we picture to ourselves the child and the man on the very spot where he began to walk, and talk, and play ; and our pleasure is increased if in the life we have read there are any little things written by himself or told by those who knew him, of his early years.

But I must first tell you that Dr. Samuel Johnson was born in 1709. His father was a bookseller in the city of Litchfield. The picture furnishes you with a front view of his old-fashioned house and shop.

Samuel's father and mother were very anxious that their son should be a good scholar. They were not idle but they did the best they could for him, and were encouraged by his readiness to learn all he was taught. He went on learning all he could when he grew up. At length he went to London, and though for some

BIRTH-PLACE OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

poor, he persevered until he became one of the most eminent writers of books in England. His greatest work was the compilation of the largest Dictionary of English Language ever published.

Then a man, Dr. Johnson wrote down some recollections of his childhood, for it was a saying of his, that every man's life may be best written by himself;" and finally to him it would be always more interesting than other. Your's would to you. Let me tell you a few things that he or others have said about him in his childhood and boyhood.

He was a feeble child from his birth, and when he was only three years old his mother took him to London to be cured of the scrofula. But how? Why, by getting an Anne to touch him. Such was the superstitious notion in those days. When asked about it he said he remembered something about "a lady in diamonds." At this time a popular clergyman visited Litchfield and preached in the Cathedral. There was a great crowd, and Samuel sat with his legs over his father's shoulders. He is told that he went to a Dame's school, and that he could read before he was put into boys clothes, and was so good that when he left to go to a boys school, the old mistress bought him a present of gingerbread. He was very near-sighted, and when he went to the boys's school had to kneel down to look for the gutter where he stepped from the pavement.

BIRTH-PLACE OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

After he went to the boy's school he was very feel but the other boys loved him, for he often helped th with their lessons, and so to repay him three of th would go to him when it was school time—one of th would stoop down and take Samuel on his back, and other two would hold them both up all the way.

Their master was very severe. He was one of th old tyrants who used his rod more than his tongue teaching his scholars. When flogging them he used say, "I do this to save you from the gallows!" notwithstanding his cruel tyranny he turned out a good scholars.

In after years Dr. Johnson said, referring to the t before or just after his mother had taken him to Lon to be touched by Queen Anne, "I suppose that in year I was first informed of a future state. I remen that being in bed with my mother one morning, I told by her of the two places to which the inhabitant this world were received after death; one, a fine p filled with happiness, called Heaven; the other a place, called Hell. When I had risen, my mother l me repeat what she had told me to Thomas Jackson playfellow.) When I told this afterwards to my mot she seemed to wonder that she should begin such tal soon, and that I remembered it."

This little tale about his mother talking to him in is the best I have found. It shows that a mother can

BIRTH-PLACE OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

begin to talk to her child about religious subjects too soon, and that the child will remember what its mother says about such things as long as it lives.

After living in London for most of his life, in company frequently with the most eminent men, who highly esteemed him, the time drew nigh when he *must* die. His writings, though not decidedly religious, were always favourable to virtue and morality. But this great man felt the want of more religion when on his dying bed. He was greatly afraid of pain and of death. Had he known Christ better and trusted in him more, he might have died in greater peace and hope. He seemed to feel this when he said to his faithful servant, "Attend, Francis, to the salvation of your soul, which is the object of greatest importance." What a sermon in a few words! On the day he died a young lady went to beg his blessing. He turned round in bed, and looking at her, said, "God bless you, my dear!" These were his last words.

He died December 13, 1784, aged seventy-five years, and was buried with respectful honours in that mausoleum of distinguished Englishmen—Westminster Abbey.

This short sketch of the Litchfield bookseller's son will serve to show the boys who read it, that love of learning when young leads on to eminence in future life. And yet knowledge without piety is vain; for so Dr. Johnson found it in his dying hours.

SUEZ, ON THE RED SEA.

SUEZ, ON THE RED SEA.

IN ancient times the only way to India or China by long and wearisome journeys overland. It was not until 1498 that the first voyage was made by sea to India. But such voyages all round Africa require several months. After steam vessels were made so large and strong as to venture out to sea, Lieutenant Waghorn, about twenty years ago, opened a nearer way through Egypt to India, by steamers to Alexandria, and then overland by Cairo to a small town on the banks of the Red Sea called Suez, and thence again by steamer to India. The opening of this way took many visitors to old Egypt to see its ancient wonders. Among old Christian teachers have visited that Bible Land, to instruct the people and their children. One of these, living in Cairo, has written a book, called "Ragged Life in Egypt," in which he tells us of a visit he made to Suez.

"Suez is in itself a very unimportant-looking place. A collection of flat-roofed, insignificant, mud-brick houses, with one or two a little superior, belonging to foreign consuls, and one large white building, which is the English hotel. This is Suez, and many people assured us it was not worth a visit,—but they forgot the Red Sea. Were it not at all beautiful, it would still be worth a visit for the sake of that. But the beauty is great; the colouring given by that southern sky and

SUEZ, ON THE RED SEA.

seen in order to be conceived. The intense green and blue of the shining waters, the transparent glow on the cliffs near the city, and the yet more fairy-like brilliancy of the distant Arabian hills on the opposite side, are beyond any pen or brush adequately to represent. True, there is no foliage, and one might weary of living in such a place therefore, and wish for trees and streams again; but that any one with eyes in his head should see no beauty near Suez—nothing to make it worth a visit—is astonishing to me. The air is very pure and delightful, and more strengthening than that of Cairo, which, when the hot weather sets in, becomes relaxing. Three days spent at Suez enabled me to work with renewed vigour on returning to the school. Though exceedingly hot, it was not the least oppressive, and a breeze tempered the heat of the sun.

Within the doors of the hotel everything, except the Hindoo servants, was English.—Egyptian life seemed to have disappeared altogether; but as soon as one left it, the illusion was over, and the Arabic tongue again greeted one's ears.

I found several studies for the pencil in Arabs from the opposite coast, and in children of the town who came to play about near the hotel.

It must be an inveterate late riser who is not up early on an April morning at Suez. The delicious coolness of the air at five o'clock, and the effect of the sun's first rays

SUEZ, ON THE RED SEA.

stealing softly down the cliffs, and gilding the waves the Red Sea, are a treat worth a little trouble to enjoy.

At six o'clock I came down with a drawing-book sit near the door, sheltered by stone pillars. A His servant brought me a chair, and presently two girls, natives of the place, came up, and furnished me subjects for a drawing. They were dressed in their best it being a festival day, and were very proud of their print trousers and spangled handkerchiefs. I promised a cake to each if they would stand still, which they consented to do; and then after admiring their own finenesses, and vainly trying to obtain possession of their entreaties, they begged to look at the contents of travelling bag, and presently pulled out an Arabic tract. One of them begged to have it as soon as she saw characters.

'Can you read?' I asked.

'A little,' she replied; I was doubtful, and proved, showing her the letters in the tract, that she could read she just knew an *alef*, but no other letter.

However, the child was so anxious for the little book that I at length gave it to her, hoping that, as Allah will seldom destroy any printed paper, it might some day fall into hands which could make use of it. A boy who was loitering about, listening to my conversation with the girls, now came up, and asked if I had any book; fortunately I had, and with much pleasure.

SUEZ, ON THE RED SEA.

re to a shady spot, and sit reading it for some
act till I went in for breakfast.

lk I had with these children made me wish we
ve a branch school at Suez. They seemed very
telligent little creatures, about nine and ten
, darker in complexion than the Cairo children ;
was very pretty, and had a winning expression
erry black eyes. They would willingly have
nger with me, had not the rest of the party
ut, frightened them away.

wn was all alive with the native festival, and we
ed to see the sports that were going on by an
vant of the hotel, who assured us there were
sing things to see, especially some man's per-
which he vainly endeavoured to describe in his
nglish, for he was too proud of speaking it to
ith my request, that he would 'speak Arabic.'
an,—he from Jeddo—they make shoe—but not
tly—it very funny, very good, you go see—it
(touching an umbrella). What could be the
n between a shoe and an umbrella, seemed
is ; but it was explained when we had, under
nce, threaded our way through several narrow,
ets, to an open space, where a couple of tents
hed in the midst of a gay and noisy crowd.
e of these (which was what he meant by 'like
lla') were a set of men who wore a peculiar kind



the bare arms and legs with which ne
queer gestures and antics, gave a mor
performances. The tent was crowded
we could not remain many minutes, a
into the fresh air again. Two or t
round the open space on which stoo
filled with customers, and the swin
rounds were equally popular; and it w
the numbers of great men who w
amusement with as much relish as
The crowd looked like a tulip-bed w
which almost every one, even to
sported on this occasion. Among
yellow was a favourite dress, with the
or violet caftans; while the negroes
every colour of the rainbow.

We stayed here till the sun becar

THE NEW DAY.

the crowds of people; so, that if childish, their
sins were more harmless than those of fairs and
amusements in our own country, where shameful
drunkenness is often the common finish to the day's
amusements."

THE NEW DAY.

↑ O here is now dawning
↓ Another new day;
Think; wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

Out from Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity
Soon will return.

Behold it afore-time
No eye ever did;
Soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

So here hath been dawning
Another new day;
Be sure not to let it
Slip useless away.

To-day, if you listen,
The Saviour says,
"To me now be given
The best of thy days."



MAKING FUN OF PEOPLE.

MAKING FUN OF PEOPLE.

ONCE, when travelling on a stage-coach, I met with a young lady who seemed to be upon the constant look out for something laughable. Every old barn was made the subject of a passing joke, while the cows and sheep looked demurely at us, little dreaming that folks could be merry at their expense.

All this was perhaps harmless enough. Animals were not sensitive in that respect. They are not likely to have their feelings injured because people make fun of them ; but when we come to human beings, that is quite another thing.

So it seemed to me ; for, after a while, an aged woman came running across the fields, lifting up her hand to the coachman, and in a shrill voice begging him to stop. The good-natured coachman drew up his horses, and the old lady, coming to the fence by the roadside, squeezed herself through between two posts which were very near together.

The young lady in the stage-coach made some ludicrous remarks, and the passengers laughed. It seemed very excusable ; for, in getting through the fence, the poor woman made sad work with her old black bonnet, and now, taking a seat beside a well-dressed lady, really looked as if she had been blown there by a whirlwind.

This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the

MAKING FUN OF PEOPLE.

most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card; pretended to take a pattern of her bonnet; and in various other ways sought to raise a laugh at her.

At length the poor woman turned a pale face towards her, and said—

“My dear girl, you are now young, and healthy, and happy. I have been so too, but that time is past. I am now old and forlorn. The coach is taking me to the death-bed of my only child. And then, my dear, I shall be a poor old woman, all alone in a world where merry girls will think me a very amusing object. They will laugh at my old-fashioned clothes and sad appearance, forgetting that the old woman has loved, and suffered, and will live for ever.”

The coach now stopped before a poor-looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

“How is she?” was the first trembling inquiry of the mother.

“Just alive,” said the man who was leading her into the house.

The driver mounted his box, and we were upon the road again. Our merry young friend had placed the card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand; and you may be sure that I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a good lesson, and one which we greatly hoped would do her good.

A PICTURE OF AN AMERICAN HOME.

PICTURE OF AN AMERICAN HOME.

RECALL a home long since left behind in the journey of life, and its memory floats back over me with a power of thoughts towards whose freshening fall my heart opens itself like a thirsty flower. It is a home by the mountains—humble and homely—but priceless its memories. The waterfall again sings in my ears as it used to through those dreamy nights. The gate, the patch of tansy under the window, the neighbouring orchard, the old elm, the grand music room and showers, the little smithy under the hill flamed with red light through the dull winter evenings, the woodpile at the door, the ghostly white rocks on the hill, and the dim blue haze on the far off mountains—all these come back to me with an appeal that touches my heart and moistens my eyes. I sit in the doorway at nightfall, eating my bread and looking off upon the darkening landscape, and listening to the shouts of boys on the hill side calling the living home the slow herds.

Even the old barn, crazy in every timber, and gaping in every joint, has charms for me. I try again the bold leap from the great beams on to the hay. I sit again on the threshold of the widely open doors—open to the soft wind of spring—and watch the cattle, whose faces are half human to me, as they sun themselves, and



tells to her mates and to me that there is one more in the world. The old horse whinnies in the stall, calls to me for food. I look up to the roof, and think of last year's swallows—soon to return again—and catch a glimpse of sky through the diamond-shaped opening that gave them ingress and egress. How, I know not, I care not, but that old barn is a part of myself—it entered into my life, and given me growth and wealth.

But I look into the house again. The evening has come, the lamps are lighted, and the good man in the middle of the life—though very old he seems to me—takes down the Bible and reads a chapter from its hallowed pages. A sweet woman sits at his side,—with my sleepy head upon her knees, and brothers and sisters are grouped reverently around me. I do not understand the words, but I have been told they are the words of God, and I believe. The chapter ends, and we all kneel down, and the good man says, "I fall asleep with my head in the chair."

A PICTURE OF AN AMERICAN HOME.

good man prays again ; and so is the worship repeated through all the days of many golden years. The pleasant converse of the fireside, the simple songs of home, the words of encouragement as I bend over my school task, the kiss as I lie down to rest, the patient bearing with the freaks of my restless nature, the gentle counsels mingled with reproofs and approval, the sympathy that meets and assuages every sorrow, and sweetens every little success—all these return to me amid the cares which press upon me now, and I feel as if I had once lived in a paradise, but straying, had lost my way.

Well: the good man grew old and weary, and fell asleep at last, with blessings on his lips for me. Some of those who called him father lie side by side in the same calm sleep. The others are scattered, and dwell in new homes ; and the old house and orchard have passed into the hands of strangers. But the home is mine to-day, as truly as it ever was, for have I not brought it away with me and shown it to you ? To me, through weary years and many sorrows, it has been a fresh fountain of delight and purifying influences, simply because it was my home, and was and is part of me. The rose at the gate blooms for me now ; the landscape comes when I summon it, and I hear the voices that call me from lips which memory makes immortal.

Timothy Titcomb.

SELLING THE PET BIRD.



SELLING THE PET BIRD.

AN AMERICAN TALE.

HENRY was a lame boy, who could not walk alone, except with crutches. He was therefore cut off from many pleasures which other children enjoy. Some kind person had given him a singing-bird, which furnished

SELLING THE PET BIRD.

him a great deal of amusement. He loved it dearly, and set the greatest value upon it. He knew that fine singing-birds bring a great price, and he felt that he was worth a little fortune in it. His mother was a widow, and very poor; and though Henry loved his bird, he would many a time have been willing to sell it to obtain money for her, could he have found a purchaser.

Nearly opposite lived an old lady, whose nerves were so weak, that she disliked all noise, even the singing of a bird. Henry's merry bird annoyed her so, that she often wished it dead. At last she sent a young woman to buy it for her, that she might kill it. "Who owns the noisy singing-bird here?" asked the young woman. Henry answered that he did. "Will you sell it?" He answered that he would. "And what is your price?" He did not know its value. What would she give? "Mrs. Crouse had bidden her offer twenty dollars for it." "Ah, it was Mrs. Crouse, then, who wanted it." That as well, thought Henry, it would be so near him. He could hear it sing if he did sell it.

He turned to his mother. "Please sell the bird, and take the money, mother." "You can't spare it," she said. "Yes, mother; I have often wished to sell it for your sake." "I can't sell it, my son; you love it too well. I should feel as if I were selling you." "I love you a great deal better, mother. The bird only sings for me—you work your life away for me. Please sell the



wring its neck round, she naves its now

Henry was amazed. He did not
"Tell Mrs. Crouse," said his mother,
the pet of my lame boy, and we can
The young woman departed. Henry
after her. He wanted to help his
could he sell his bird to be killed!

As Henry watched the pale face
ments of his mother, he reproached him
sold his bird. When dinner-time
than ever, for there was only a litt
table. "Why, where is your tea, m
"Never mind my tea, child. I am
work, and perhaps I shall have a cup
And the poor woman turned away h
tears, for she was almost discouraged
with poverty. Her heart was giving
in only half nour

SELLING THE PET BIRD.

"I could'n't live without you, and you are growing worse with our poverty," replied Henry.

When his mother went out, Henry asked her to send a friend of his to come and sit with him. When the boy came, he asked him to carry his bird to Mrs. Crouse, and obtain the money she had offered in the morning. The old lady was very angry with the bird, which had just been singing its loudest notes, and was only too glad to get it in her control. She paid for it, and gave it over to her maid, with orders to have its neck wrung instantly.

When Henry's mother returned, she was surprised to miss the bird, but greatly relieved from trouble as Henry handed her two bright golden eagles, and asked her to buy them all a good supper. "Noble child," she said, "if you can't work, your heart works for you."

Henry mourned his bird, and was very lonesome for want of it; but he knew mother wanted the money, and so he tried to be cheerful. He heard no more the songs in which he had so delighted, but his conscience told him he had done right, and that was sweeter to him than the sweetest songs of his bird.

As for the poor old lady who could not bear to hear the merry songs of a bird, all we can say about her is that she was to be pitied, for she must have been a poor miserable creature. But there are such people in the world, who, with all their money, do not know how to be happy or contented. We need not envy them.



All things so lovely for his sake
For what am I among the host?
Which does my soul resemble m

Here is a lily—shining white,
As if a very child of light:
No soil, no blemish, and no stain
On its pure radiance doth remain
Sprung from the lowly garden bed
Up towards the heavens it lifts
This saint-like flower, without a
Alas! my soul resembleth not.

Here are green leaves,—so fresh
As if just wet with heavenly dew
Each on its little stem doth grow
Up from the larger branch below
And leaf and stem and branch
From hour to hour, Thy blessing
Such is the child whose feet still
The way where Thy command

NORA CAREY.

Such was the colour of that flood
Pour'd out for sinners,—Jesus' blood :
But when our guilt Immanuel bore,
A crown of sharper thorns he wore.

By nature, Lord, I know with grief,
I'm a poor fallen, worthless leaf :
Shrivell'd and dry and near to death,
Driven by sin as with a breath.
But if by grace I am made new,
Wash'd in the blood of Jesus, too ;
Like to a lily I shall stand,
Spotless and pure, at his right hand.

NORA CAREY.

“ H, mother dearest mother,”
Sweet Nora Carey said,
“ May I go up the mountain
To search for berries red ?
All under the old birch trees
The vines are hanging full ;
I'll bring my basket loaded,
All bright and beautiful.”

“ Yes, go, my little Nora,
But pass not by the stream ;
It runs both deep and swiftly,
However calm it seem.
And stay not till the dew falls ;
The evening air is chill ;



She warbled as she went,—
A pleasant sight to look on,
In all her sweet content.

Then from the grassy meado
Came trampling little feet,
The wild school-children, ru
From out the village stree
“Oh, come with us, dear Ne
Along the brook we'll go;
There, where the vines are
The largest berries grow.”

“My mother says 'tis dang
The gentle child replied;
The stream is deep and rap
And we might fall or slid
“Oh, yes, for you she mea
But not for all to go;
We've been there oft and c
And every path we know

NORA CAREY.

But where beneath their clusters
The mossy banks shone fair,
The stream had worn a passage,
And laid the old roots bare.

And down the slippery places
The careless children trod:
Oh, Nora! darling Nora!
Trust not that treacherous sod!

* * * * *

All down the mountain pathway
What burden do they bear?
The white rain dropping slowly
From out the golden hair!

Oh, fair, fair Nora Carey,
Oh, loving child of ours,
Laid to thy rest for ever,
Beneath the summer flowers!
Oh, pale, pale mourning mother,
That cottage home within,
Who weepeth sore the parting,
But weepeth more the sin.

Oh, children sadly grieving,
Those careless words which brought
Such fruit of bitter memories
From out your want of thought,
Learn that the path is narrow
Where angels guard the way;
God help us all right onward,
And keep us when we stray.

THREE WONDERS.

THREE WONDERS!

AND there are three that I am very glad I have lived long enough to see.

When the great poet John Milton became blind, he consoled himself by saying, "There are many things in the world I do not wish to see." So there were, no doubt. And yet he would have been glad to see these.

But the three wonders to which I refer may not only be seen—they may be handled. I have both seen them with my eyes, and handled them with my hands.

Here they are! all three of them.

A BOOK OF PSALMS FOR ONE PENNY!

A NEW TESTAMENT FOR TWOPENCE!!

A WHOLE BOUND BIBLE FOR SIXPENCE!!!

These are three wonders, and glorious wonders too! I will now tell you why I am glad to see them.

About sixty years ago, when I was a little boy, I had the fever. But my mother had promised me, if I got better, I should have a bible of my own. As soon as I was able to walk so far, she sent me to the booksellers for one—the cheapest. I brought it. "What is the price?" *Six shillings and sixpence.*

And so I may well be glad that boys and girls may now have a nice bound Bible for sixpence!

And then I have read in some old history that before printing was invented, and all books were in writing

FOOTPRINTS.

, and few people in England could read at all, a copy chapter out of the Gospel by Matthew or John would the price of a wagon-load of hay to buy it! Now, then, you English boys and girls ought to sing all your heart and soul—

“I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these christian days
A happy English child.”

Thousands of children in Spain cannot sing that verse, if they changed the words “English child” into Spanish child.” For nearly all of them do not even know that there is such a book as the Bible. And millions in heathen lands are in a yet worse condition. Take care then, my dear young friends, every one of you, that you have a bible of your own. Read it well. Study it until you get to know what it is all about. May you all find the precious Jewel that is in it, even ETERNAL LIFE. For the sum of it all is this, that “God hath promised us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.”

FOOTPRINTS.

LIFE leaveth many footprints
On the golden sands of time;
Footprints of high and noble deeds,
And, alas! of many a crime.

Footprints of kings and warriors,
Of the conquerors of the earth;

FOOTPRINTS.

Footprints of busy little feet
Gathering around the hearth.

Footprints of stern high daring,
And of deeds as soft and mild :
But the sweetest footprints I have seen,
Were those of a little child.

The little steps went in
A dungeon walled around ;
They went with gathered flowers, to cheer
A prisoner chained and bound.

The little voice was heard
In whispers, soft and low,
And the little hand was gently laid
On a dark and troubled brow.

And trembling words lisped forth
The Saviour's precious name,
Till o'er that captive's sullen mood,
Repentant feelings came.

And the little steps went out,
But the footprints long remained ;
Remained, too, in the soften'd heart
Of that prisoner bound and chained.

Footprints they are in time ;
But not in time alone :—
Eternity, in living light,
Those blessed steps will own.

Then, little one, go thou
And do some loving thing,
Leave footprints on the sands of time
Where blessed fruits may spring.

THE POSTMAN.



THE POSTMAN.

English Post Office is now one of the wonders of the world. Wind or rain, hail or snow, you expect the Postman's sharp rap-a-tap tap at the door. Here he is in a shower of snow; run to the door, don't keep him waiting—there will be a letter from home this morning, for the Australian mail is due—here

THE POSTMAN.

it is in his own hand writing—thank God he is yet alive—now let us all sit down and hear what he says. Only think this letter has come from the other end of the world in about two months for sixpence!

What a wonderful arrangement, too, is our “Penny Post” at home, by which we may send a letter prepaid to any place in England, Wales, Scotland, or Ireland, for one penny. There was a time when there were no post offices in England, and rich men only could send letters by a special messenger. Outside the letter they would make a mark like this { to let the messenger know that if he did not make haste he would be hanged!

When Post Offices were at length established, they were for a long time managed in a slow, clumsy, and expensive manner. About one hundred years ago, the Poet COWPER thus describes the arrival on horseback of the “post” on the bridge over the river Ouse at Olney, with his bags of letters and newspapers:—

“Hark! ’tis the twanging horn o’er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn;

THE POSTMAN.

And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music; who can say
What are its tidings?

Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

And then the amiable poet would, on that "Winter evening," read to his lady friends the scanty intelligence
the little newspaper of those days would bring them.



horse profusely adorned with the
victory—for he brought news of
Trafalgar, when the French were
destroyed—but NELSON was killed.

The great improvements which
the postage system are truly wonderful
under the control of Government.
such efficiency and cheapness.
years ago, a single letter sent
cost ninepence; now one may go for
one penny! In those days poor people
could not send letters; but as they can now
stamp, many have been induced
to send them, and they may enjoy the privilege.
The cheap postage system has been
a great benefit to the poor.

Now even children can write
to their friends living at a distance for one penny.

TWO SCHOOL BOYS.

TWO SCHOOL BOYS.

AN AMERICAN TALE.

HERE! it's two o'clock, I do declare. We shall be late, Jem, and shall catch what we don't like. will give us a taste of sting-palm, wont he?"

spoke one school boy to another as they walked ly along the street on their way to school one : afternoon.

'pose he will, Albert, unless we can give him a count of ourselves, which I don't see that we can plied James. "We fished ten minutes too long t the pond, and now we must take what comes as lly as we can."

on't know about that," rejoined Albert. "I think xcuse myself. Old Whackem isn't hard to stuff, guess I'll try it on. I don't like the stinging of ile on my palm."

u don't mean to say that you'll tell a lie to escape ment!"

nean to say that I'm going to pull a little wool d Whackem's eyes," replied Albert, "and," he as they reached the schoolhouse door, "if you , look out!"

es had no time to reply, for Albert went directly ie school. He felt shocked, however, at Albert's e to lie, and said to himself:



he said sharply,

"Albert and James, come here!"

The boys obeyed, and advanced master's desk. Fixing his eyes on said, "You were ten minutes after have you to offer?"

"I had to go on an errand for m not get back in time," replied Albe cently into his master's face.

"Why didn't you bring a writi father, sir?"

"Because I thought there was when I left the house; but the turned the corner of Greenwich thought I had better keep right on

"Well, the case looks a little you this time, but don't let it ha

Take your seat, sir—

TWO SCHOOL BOYS.

he went faster than I thought. I'm sorry, sir, that
t start earlier."

! eh! Fishing, eh? Well, one is apt to forget
f when he's fishing. Your fault, it seems, was a
f thought, not a purpose to break my rules, nor a
s disregard of them. I'll excuse you this time,
e your intention seems to have been good, and you
old me the plain truth. But, James, you must
next time you fish and be at school in time or I'll
you off as easily as I do now. Take your seat,
ake your seat."

s both of these boys escaped the ferule, Albert by
James by telling the truth. The lie in the one
med as profitable as the truth in the other. But
really as profitable, think you? Didn't Albert
himself? Didn't he feel mean, cowardly, and
? Was not God angry with him?

the other hand, did not James, by telling the truth
face of probable punishment, increase his moral
e and self-respect? Did he not also keep a good
nce, and secure the approval of the all-seeing God?
ch do you admire? Ah, I know. You all admire
; you all condemn Albert. Prove your admiration
incere by always telling the truth, let it cost you
t will.

THE VIPER AND THE CAT.

THE VIPER AND THE CAT.

WILLIAM COWPER, the celebrated poet,
an excellent letter-writer. When writing
friend, he tells this little incident in his own happy
and pleasant way.

“ Olney, August 3,

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is a sort of paradox,
true: we are never more in danger than when
ourselves most secure; nor in reality more secure
when we seem to be most in danger. Both sides
apparent contradiction were lately verified in
experience. Passing from the greenhouse to the back
three kittens (for we have so many) looking
attention on something which lay on the threshold
door nailed up. I took but little notice of them
but a loud hiss engaged me to attend more closely
behold—a viper! the largest that I remember
seen, rearing itself, darting its forked tongue,
the aforesaid hiss at the nose of a kitten, in
contact with his lips. I ran into the hall for
long handle, with which I intended to seize
returning in a few seconds missed him:
and I feared had escaped me. Still, however
sat watching immovably on the same spot.
therefore, that, sliding between the door and
he had found his way out of the garden

THE VIPER AND THE CAT.

I went round immediately, and there found him in close conversation with the old cat, whose curiosity being excited by so novel an appearance, began to pat his head repeatedly with her fore foot, with her claws, however, sheathed, and not in anger, but in the way of philosophic inquiry and examination. To prevent her falling a victim to so laudable an exercise of her talents, I interposed in a moment with the hoe, and performed upon him an act of decapitation, which, though not immediately mortal, proved so in the end. Had he slid into the passages where it is dark, or had he, when in the yard, met with no interruption from the cat, and secreted himself in any of the outhouses, it is hardly possible but that some of the family must have been bitten; he might have been trodden upon, and have slipped away before the sufferer could have distinguished what foe had wounded him."

But let not any of our young readers imagine that because Cowper killed the viper he was an ill-tempered or cruel man. Like James Montgomery, "he was as gentle as a lamb" with all harmless creatures. But the poet shall speak for himself.

"I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
That crawls at evening on the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,



NOT SO WHEN, NEAR WITHIN THEIR
And guiltless of offence, they run
Or take their pastime in the sports
There they are privileged; and
Or harms them there is guilty
The sum is this. If man's conduct
Or safety, interfere, his rights are
Are paramount, and must extend;
Else they are all—the meanest
As free to live, and to enjoy the
As God was free to form them
Who in his sovereign wisdom made
Ye therefore, who love mercy, try
To love it too. The spring-time
Is soon dishonoured and defiled
By budding ills, that ask a prudent
To check them. But alas! none
If unrestrained, into luxuriant
Than cruelty, most devilish of
Mercy to him that shows it, is
And righteous limitation of its

THE NORWEGIAN EAGLE.

THE NORWEGIAN EAGLE.

NORWAY is a famous country for those who are fond of fishing or shooting wild fowl; its numerous rivers, fiords, and lakes, its rocky mountains and thick woods, affording shelter to innumerable fish and fowl. One of a party who lately went over to Norway in a yacht at the time when the sun scarcely sets, gives a lively description of their visit and exploits. We select a few incidents.

"We set out, some to fish, and some to shoot. At last I became tired, and having bagged four or five birds I returned to the boat, where I found my comrades. It was just two o'clock in the morning! so that I had actually been shooting all night by daylight; and the sun had set and risen again without my being aware of the fact."

"About two o'clock, one beautiful morning in July," the writer took the boat, and "landing on a lovely island, of perhaps five or six miles in extent, which rose in the form of a rugged mountain to a height of about four thousand feet, I rambled for some time among low bushes and wild flowers, but found no game. The gulls, as if aware of my intentions, had forsaken the low rocks, and were flying high up among the precipices and serried ridges and peaks of the mountain. Resolved not to be discomfited I began to ascend, and as I mounted upward, the splendour of the island scenery became more apparent.



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THE NORWEGIAN EAGLE.

of space that lay between that eagle and the world
w.

He was evidently bent on making closer acquaintance
with some of the gulls, so I sat down behind a rock to
watch him. But knowing the shyness and the sharp-
tonguedness of the bird, I soon gave up all hope of getting
close to it. Presently he made a rapid circling flight down-
wards, and, after hovering a few minutes, alighted on a
several hundred yards from my place of concealment.
He at once revived; I rose, and began, with the
greatest caution, to creep towards him. The rugged
nature of the ground favoured my approach, else I should
never have succeeded in evading the glance of his bold
watchful eye. At length I had lessened the distance
between us by at least thirty yards. Then I took rapid
aim and fired both barrels. I might as well, apparently,
have discharged a pop-gun at him. Not a quiver of wing
did he take. He did not even increase his majestic
bearing, as the shots reverberated from cliff to cliff, and I
watched him sail slowly round a crag and disappear.
Following I sauntered in moody disappointment in the
direction of his flight, and soon gained the point round
which he had vanished, when, behold! he lay on the
ground with his broad wings expanded to their full
length and his head erect. I ran towards him, but he
did not move, and I soon saw that he was mortally
wounded. On coming close up I was compelled to halt



it struck me that if he were gallant struggle for life when I with its corresponding talons, wounds before I could master gun gently across his back and while I caught him by the neck were over. His head drooped closed in death a few seconds later.

Afterwards I found that the barrels had lodged in his body; this, he did not wince a hair; no way indicate that he had been exactly six feet six inches across.

Alas! his stuffed skin, which Norwegian trophy, gives but a bird was when, in all the freedom, he soared above

THE PIC-NIC.



THE PIC-NIC.

NEW customs bring new names. How many of both have come into use since I was a boy, sixty years ago. If I were to try I could make a long list of them; and I dare say some people who are as old as myself would be pleased to notice them. But I am writing for the young, and as "they were not born till after that," they might not feel interested or amused were I to mention them.

But there are two new customs with new names that I think they will understand. They both have reference to social parties of friends—one in-doors and the other out-of-doors. The in-door party is called a *Soirée*, which is a French word, pronounced "swoy-rah," when the friends who meet together take tea in a large room, after

THE PIC-NIC.

which they try to entertain each other with singing, music, recitations, and conversation, in the course of which refreshments of a harmless kind are handed round. When properly conducted these social meetings are agreeable and entertaining, and may be made instructive and useful.

The out-of-door party is a *Pic-nic*; where this curious word of two syllables came from I cannot tell you; but I can tell you what it is intended to mean.

A number of friends will agree to unite and form a party for an excursion to some interesting spot a few miles off. For this purpose they hire a conveyance, with a driver and a pair of horses, like that represented in the picture, to take them there, pleasantly and safely.

For instance, about seven miles from the town in which the writer lives is an old baronial park, and the ruins of an old mansion celebrated in English history. In the summer season numerous parties visit this romantic spot, for the nobleman who inherits the property kindly permits the gates of the park to be opened every Monday and Friday for the accommodation of all who choose to visit the place.

And a delightful treat it is; especially to the young people in the factories and warehouses of our large manufacturing town, who sometimes go in numbers that fill a long train of carriages. Smaller parties may also be seen from lesser towns and the villages.

THE PIC-NIC.

Arriving at a village near the park, they put up their carriages and horses at the inn, and set out, the young men carrying the baskets full of provisions which they have brought with them. Entering the "dell" they pass along the foot-path leading to the ruins. All around them is in its original natural state—beneath them rolls the old brook, among masses of rough granite stones, affording shelter to numerous fish, which they must not attempt to catch, for the nobleman's watchers are on the look out—over them gnarled oaks, centuries old, spread their wide arms, covered with thick foliage to shelter them from the sun, which for the time seems to be hidden behind a dark cloud.

On they pass, and the ruins are in sight. But see! there is a herd of dappled deer and their young fawns, with the old stag at their head, trooping along through the ferns. What beautiful and graceful creatures! Who could think of harming you?

They arrive at the ruins and fix on their place for encampment, not beneath a canvas tent, but under the shade of "tall ancestral trees." Here they make their "spread," and partake of refreshments. These being dispatched with an appetite, now for "Old John."

"Old John" is the name of a round stone tower on the top of one of the highest hills of the old forest, and is a very conspicuous object. About a mile from the ruins in the valley, and up-hill nearly all the way, it is

THE PIC-NIC.

no easy task to reach it; and those who try are often glad to sit down on some bare rock,

"And let the prospect cheer their eye
While labouring up the hill."

The steepest part is the last; but when the party reach the old tower, the prospect from its site on a fine day is one of the most beautiful in England, commanding views in all directions of mansions nestling in woods, quiet villages, and smoke-wreathed towns; their own almost hidden by a vast cloud from hundreds of tall chimneys—while rich green pastures and fields of ripening corn, almost white unto harvest, divided by the darker lines of hedgerows, form pleasing contrasts with each other, and variegate the splendid scene. Only water—a noble river winding through the whole, or a spacious lake, is wanted to make the picture perfect.

There they sit for a full hour or more admiring the glorious scene; some diverting themselves by running, leaping, jumping, or rolling down the steep sides of the hill over the grass, that never yet felt the scythe of the mower; cropped only by the sharp teeth of the nibbling rabbit, it remains as it was thousands of years ago, soft as moss and almost as fine as velvet.

At length they march down again to the ruins. Hot water is provided at a price by the villagers, who pick up a few pence by supplying it to the visitors. Tea is soon ready, and enjoyed with a relish. After which comes the

THE PIC-NIC.

sound of music from many bands, in tune with which some "trip it on the light fantastic toe," while others, more quietly disposed, form little groups, singing national or favourite airs, varied now and then with one of the songs of Zion. Among the latter, that is usually a favourite—

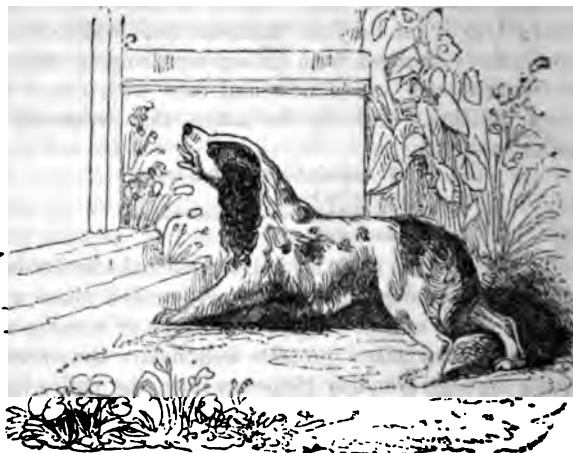
"Hail! sweetest dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds
To harmony divine."

But the sun has sunk behind the old oaks in the dell, and the more thoughtful of the party remind those who "take no note of time" that the shadows of evening are coming. After many protests and delays the various parties are seen wending their way into the dell, which now echoes and re-echoes with their music and songs of joy.

We wish them all safe home again, and they may be if they are careful, and then they will think and talk about their Pic-nic with satisfaction.

Only one word more—Pic-nics should always be formed of those who know each other and will try to make themselves agreeable, and no sport or pastime should be indulged that will cause disquietude to the conscience afterwards. Happy are they who can enjoy such a recreation without injuring others or sinning against God.

A CLEVER DOG.



A CLEVER DOG.

WE have heard many curious tales about the clever things some dogs will do. Here is another.

One fine morning after breakfast a gentleman who lived in the country, proposed to his friend who was on a visit to his house, that they should take a walk into the fields to see how the crops were coming on. "We will take Carlo with us," he said, and giving a shrill whistle "he will be here before we are ready." And when they opened the door there was Carlo eagerly waiting for them.

A CLEVER DOG.

the dog saw them, he turned round, and barking for joy he led the way down the garden over the little gate he bounded ; for he knew his master would go.

"The dog," said his master, "is a wonderful fellow. He seems to know all I want to do, and all I can do."

When they passed through the fields they entered a thick wood. There his master dropped his gloves among the leaves where they could not be seen ; taking care not to let his dog see where he dropped them.

The dog was nearly two miles from the house. When his master had returned and were passing up the garden the dog saw his master turning round said, "Carlo, I left my gloves in the wood. Go and fetch them." The dog gave him a knowing look, and then galloped off. In less than half an hour they saw him coming next field with the gloves in his mouth.

The dog was guided by his power of smelling which always belonged to his master. But we must all agree that the dog was a clever fellow.

Most people are mostly very fond of dogs, but they cannot be so fondly fondle or play with. For they may have a dog, and then if you let them lick any sore on your hand, you may have it too ; and it is so that suffering and death is almost sure to follow.

SERGEANT TRUMP AND HIS WIFE PHOEBE.

SERGEANT TRUMP AND HIS WIFE PHOEBE.

WHEN the first steam-ship neared Sierra Leone on the coast of Africa, an old black soldier and his wife were in charge of the signal station on the hill to announce the approach of vessels from the sea. Looking through his glass the old soldier saw a strange sight.

"Berry odd," he repeated; "him move, him move—come dis way, too, I *tink*; no wind dere—sea smooode—no hab sail—no hab mast; dat no ship, no brik, no schooner; berry odd. Phœbe, come here." And Phœbe came.

"Look *dere*!" exclaimed Trump, pointing with his glass to the approaching object.

"Yih, yih, yih, yih, oh me!" ejaculated Phœbe; "wha' for you no mek signal—fire gun?"

"Wha' for mek signal?—him no ship; Wha' for fire gun? You tink I fool, mek noise—eh?" responded Trump; and the glass went again to his eye, while poor Phœbe *yih-yihed* with tremulous emotion, as she gazed alternately at the awful-looking ship and upon the workings of her husband's countenance. His mouth became the most significant index of intense apprehension, remaining too wide open to respond to Phœbe's repeated questions, till it at length relaxed, first in letting out a groan, and then vociferated, "I see 'em, I see 'em fast—see 'em good; him tear up da water; him ~~meph~~ 'em,

SERGEANT TRUMP AND HIS WIFE PHŒBE.

mash 'em, mash 'em, all round! See! him come fast; run, Phœbe, run; I neber leabe my post—neber!”

Phœbe would have remonstrated, but she *yih-yihed* instead most lustily, on beholding at the same moment the people on the little farms beneath throwing away their hoes, and scampering off into the country. Trump saw them too, and involuntarily dropped his glass; but he still faced the enemy, although under the effects of a feeling within him, which seemed to paralyze him. All his martial exploits crowded in upon his mind, and with them the thoughts of a soldier's death. “Run, Phœbe, run!” he still muttered, as he stood transfixed; but Phœbe was already running, at the imminent risk of her neck, down the declivity. “I *neber* leabe my post,” he repeated. But he found his feet at last, and with a spring to adjust their load, started off with his body down the rugged and precipitous incline, leaving the fowls in command of the signal-post; and the cock reared his crest and gave a crow in compliment to the passing steamer, for such was the monster which had caused the hasty flight of Phœbe and Sergeant Trump.

Such is the funny tale told of the old African soldier and his wife. We have reason to believe that it is founded on a fact, though it may be rather too highly coloured. But we can easily imagine how such ignorant people would be alarmed at the first sight of a steam ship, without sails, smoking and dashing along over the waters.

THE SAILOR BOY AND HIS BIBLE.

THE SAILOR BOY AND HIS BIBLE.

A GENTLEMAN who has been much engaged in distributing the Word of God among sailors and soldiers, relates this pleasing incident. He says:—

“I have been a sailor for many years. I filled the position of chief officer on board a large vessel in Old Calabar, on the coast of Africa, at a time when ‘Yellow Jack’ (fever) was committing fearful ravages amongst our poor fellows. It was my sad duty to go down each morning to the lower deck to see if any had died during the previous night. On one occasion, after passing from hammock to hammock on that portion of the deck appropriated to the sick, I was grasped by a cold and clammy hand, and turning, I beheld a dying shipmate, for whom no earthly hope could be entertained, as he exhibited all the symptoms of having reached that crisis in this fearful disease known as the ‘black vomit.’ With great effort he was able to speak; and in a tone of voice so unearthly and pitiful as even to arrest and rivet the attention of many sufferers around him, he said, ‘Oh! sir, for God’s sake, let some one read the Bible to me, for I’m dying; if you pass the word, sir, surely some one will have a Bible!’ I immediately did so, but not a single seaman in the ship had a Bible. However, a boy, who was an apprentice on board, came up to me and said, ‘Sir, I have a Bible in my chest in the half-deck,

THE SAILOR BOY AND HIS BIBLE.

and I will bring it and read for poor Richards, if you will allow me.'

'God bless you, my boy!' said the dying man in reply, as I gave him the order to bring the Bible. During the time the boy was bringing the Word of God, many of the sailors and Kroo-men (Africans) collected round the hammock of the dying. They did not come to see the poor fellow die, for the sight of death there was a daily occurrence: it was, as one of the Kroo-boys expressed it, to see what 'dem good book do for poor Massa Richie, dat time he go to toder place.' The apprentice returned in a few moments, holding in his hand a small Bible: he came close to the dying man, and having opened at the third chapter of the Gospel of John, he read these words—'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' All our attention was fixed on the dying man while these words were slowly and quietly read. His countenance displayed the most anxious and earnest gaze I ever saw. The little boy was continuing to read when he was interrupted by the voice of Richards, in a loud and excited tone, 'Stop, my boy, stop! read that again!' and again the boy read the words—'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' And again he was interrupted a second, a third,

THE SAILOR BOY AND HIS BIBLE.

and a fourth time by the dying request—‘Stop, my boy, stop, read that again!’ until the struggling soul learned by heart those precious words, and the departing spirit, till it was emancipated from its earthly tabernacle, was employed in faintly repeating the sacred text, upon which, I believe, it was enabled with true faith to rest.

After a short pause, I looked around and beheld the tears rolling down many a weather-beaten face, and observed even the dark countenances of the Kroo-men turn pale. This pause was disturbed by a Kroo-boy looking into our faces and saying, ‘Whitey man he cry when him broder die happy and go for toder place.’ It is difficult, and I may say impossible, to describe the solemn, impressive awe which pervaded the whole circle from the time the Bible was introduced. It made a lasting impression upon myself, which was considerably increased in intensity when I subsequently learned that that Bible was the gift of a widowed mother to her only child, on his parting with her in Liverpool. Often, months after, when keeping my watch and walking the deck, that entire scene came before me; and my heart is now but too anxious to testify how God hath mercifully dealt with my soul in conversion through this incident, and by the power of his grace on these words—‘God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’”

GOING HOME.

GOING HOME.

“WILL you come with me, my pretty one?
I asked a little child—

“Will you come with me and gather flowers?”

She looked on me and smiled.

Then, in a low, sweet, gentle voice,

She said, “I cannot come,

I must not leave this narrow path,

For I am going home.”

“But will you not?” I asked again;

“The sun is shining bright,

And you might twine a lily wreath

To carry home at night;

And I could show you pleasant things

If you would only come;”

But still she answered as before,

“No; I am going home.”

“But look, my child; the fields are green,

And 'neath the leafy trees

Children are playing merrily,

Or resting at their ease.

Does it not hurt your tender feet

This stony path to tread?”

“Sometimes; but I am going home!”

Once more she sweetly said.

“My father bade me keep this path,

Nor ever turn aside;

GOING HOME.

The road which leads away from him
Is very smooth and wide ;
The fields are fresh, and cool, and green ;
Pleasant the shady trees ;
But those around my own dear home
Are lovelier far than these.

I must not loiter on the road,
For I have far to go ;
And I should like to reach the door
Before the sun is low.
I must not stay ; but will you not—
Oh, will you not come too ?
My home is very beautiful,
And there is room for you."

I took her little hand in mine ;
Together we went on ;
Brighter and brighter o'er our path
The blessed sunbeams shone.
At length we saw the distant towers,
But ere we reached the gate,
The child outstripped my lingering feet,
Too overjoyed to wait.
And, as she turned her radiant face
Once more to bid me come,
I heard a chorus of glad songs,
A burst of "Welcome Home !"

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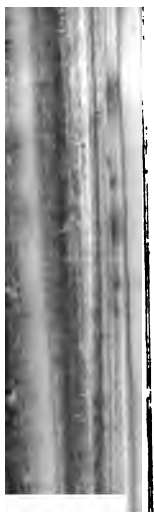
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THE AUSTRALIAN TYPE BIRD

THE AUSTRALIAN LYRE-BIRD.

WHAT Paradise was, with its fruits, and flowers, and living creatures, before the disobedience of man brought down the divine curse upon the earth we cannot tell, but we may imagine it to have been perfect in beauty and order ; for although sin has blighted what the LORD GOD made very good, yet are there left for us forms of life and loveliness which never fail to call forth, from all who take pleasure therein, expressions of admiration and delight.

Among these beauties of creation birds are conspicuous, decorated in every conceivable variety of plumage, from the brilliant humming bird to the splendid peacock or the magnificent bird of paradise. We lately looked over fourteen volumes of bird history with coloured plates ; and what an assemblage of graceful beauty was there ! And yet these were not all the world could furnish. Travelling naturalists are always producing new specimens, and no painter can imitate the unmentionable colours in which many of them are arrayed.

When the great island—continent it might be called—of Australia was discovered, another remarkable bird was found, which, like the peacock, had the power of erecting its tail ; only when the feathers were erected they assumed the form of a harp or lyre, and hence it was called the Lyre-Bird.



... they are soon
dark brown colour, appro-
their greatest attraction
the cock bird, which is so
is known of their habits,
near the dwellings of civil

Hearing one scratching
I crawled out, gun in han
meal for breakfast. The
it to commence its mornin
(bleu bleu) was almost lost
tive sounds through which
then screaming like a cock
and howling like the native
have fancied that he was in
ing cautiously round a pair
a large cock bird, strutting
up the leaves and mould wi

PATMOS.

it was one of the black police who had blown the bird's head off that had been amusing me for more than an hour."

These birds, when disturbed, never rise high, but run off into the densest scrub, scarcely allowing a sportsman time to raise his piece before they are out of his reach. Even the natives, who are so skilful in creeping up to game of all kinds, seldom kill more than three brace in a day. Their song is not often heard during rain, or when the sun is obscured. The nest is about three feet in circumference, and one foot deep, having an orifice on one side: they lay but one egg, of slate colour with black spots. The female is a very unattractive bird, having but a very poor tail, nothing like the male.

Those of our countrymen who have gone to settle in Australia have often expressed their disappointment in finding very few singing birds; and none to equal our larks or thrushes.

PATMOS.

DR. HALLEY, describing the view he and DR. RAFFLES had one sabbath morning of this celebrated island-prison of the apostle John, says:—

"It has not happened to many ministers to spend a sabbath on the coast of Patmos. Probably none ever spent it there in circumstances so favourable as those in

PATMOS.

which I and my companion, Dr. Raffles, spent the of May. The sky so clear, the sea so calm, the weather so fine, the ship's company so quiet—all things combined with the hallowed time and place to make an interesting and delightful day ever memorable. 'good for me to be there.' Near 'the isle that is Patmos, I was in the Spirit on the Lord's-day.'

I inquired of the officer on deck, 'When shall we see Patmos?' As soon as we pass that headland,' said he, pointing to the extremity of the island of Nicaria. At breakfast, Patmos was clear and full in view on our larboard bow—a bleak and rugged island, with a precipitous coast, and peaks rising to a considerable height.

We had previously arranged with the captain to have morning service at half-past ten o'clock, at which time we were just opposite the north end of the island. We knew the exact course we could not have fixed more appropriately. During the service we were passing the ten miles of its rocky side. The monastery, strangely built around the monastery of St. John's, crowns the summit of a lofty hill, was distinctly in view. Not a ripple was on the sea, nor a breeze in the air, nor a cloud in the sky, nor a wave on the water. We were in the presence of God, 'on the Lord's-day,' with nothing as usual. The sailors in the ship's crew came in their Sunday clothes with their Bibles in their hands, and attentively listened to the singing of the two Greek priests.

PATMOS.

joined in our devotions. Even the Turks, of whom about twenty were on board—pilgrims to Mecca—looked with apparent interest upon the island and upon our congregation. Dr. Raffles read the morning service of the Church of England. The captain said the responses. If ever ‘I was in the Spirit on the Lord’s-day,’ it was on that memorable occasion. Although I had intended to speak from another passage, no text seemed so appropriate as Revelation i. 9: ‘I John, who am your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ.’ After directing the attention of the audience to the exile of the apostle to the rocky island on my right hand, I preached the gospel by explaining ‘the testimony of Jesus Christ,’ and exhorted the sailors, if ever they again passed the isle of Patmos, to associate with it ‘the testimony’ which was that day delivered unto them. Although the town on the hill before them might perish, like the old popular cities which once flourished on the neighbouring continent of Asia, yet the rock would remain, it might be, a witness against them on a future day.

The remainder of that Lord’s-day, until Patmos faded like a shadow in the distance, was spent in thinking of that glorious revelation which Jesus there made to his servant John.”

A TALE OF THE SEA.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

A MARINER by tempest cros't
Lay struggling with the wave ;
His one sole hope—all else was lost—
His hoarded gold to save.
Slung from his neck—a weary weight—
His precious charge he bore ;
His failing strength, at war with fate,
Could bear no feather more.
But not against his life alone
Uprose the breakers wild ;
A woman, on the billows thrown,
Held up her drowning child.
“Save her!” she cried, “in mercy save !”
As through the surf she rolled :
He heard ; and cast beneath the wave
His prize of Indian gold.
Fearless he breasts the tropic storm
With limbs by love new strung,
While round his neck, all soft and warm,
Two infant arms are flung.
He hails the land—the blessed land !
He drinks its spicy air ;
He strains to reach its coral strand,
He greets it with a prayer.
Vainly the angry tempest raved,
His feet have touched the goal ;
And, with his living burthen saved,
He stands—a rescued soul !

A TALE OF THE SEA.

The child has lived, bloomed, loved, and died,

Alone the old man lies :

Another sea, of stiller tide,

Steals o'er his closing eyes.

Glow now for him no tropic light,

But, where life's waters freeze,

The glory of the Polar night—

The calm of Arctic seas !

His hard-earned gold beneath the deep

Lies hid ;—but where is she,

His God-gift, whom the star-worlds keep,

His daughter of the sea ?

Where cloud-waves foam the rippled skies,

Touched by the golden day,

A beauteous form in angel guise

Floats up the liquid way.

He follows, hushed in rapt delight,

Of dread and death beguiled,

She, swimming slow with pinions bright,

He, clinging like a child.

The dross of earth is cast away ;

She leads him by the hand.

Through heaven's blue sea her white wings play :

He nears the happy land.

She parts the wave that beats him back ;

He breasts life's surge no more :

His feet, upon an angel's track,

Have touched the immortal shore !

Household Words.

ICEBERGS IN THE POLAR SEAS.



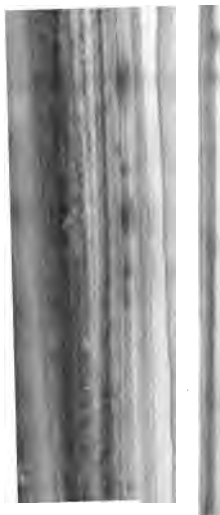
ICEBERGS IN THE POLAR SEAS,
WITH SHIPS LOCKED UP IN THE ICE.

SPITZBERGEN extends furthest towards the north of any country yet discovered. It is surrounded by the Arctic Ocean, or Greenland Sea; and, though the occa-

ICEBERGS IN THE POLAR SEAS.

sional resort of persons drawn thither for purposes of hunting and fishing, does not appear to have been ever inhabited. The western part of this country was discovered by Barentz, Heemskerke, and Ryp, in two vessels, fitted out at Amsterdam, on the 19th of June, 1596, who, from the numerous peaks and acute mountains observed on the coast, gave it the appropriate name of Spitzbergen, signifying "sharp mountains." It was re-discovered by Henry Hudson, an English navigator, in 1607, and four years afterwards became the resort of the English for the purpose of taking whales, since which period its shores have annually been visited by one or other of the nations of Europe, with the same object, to the present time. And though the soil of the whole of this remote country does not produce vegetables suitable or sufficient for the nourishment of a single human being, yet its coasts and seas have afforded riches and independence to thousands.

Many of the mountains of Spitzbergen are inaccessible. The steepness of the ascent, and the looseness of the rocks, with the numerous lodgments of ice in the cliffs, or on the sides of the cliffs, constitute in many places insurmountable obstacles. Some hills, indeed, may be climbed with tolerable safety, but generally the attempt is hazardous. Many have fallen and lost their lives, especially in the descent. When Barentz and Heemskerke discovered Cherie Island, on their advance towards the north, they also discovered Spitzbergen, when some



sented a dismal assemblage
dicular precipices, and yawnin
danger of the ascent struck th
however, could be afforded th
dered among the rocks. At l
and painful exercise, in which
slide down the rocks while l
they reached the foot of the
who had observed their cond
them a sharp reproof for their

One of the most interestin
in Spitzbergen, is the iceberg.
occur in the valleys adjoining
and other polar countries. A
Charles's Island are the Seven
occupies a deep valley, openin
by hills of about two thousand

It is not easy to find

ICEBERGS IN THE POLAR SEAS.

“On an excursion to one of the Seven Icebergs, in July, 1818, I was particularly successful in witnessing one of the grandest effects which these polar glaciers ever present. A strong north-westerly swell having, for some hours, been beating on the shore, had loosened a number of fragments attached to the iceberg, and various heaps of broken ice denoted recent shoots of the seaward edge. As we rode towards it, with a view of proceeding close to its base, I observed a few little pieces fall from the top, and, while my eye was fixed on the place, an immense column, probably fifty feet square, and one hundred and fifty feet high, began to leave the parent ice at the top, and leaning majestically forward with an accelerated velocity, fell with an awful crash into the sea. The water into which it plunged was converted into an appearance of vapour, or smoke, like that from a furious cannonading. The noise was equal to that of thunder, which it nearly resembled. The column which fell was nearly square, and in magnitude resembled a church. It broke into thousands of pieces. This circumstance was a happy caution, for we might inadvertently have gone to the base of the icy cliff, from whence masses of considerable magnitude were continually breaking.”

Captain Scoresby adds:—“The best preparation for such undertakings, as well as for the whole of life, is to surrender the heart to that Saviour who has died to redeem his servants from guilt and ruin. The pardon and peace

UNDERGROUND WORKERS.

which he freely confers on all who come to him, are the only safe comforts of a departing soul. It is his blood only that cleanses from all sin ; it is his Spirit that renews and sanctifies the mind ; and whatever pain or accident may befall the body, there can be ' no condemnation ' in time or in eternity ' to them which are in Christ Jesus.' The message of God to man is the offer of a free salvation, through the death of his glorious Son. This offer must determine the eternal condition of all to whom it is in God's mercy revealed. ' God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life ! ' Reader, do you understand, and have you accepted this gracious message ?"

UNDERGROUND WORKERS.

THE MOLE.

RIDING along in a railway carriage over an embankment, raised a few yards above the grass fields of the valley, we may often see many little hills of red earth, which have been cast up by this busy underground worker, the mole, which country people call mouldy-warp.

The Mole always looks fat, and has a curious nose or snout, well adapted for turning up the earth ; its eyes are very small, and I should think of but very little use in so dark a habitation. The fur is soft as silk, and

UNDERGROUND WORKERS.

bright as velvet; its colour is a deep black, although by shining the hair in the direction in which it lies, it has a greyish appearance: its feet are furnished with sharp nails, with which it scoops and digs away the earth, throwing the loosened dirt behind as it progresses with its work, and which it afterwards carries up and forms into those hillocks which we so commonly see. It is also a good swimmer, and cares no more about crossing a brook than a water-rat. You little thought, perhaps, that such a curious animal was at work under those little hillocks.



If we had a spade, says Miller in his *Country Year Book*, I would lay bare its little habitation, and show you such a wonderful encampment as you have rarely witnessed,—chambers, and galleries, and long winding passages which lead in all directions. At the bottom of this hillock there is a gallery almost as round as a ring, and there is a smaller one also above it of the same form; and to get from one gallery to the other it has made itself five passages, which go upward. Isn't that something like a house, think you, with five staircases, which lead

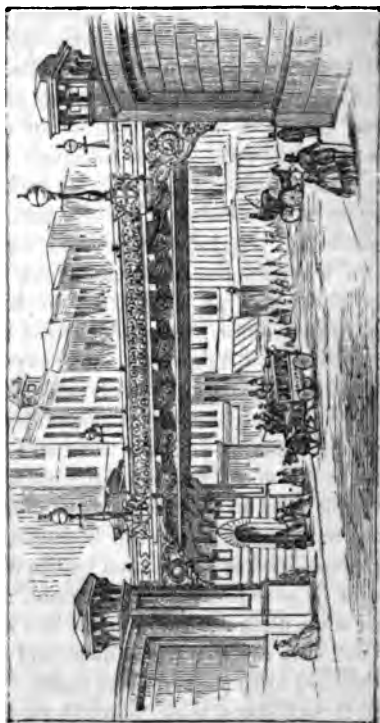
UNDERGROUND WORKERS.

to the upper story? It has also a chamber lower down than the lowest gallery which I have described, and you must know there is also another hole at the bottom of the chamber, which, after running down for a few inches, rises up again, and opens into a passage, or high-road, if we may so call it, of the encampment. But when in this passage, it can turn back again, and enter the circular gallery at the bottom, which I have before described, and take its choice of any of the nine streets which branch out from this lower passage. What a place would this be to play at "Hide-and-Seek" in, if it were but big enough!

Is it not wonderful? You little thought, while looking upon this hillock of earth, that it covered in such a marvellous building as this. You might wonder for what purpose it wanted such a number of roads and galleries, looking so many different ways; but when I tell you that this is its chase, or forest, or hunting-ground, and that it ranges here and there, up this passage and down that, searching for earth-worms and insects, you will see at once the use of these numerous avenues, and the chance it has of obtaining larger quantities of food through having such extensive grounds to range in. But there is a larger run, which naturalists call the high-road, and along this he passes many times in the course of the day, to visit his several hunting-grounds, which branch out every way; and I can tell you necessity causes the moles to be very polite to each other, for only

UNDERGROUND WORKERS.

one at a time can pass along this common high-road which seems to belong to the whole community of moles ; so that, if two chance to meet, one is compelled to retire into one of the side passages until the other passes ; and sometimes this causes a fight, and then of course the weakest goes to the wall. But although they thus quarrel about the possession of the road, each seems to pay great respect to his neighbour's enclosure, one never taking possession of the hunting-ground another has made. It is in this common highway where the mole-catchers place the traps, as they know he has to pass it many times in the course of the day, to see what game there is in his preserve. You must not always expect to find its nest under a mole-hill, for it is oftener placed at the end of three or four passages, at some distance from the encampment ; when, if you are fortunate enough to light upon the right spot, you may sometimes dig out four or five young ones in summer. It is a thirsty animal, requiring much drink ; and the high-road, which I have so often mentioned as being used by the whole community of moles, is sure to lead to a common run, which opens out near some ditch or pond ; but when water is far distant, they will sink a well of their own, and dig downward and downward until they come to water. In pursuing a worm, it will sometimes follow it to the surface of the earth, devour it, and return back again into its burrow.



GRAND RAILWAY VIADUCT IN LONDON.

GRAND RAILWAY VIADUCT IN LONDON.

GRAND RAILWAY VIADUCT IN LONDON.

WHAT wonderful things have been done in order to carry railways wherever they may be required. In the country we see them stretching over valleys, spanning wide rivers, cutting through hills, and piercing high mountains. Woods and forests are cleared, and rocks of granite or limestone are made to give way. Indeed no obstacle appears to be unsurmountable.

More wonderful still is the construction of railways in the great city of London. But what will not money, skill, and labour, accomplish? Not only have railways been carried into the heart of the city over houses, roads, and streets, but over the wide river; and lately an underground railway has been opened, the carriages of which are lighted with gas from a gasometer in the last carriage. This railway runs under the streets and houses, having stations lighted with gas along the way.

Another great railway is now being made that will pass entirely through London. The picture represents the grand viaduct now in the course of erection over the street at Ludgate Hill, one of the most crowded parts of the city. The design is beautiful, but some think that it will obstruct the view of St. Paul's Cathedral.

These London railways, whether above or beneath the ground, will remove much of the traffic from the overcrowded streets of the great city.

MORE ROBINSON CRUSOES.

MORE ROBINSON CRUSOES.

ON the 15th of January, 1853, on our way to Australia, we were in the vicinity of St. Paul's island, in the south of the Indian Ocean. A tedious voyage of three months had invested every little incident with importance; and the bare possibility of catching a glimpse of this island, although usually supposed to be barren and uninhabited, gave rise to incessant discussion and much eager "looking out." We were tiring of the beauties and wonders of the sea, and felt that the sight of a green sward would be a pleasurable change to us all. None, perhaps, but those who have experienced the monotony of a long voyage can understand this yearning for mother earth. We were doomed, however, to disappointment; the weather looked unsettled, and a troubled appearance about the waters seemed so portentous of a storm, that our cautious captain stood well out, and only gratified his passengers by sighting the spot, at a distance which made it appear like the outline of a dull gloomy rock. There was not one on board, not even the captain, who had any conception that the little island of St. Paul's, isolated from the world as it were amidst the ocean, and thousands of miles from any friendly shore, was inhabited by a band of Robinson Crusoes, who led there a quiet, contented life,

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

MORE ROBINSON CRUSOES.

This fact is so little known even among geographers that none, we believe, have ever noticed it in print; and as all who take a voyage to Australia are likely to sight or pass near this island, and will find it a subject of much small talk on board, a few particulars of the spot and its inhabitants may not fail to be interesting.

About thirty years ago, a schooner out on a fishing expedition, and driven from her course by an adverse gale, made for St. Paul's. The captain, a Frenchman from Bourbon, effected a landing, and was surprised to find there a Pole, a brother of the illustrious Kosciuszko, in quiet possession of the island, which he had occupied since the year 1819. How he came there, whether placed in exile forced or voluntary, is unknown. The Frenchman, a busy energetic man of the world, turned his discovery to some account, and seeing the capabilities of the island, he made for Port Louis, Mauritius, freighted his schooner with tools, seeds, stores, and poultry, and returned to St. Paul's, determined to establish there a permanent fishing station. He found the Pole still the sole occupier of the island. Setting vigorously to work, with two blacks and a white man, whom he had brought with him, they commenced the process of civilization by digging up the ground and sowing their seeds. They built, also, two small wooden houses and a shed for their stores, constructed a landing place, and made every preparation within their power for establishing a quiet, snug

MORE ROBINSON CRUSOES.

fishing harbour. Seeing things thus in progress, the Frenchman, loading his craft with fish, returned to Port Louis to sell his cargo. In 1830, the Pole left the island, on receiving from the Frenchman two thousand dollars by way of compensation.

The new proprietor maintained a regular communication with the little colony of St. Paul's. At one time thirty men were stationed there, and a vessel was sent twice a year with stores, clothing, tools, and other necessities, returning with a cargo of fish. This was kept up for five years, when it was found to be an unsuccessful speculation. The settlement was therefore relinquished, and all the men left the island except six, to whom a vessel was sent about once a year, bringing them stores in exchange for fish.

On the 17th of May, 1853, the barque "Eblana," bound for Australia, passed the north-east end of St. Paul's Island. All eyes were feasting on the pleasant sight, when suddenly a huge bonfire was observed on a hill, and burning so rapidly that the whole of the eminence appeared wrapt in smoke and flames. The excitement on board was naturally intense, for all looked upon it as a signal of distress. The steering sails were quickly hauled down, the ensign hoisted to gladden the hearts of the supposed sufferers, and the ship turned towards the island. When within half a mile of the beach a boat was lowered, and the second officer and two

MORE ROBINSON CRUSOES.

seamen made for the shore. As they drew near, they rounded a breakwater, which they supposed was formed by nature (but which in fact was the result of human skill), and entered a calm, pleasant little bay. On landing, they were surprised to see at a short distance from them a small wooden hut, and shouted in true nautical greeting, "House, ahoy, ahoy!" In answer to the call, out came three men, not in the least alarmed nor overjoyed, but calmly smoking their pipes, comfortably apparelled, and with seeming indifference as to whether there was or was not another human being in the world besides themselves. The mate of the "Eblana" had expected to have been greeted with an outburst of gratitude by some half-starved wretches, but he was received with a smile of unconcern. Not even the courtesy of thanks was tendered for the trouble which he had taken to render them assistance.

Some conversation ensued, in the course of which, however, they gave no very distinct account of themselves. They had, they said, many years ago been left there by their captain, who had promised to return for them; but he had forgotten them, they supposed, as they had seen no more of him. They declined, however, all offers to be taken from their lonely retirement. Seven years' seclusion had made them apathetic to the social comforts of civilization, and they preferred their barren rocks to the golden shores of Victoria. Instead of desti-

MORE ROBINSON CRUSOES.

tution, the mate of the "Eblana" found abundance, and not a few indications of refinement, for it was no unusual circumstance they said, to speak with passing vessels. They had a bountiful supply of fresh water; they grew wheat and barley, and had potatoes, parsnips, cabbages, celery, and other vegetables in abundance, keeping about ten acres of land under cultivation. The island was plentifully stocked with deer, goats, and rabbits, and they offered to exchange these productions for spirits and tobacco. They had four houses, neatly constructed and thatched with straw, and a shed containing many tons of potatoes in store. A fine seal, and quantities of other fish, were hanging up to dry, while fragments of vessels, and various articles of ship-gear, were lying around their habitations. There were also three capstans and bars, a large whaleboat, a ship's long-boat, and a punt, with a small vessel of about eighty tons, drawn up on the beach, and about to be broken up for firewood. The interior of their dwellings was furnished with French bedsteads, chests of drawers, and a beautifully bound library of books, some of them modern and richly gilt. They had documents, too, in their possession, stating that the screw steamer "Nora Creina," and the "Sokitta," a schooner, had put into the island, the former for repairs, the latter for provisions.

Such was the narrative of the inhabitants of St. Paul's, poured into the ears of the crew of the "Eblana;" but

MORE ROBINSON CRUSOES.

the feeling which the scene inspired was far from being one of satisfaction. The mariners had not expected to find on a rocky island, marked on their chart as desolate and uninhabited, such signs of comfort; the explanations of the men, therefore, they looked upon as cunning evasions, and the fire on the hill, which they were told was accidental, as the decoy of pirates. The stranded barque, too, seemed ominous, and the fragments of so many vessels, which they saw scattered about, appeared in their eyes like bones of ships in some huge charnel-house. They had no desire to linger on so suspicious a shore, and, hastening back to their vessel, they made sail without attempting any further communication with the lonely Paulese. Knowing, as they did at the time, nothing of the facts which we have stated respecting the colonization, if we may so term it, of the island, there were, it must be owned, some grounds for suspicion; nor perhaps are the objects and pursuits of the present occupiers of St. Paul's altogether so defined but that more information respecting them would be desirable.

It is evident that this little island amidst the wide world of water, is capable of supporting a portion of the human race. Its only remarkable geographical features are the evidence it furnishes of volcanic action, and the presence of a number of hot springs. It has patches of fertile soil, rich with the guano of sea birds, with bays which might, by a moderate amount of labour, be ren-

MORE ROBINSON CRUSOES.

dered safe harbours for vessels. In some parts close under the rocks, over a smooth sandy bottom, there are eight or ten fathoms of water, where ships of large tonnage would, it is said, find a secure anchorage. If so, a harbour here, between Australia and England, would be of immense advantage to our shipping, which could thus obtain a supply of fresh provisions, repair the damages of a storm, or seek a refuge in distress. It is no extraordinary occurrence for the run of a second-class vessel to Australia to be lengthened to a hundred and fifty days, or even longer. We were, ourselves, one hundred and eighteen days getting from Blackwall to Melbourne; and we remember a smart-looking crew anchoring in Hobson's Bay, which had bravely buffeted the gales, storms, and adverse winds for six dreary months. What a boon would have been the clear water and vegetable productions of St. Paul's Island to such weary travellers!

We should have been more gratified to hear that the few inhabitants of this solitary island, who appear to be Englishmen, had, what the old Robinson Crusoe esteemed as a precious treasure, a copy of the Bible among them, in which they read every sabbath day; and that they were in the habit of uniting for the worship of God. We hope some future visitors to the island will supply them with copies of the Holy Scriptures. And in addition to the Word of God, a well-selected library would be a great benefit.

RUINS OF AN ANCIENT ALTAR.



RUINS OF AN ANCIENT ALTAR.

STEPHENS, in his "Travels in Central America," gives sketches of several of these ruins. They are very numerous, and must be very ancient. It is mournful to think how many human beings must have been put to death by the superstitious and ignorant people ages before Columbus discovered that new world. He thus describes the mode of sacrifice:—

"The top of the Sacrificatorio, or place of sacrifice, is broken and ruined, but there is no doubt that it once supported an altar for those sacrifices of human victims which struck even the Spaniards with horror. It was barely large enough for the altar and officiating priests,

RUINS OF AN ANCIENT ALTAR.

and the idol to whom the sacrifice was offered. The whole was in full view of the people at the foot.

The barbarous ministers carried up the victim entirely naked, pointed out the idol to which the sacrifice was made, that the people might pay their adorations, and then extended him upon the altar. Four priests held the legs and arms, and another kept his head firm with a wooden instrument made in the form of a coiled serpent, so that he was prevented from making the least movement. The head priest then approached, and with a knife made of flint cut an aperture in the breast, and tore out the heart, which, yet palpitating, he offered to the sun, and then threw it at the feet of the idol. If the idol was gigantic and hollow, it was usual to introduce the heart of the victim into its mouth with a golden spoon. If the victim was a prisoner of war, as soon as he was sacrificed they cut off the head to preserve the skull, and threw the body down the steps, when it was taken up by the officer or soldier to whom the prisoner had belonged, and carried to his house to be dressed and served up as an entertainment for his friends. If he were not a prisoner of war, but a slave purchased for the sacrifice, the proprietor carried off the body for the same purpose. In recurring to the barbarous scenes of which this spot had been the theatre, it seemed a righteous award that the bloody altar was hurled down, and the race of its ministers destroyed."

NOTHING IS LOST.

**Seemeth to fall like the melted snow.
We work out our thought wisely and slow :**

HOW WAS THIS?

The seed we sow, but it will not grow.
Our hopes, our resolves—where do they go
What doth remain?
Vexation and pain.

Nothing is lost—
No snow nor frost
That come to enrich the earth again.
We thank them when the ripening grain
Is waving over the hill and plain,
And the pleasant rain springs from earth
All endeth in good—
Water and food.

Never despair;
Disappointment bear.
Though hope seemeth vain, be patient still
Thy good intents God doth fulfil.
Thy hand is weak; His powerful will
Is finishing thy life-work still.
The good endeavour
Is lost—no, never!

HOW WAS THIS?

I USED to visit a young man, about eighteen
the only son of a pious mother, and she was
He was dying of consumption; but, during
three months of his lingering and exhausting
never heard a murmur from his lips. His g

HOW WAS THIS?

who not long after followed him to the world of spirits, had the same sweetness and serenity of temper. When he had become a christian I do not know; but his faith matured rapidly during his illness. He had a pleasant room into which the spring sun shone brightly all the morning, and he loved to have it so, for it seemed to cheer both body and soul. He was particularly fond of flowers, and his friends nearly every day brought him a fresh bunch. And there he would sit, in an old arm chair, amid sunshine and flowers, talking peacefully and joyfully about death and the heavenly world. One day I said to him, "How happy you seem here! what is it makes you so cheerful even in prospect of death?" "Oh," replied he, "it seems to me only like going out of one pleasant room into one much larger and pleasanter." And thus he passed away—passed on, we ought to say, just as one might sail through a narrow creek into a beautiful and boundless ocean.

Perhaps you ask, how was this? Listen, and I will try to tell you.

I know why you ask this question; for it always seems hard for one in the bloom of youth, fond of life and lovely things, to sit and think, I must soon die and leave all these. The young love life and cling to it; how, then, could he be cheerful in the prospect of certain death? ~~to the trust in Jesus, and this was the secret of his peace and joy. He knew Jesus, and he loved Jesus. He~~

A CROWN OF LIFE.

knew JESUS was his Saviour, and so he loved him. His Saviour *from sin, from death, from the grave, from hell, to holiness, to happiness, to heaven, to God.*

So cheerful and happy in life's last hour may *you* be, may I be, if we trust and love JESUS the Saviour.

A CROWN OF LIFE.

"BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH, AND I WILL GIVE THEE A CROWN OF LIFE."

† HAVE often wondered what this will be. A crown of life—or, a living crown!

Kings and Queens wear crowns; but they cannot be called crowns of life, for they are only made of dead things. They may be very precious—gold, pearls, diamonds, and rich gems—but they are all dead things!

This will be a crown of life; what can this mean? It must mean something more than a crown of gold and gems, however brilliant and sparkling. Will it be alive? some living, everlasting thing, that will always be unfolding itself in new forms of loveliness and beauty.

Why not? It may be; for heaven is the place of life. There all things seem to live and never know death. There are trees of life, and rivers of life, and crowns of life. There angels and the just made perfect live and live the life of God—Eternal life.

OUR LITTLE ONES.

JESUS CHRIST, who is King of kings and Lord of lords, has promised to give those who love him a place in his kingdom and his throne, and make them kings, wearing crowns of life—living crowns.

And why will he give away these crowns? Will he not give them as tokens of his approbation—as emblems of victory over sin and death—and as everlasting ornaments to wear in his celestial palace?

Ask yourself—Will he give one to me?

OUR LITTLE ONES.

THEY have passed before to the spirit land,
They are safe on the other side,
And they beckon me with a loving hand,
As they sing o'er the rolling tide.

O never again will the teardrops fall
From the eyes to my heart so dear;
They will answer now to the Saviour's call,
For they dwell in yon glorious sphere.

It is lonely here when the morning breaks,
And 'tis lonely through all the day,
And the sad sad heart in the night time wakes
In the depths of its grief to pray.

But the "still small voice" of the Saviour's love
Comes down from the shining shore,
And I know that my dear ones are resting above,
And will waken to grief no more.

NOW.

I cannot but weep at the void in my arms,
Where my darlings so often would rest,
But I know they are roaming mid heavenly charms
In the mansions prepared for the blest.

And I trust we shall meet them when we shall have
So silently over the river,
And clasp to our bosoms our darlings at last,
To rest in those mansions forever.

NOW.

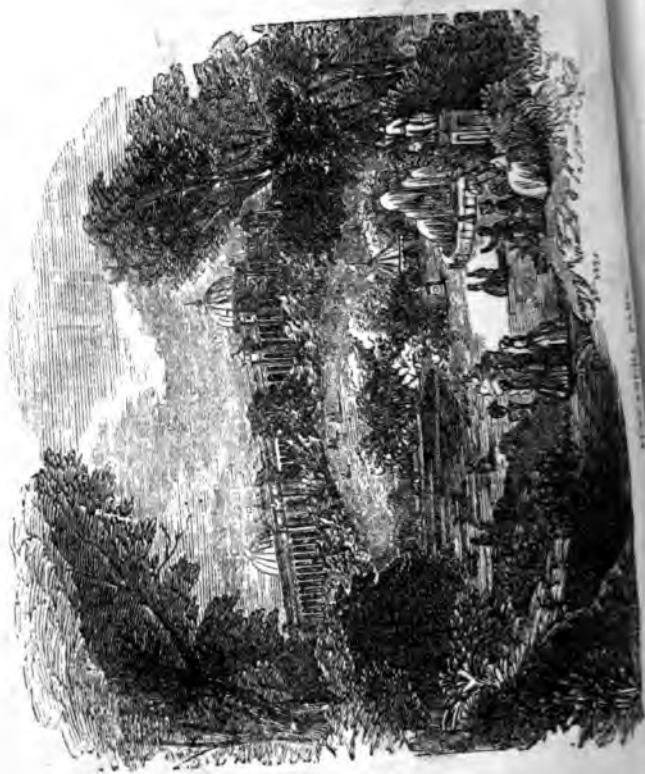
YOUNG and tender while thou art,
↓ Not a furrow on thy brow,
Not a sorrow in thy heart,
Seek the Lord thy Saviour now.
In its freshness bring the flower,
While the dew upon it lies ;
In the cool and cloudless hour
Of the morning sacrifice.

Life will have its evil years,
When its skies are overcast ;
All the present thronged with fears,
And with vain regrets the past :
Let him tremble, who his heart
In an hour like that would bring,—
Lest his voice should say " Depart !
'Tis a worn and worthless thing."



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W. H. W. & S. 1844

ALEXANDRA PARK, NEAR LONDON.

ALEXANDRA PARK, NEAR LONDON.

YOUNG people who live in the country can scarcely imagine what a large place London is, with its thousands of streets, and hundreds of thousands of houses, and more than three millions of inhabitants all crowded closely together. No wonder that the people are very glad, in favourable weather, to get away from its noise and bustle into the quiet country to see the green fields and flowers, and breathe the free fresh air.

For many years the Royal Parks, near London, belonging to the sovereign, have always been open to the public; and there, on a fine summer's evening, may be seen running about over the green grass thousands of children under the care of their parents, enjoying themselves without fear of being run over by the numerous carriages that always crowd the streets of busy London.

But other places further out in the country are now visited by the Londoners, which before the opening of railways many of them could not reach because of the expense. Now, for a few pence for each of them, they can take their wives and children a few miles into the country on any day, and return at night with more safety and less fatigue. They all enjoy the holiday, and find it good for their health.

It was because of this desire of the London people to get into the country that the New Crystal Palace was

ALEXANDRA PARK, NEAR LONDON.

built a few miles away from the smoke of the great city. And now, on the opposite side of London, another new place of the same kind is about to be opened, to be called ALEXANDRA PARK, after the Princess of Wales. The picture is a representation of the grand building which is to be erected on the hill, with the lakes and pleasure grounds in the valley. This, it is expected, will also be a place of great resort for the Londoners.

All these places for promoting the health and innocent enjoyment of the people and their children are commendable; and we hope they will not be abused by the indulgence of sinful pursuits. But in a world like this, in which are so many wicked people, that which might be a blessing is often turned into a curse. My young readers will do well to remember that even recreation and amusement are best enjoyed in moderation; for when we use this world as not abusing it, then we may expect the protection and blessing of Almighty God on our innocent enjoyment of the works of his hands.

But that protection and that blessing can never be expected by those who visit such places for their own pleasure and indulgence on that holy day which the Almighty has set apart for his own special worship and the preaching of his glorious gospel.

Happy they, happiest of all on earth, who welcome each returning sabbath-day with songs of joy as

"The best of all the seven."

HADARA, THE YOUNG ABYSSINIAN.

HADARA, THE YOUNG ABYSSINIAN.

IN the north-eastern part of Africa, on the borders of the Red Sea, there is a country much larger than England, called Abyssinia. Its dark inhabitants are not quite like heathens, for they do not worship idols ; but they are far from being true worshippers of God, for they pray to the saints, and take many a weary pilgrimage in the hope of atoning for their sins.

In this country a little boy called Hadara was born. His parents wished their child to be a priest if he should live long enough ; so they taught him, while very young, to pray to the saints, to fast often, and to attend to many foolish customs ; and Hadara was attentive and obedient, and followed their advice better, perhaps, than some of you do the wiser lessons you are taught.

He had heard that if he could go on pilgrimage to Jerusalem he would become holy and happy, and all his sins would be forgiven ; and that was a pleasant hope. But how should he, poor little boy, manage so long a journey ? He had no money ; so at last he hired himself as servant to a man named Gergis, and away the little traveller started on his long fruitless journey. How sweetly would the words of Jesus have sounded to the young inquirer—" I am the way, the truth, and the life." But there was no one to tell him this.

So Hadara travelled on over the burning sands of

HADARA, THE YOUNG ABYSSINIAN.

Africa ; but when he thought of the object of his journey, the forgiveness of all his sins, the weary way was cheered, and he felt happier every day, because he thought he was getting nearer to Jerusalem.

But Gergis was a bad man, and what do you think he did ? After he had led the poor boy some distance from home, he sold him for a slave in Egypt.

The God who watched over Joseph when his brethren sold him into Egypt, had his eye on Hadara, though Hadara knew him not. Hadara was not badly treated, and after a time the young captive managed to escape, and found his way back to his own land. Here he once more engaged himself as a servant, and his new master was a missionary. He cared for the lad's soul, and taught him that it was both wrong and useless to pray to the saints, and that through Jesus Christ alone he must go to the Father.

Do you understand this, dear children ? Do you think what it means when you finish your prayers by saying, "through Jesus Christ our Lord ?"

Hadara began to think very seriously about the right way to pray. He read in the New Testament the wonderful story of the love of Christ, who died for sinners. He looked into his own heart, and he saw it was full of evil : and the Word of God told him that there was "only one Name under heaven" whereby he could be

HADARA, THE YOUNG ABYSSINIAN.

saved, so that his pilgrimage to Jerusalem would have been all in vain.

And now Hadara tried the right way. He sought to be forgiven for the sake of Jesus ; and God heard his prayer, and gave him a new heart and a right spirit, and Hadara became a true christian.

One thing which makes me feel sure of this I will tell you. Jesus says, " If ye love me, keep my commandments." And in the fifth of Matthew there is a commandment which it is not always easy to keep—it is this, " Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you." But the Holy Spirit helped Hadara to obey it ; for one day he met his former master, Gergis, who had sold him into slavery. Gergis was now old, and in poverty ; Hadara was young and strong ; and for several months he worked harder, that he might keep the poor old man.

But now his kind friend the missionary was taken ill, and he was obliged to return to Europe ; and the grateful Hadara willingly left his own country that he might attend to his master's family. Away they went over the desert, and the cheerful willing youth was always busy ; now driving the camels, now cooking the food ; keeping watch by night, carrying his master's sick child by day, and ever trying to console his anxious mistress. Very pleasant indeed were his services, for they flowed from a heart full of love.

THE SUMMER ANGELS.

His master thought that Hadara might be educated in Europe, and then go back to preach the gospel to his countrymen ; but God was pleased to order different things. Hadara took cold ; his illness increased ; and soon his friends saw, and he *felt*, that death was at hand. No wonder indeed Christ was precious to him ; and there are texts which I wish you to look for—2 Cor. v. 21, and 1 Peter i. 24—which comforted and supported the dying youth. He said he should like to return to Abyssinia, tell his friends about Jesus, but he was ready and willing to die. His last words were, “ I am going to heaven.”

THE SUMMER ANGELS.

’TIS the dark December weather,
Winds are wailing through the sky ;
If you listen, you will hear them
Singing wild and singing high.
Now they toss the leafless branches
Leaning o’er the window bars,
Then their moan goes softer, fainter,
Up among the silent stars.

’Tis the dark December weather,
All the summer trees are bare :
See! the latest leaves are falling
Torn and ghostly through the air.

THE SUMMER ANGELS.

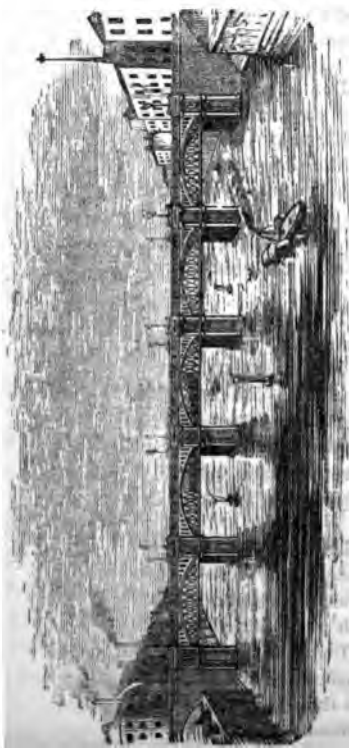
You may search the forest over,
You may trace the brooklet's flow,
Not a daisy's eye will open,
Not a buttercup will glow.

'Tis the dark December weather,—
Cold the tide creeps down the bay ;
Seagulls, in their snowy circles,
Beating up the windy way ;
Sailing, sailing, from the Northland,
Bringing winter on their wings,
They will linger, flashing seaward,
Till the time the robin sings.

'Tis the dark December weather,
Wind and wood and wave are sad ;
'Tis the dark December weather,
Yet our hearts are blithe and glad,
And within them it is summer,
Ripest summer evermore,
For God's sweetest angels hover,
Day and night about the door.

Love, as tender as the moonlight,
Hope, as rosy as the dawn—
There can come to those no winter
Whom such glory shineth on !
O ! the dark December weather
May o'ershadow sea and shore ;
In our hearts these blessed angels,
Make it summer evermore !

NEW RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER THAMES AT LONDON.



THIS noble bridge, which brings to the great metropolis thousands of some of the largest size and heaviest burden, from all parts of the world, is prevented from bearing them further when it arrives at London Bridge, their high masts cannot pass under its arches. Beyond London Bridge are now more, some for carriages and foot passengers, and others for the railway traffic.

This picture is a representation of the beautiful new railway bridge, with its arches, which, at the time we write, is

NEW RAILWAY BRIDGE.

course of erection over the river above the London
e. To make a clear way for its approaches, hun-
of houses and other buildings on each side of the
were bought at a vast expense and pulled down.

When completed, the trains which pass over this
will reach in two minutes the grand railway via-
over the street at Ludgate Hill, of which we have
you a picture.

these numerous railways for conveying passengers
from one part of London to another, whether
or above ground, will be found a great convenience,
the streets and footpaths are now so crowded with
ges and passengers, that it is often difficult to get
them with safety, and much precious time is often
d in the attempt. And so we are always glad to
f improvements like these for the convenience and
rt of the people.

Other great improvement is also in progress on the
of the Thames above London Bridge, along which
road for carriages and foot passengers is now in
course of erection. This, when completed, will be a
relief to the crowded streets, and form a pleasant
on the banks of that noble river. This great work
require much time, and a vast amount of skill,
, and money; which will be well repaid in the
, and safety, and comfort, of the teeming thou-
of ever-increasing London.

THE THREE LITTLE FAIRIES.

THE THREE LITTLE FAIRIES.

AN ALLEGORY FROM AUSTRALIA.

ONE day a little child sat by a window sewing. Her little face was clouded, and as she dropped her scissors, and her thread became knotted, and her spool of cotton rolled away, she gave expression to her feeling in a peevish fretfulness which took away all the sunlight from her little face, as a dark cloud hides all the brightness of a sunny day.

"I don't see why mother gives me this sewing to do," said little May—that was her name—"I wish I could get out and play."

Presently she saw a little figure in a gauzy dress, spangled with dew-drops, approach her, and a sweet voice like music addressed her in these words—"I come, my little girl, to bestow upon you three gifts to carry with you through life."

Then May looked, and behold, three little fairies stood before her, so tiny she could almost hide them in the bell of a lily; and one of them, in a pure white robe with sweet blue eyes, came stealing up to May's little chair. "This," said the fairy, "is Patience." No sooner when May looked down upon Patience, Patience smiled, and her smile was so full of quiet peace and beauty, that May stretched out her arms, and the little thing nestled

THE THREE LITTLE FAIRIES.

close to her heart, and whispered, "Oh! keep me always here;" and May answered, "Yes, Patience, I will."

Then May looked at the second little stranger, and his robe was blue, and he had dark, laughing eyes, and a face full of resolution. "This," said the fairy, "is Courage." And Courage scarcely waited for an invitation, but he sprang to May's arms, and he looked up to May with his dark eyes full of hope and fire, and he shook back his curls, and whispered, "I shall stay, too, May; though I am a little fellow, I can do great things; my little sister Patience will need me, and I can help you very much." Then May said, "You are a resolute little fellow, and I could not say no; you shall stay also. Then Courage laughed, for he always had his own way.

And May looked again—oh! how beautiful was the third one! She could not see his dress, save that it was of dazzling brightness. Smiles played upon his face—love in his eyes. Sunshine rested upon his golden curls; he had the bright look of Courage, and the hopeful look of Patience, but something more than this. May was almost afraid to look too steadily upon him, lest he should vanish away.

"Will *he* come?" said she, "I want him also."

"Well," said the fairy, "his name is Joy." And Joy whispered, as he wound his arm about May's neck, "I never live apart from my sister Patience and my brother Courage; if you cherish and love them, you will always find me here."

THE THREE LITTLE FAIRIES.

Then when May looked again upon Joy, his face had changed; it wore the peaceful, quiet look of Patience, full of unspeakable happiness; and again it was like the rippling water dancing in the sunlight—all smiles and gladness—and May thought there never was anything half so beautiful as Joy; and her eyes filled with tears, and she kissed him fondly, and said, "Oh Joy! stay always with me."

And the fairy had gone when May raised her eyes again; but Patience, and Courage, and Joy were still there in all their beauty. Then May thought, "Oh! my work;" and May took her work. "Oh!" she said "it is that hard seam; I cannot do it." "Yes," said Courage, "try; I will help you; I am sure we can." And when May saw the flash of his earnest eyes, she felt that with him to help her, she should not fail. She began her work with a hopeful spirit, and the hard seam grew quite easy, with Courage to help her; and May was glad when she remembered the fairy had said he might always stay. But presently May's thread knotted, and her scissors fell, while she was in great haste to finish her work. May was just about to exclaim, "Oh dear," in her old fretful manner, when little Patience sprang down after the scissors, and kissed May, and unfastened the knot; then May felt a little ashamed of her ill-temper, and she thought how glad I am that Patience stayed!

Then very soon the work was finished, and May folded

THE THREE LITTLE FAIRIES.

it up, and Joy laid his curly little head against her cheek ; and she looked in his face, and his dancing eyes were full of light ; and May kissed him again with tearful eyes ; why, she could not tell, only she was so very happy, and away she flew to show her work to her mother.

Then May awoke, for she had been asleep all this time, dear children, and it was all a dream. Her mother stood beside her, and May told her mother of her dream. "Oh ! mother, I am so sorry that they are gone. It was such a pleasant dream ! But, mother," said May, "I will not forget them." "No," said her mother, "you may always keep them, my little daughter. Patience and Courage in your daily efforts will always bring to you great Joy."

Now, my little friends, if you have a hard lesson to get, or a hard sum to do, or a piece of work you do not like, remember the three little fairies. Call little bright-eyed Courage to help you begin your task. He will always say, "Try, children ; feel that you will succeed ; it is half the battle ; do your best." And remember Patience ; when you feel discouraged she will say, "Try again ! I will help you as much as Courage—more, perhaps." And you need not call Joy till your task is done, for he never comes unless Patience and Courage have been there also. Ah ! but then he will come, and you will feel in your own little hearts the brightness that May saw in the fairy Joy in her morning dream.

JOHNNY'S TA'EN AWA'.

JOHNNY'S TA'EN AWA'.

A SCOTCH TALE.

THE ingle throws a wassome light;
We canna bide the house nae still;
And naething seems to gang just right—
The mind seems conscious of some ill.
Silent and sad seems ilka nook;
Nae corner has a hamely cheer,
And naething bears a lightsome look;
Oppressed wi' thought we drap a tear.
Our ain dear boy is ta'en awa';
His wee bit life, scarce weel begun,
Has passed awa' frae 'mang us a';
We hear nae mair his prattling tongue.
His step sae free, his childish voice,
His merry laugh, nae mair we hear:
His ruddy cheeks nae mair rejoice.
A mother's heart wi' love sincere.
Our path was aye beset wi' care;
The ills o' life aye caused us pain;
But wi' our boy we still could bear
Life's weary load, and nae complain.
But now we drap the silent tear;
Our heart gies vent to purest grief;
Emotion paints a love sincere,
And sorrow wishes nae relief.
But still, 'tis wrong to nurse our grief;
The gifts of God are not our ain;
They glad our hearts wi' joy fu' brief,
And then return to him again.



A SCENE IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THIS beautiful cluster of Islands in the Indian
ocean, above one thousand in number, were first

A SCENE IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

discovered in 1519 by Magellan, the Spanish navigator, who named them after Philip, king of Spain.

The principal island, Manilla, is four hundred miles long and one hundred broad. Here the Spaniards established themselves, and for purposes of trade erected a city of the same name. This island is well watered with lakes and rivers, and the frequent rains and warm sunshine produce cotton, rice, sugar, indigo, tobacco, and numerous rich fruits in great abundance.

The natives were found to be an easy, indolent, good-natured race, dwelling in small mud huts covered with reeds or branches of trees, and who, living in a hot country amidst abundance of fruits, fish, and fowl, had little occasion to work for clothing or food. To secure their huts from wild beasts and floods, they raise them on pillars or posts nine feet from the ground.

The country abounds in what we call game, which it is a favourite pastime of the Spaniards resident on the island to go out in parties to shoot. The picture is of a scene of this kind; and they must go in parties, with their dogs and guns, for they often meet with ferocious wild beasts, some of which are unknown in Europe.

But although in this beautiful island, where leaves of trees are always green, flowers ever blooming, and fruits ripe for gathering all the year round, the people never feel safe, because of the natural calamities to which it is exposed, There are, as in Italy, burning volcanic moun-

THE ANGELS ARE ABOUT US.

tains, and frequently terrible earthquakes. In 1863 an earthquake nearly destroyed the city of Manilla, with the mansions and warehouses of the Spaniards; and it was reported at the time that upwards of 10,000 of the people perished!

So true it is that here on this earth there is now no spot free from calamities of some kind. Even this most lovely island, rich in all natural bounties, is not a paradise. There is now no garden of Eden upon earth. No: we must seek for the true paradise above; that into which the Saviour introduced the dying penitent on the cross; that into which he will also receive you, my young reader, if now, like that penitent, you trust in him and cry as he did, "Lord, remember me!"

THE ANGELS ARE ABOUT US.

THERE are few sweeter thoughts than those connected with the belief that around us, on earth, are ministering angels. It is so clearly a doctrine of Scripture as to command our confidence. "He shall give his angels charge over thee," said the Psalmist. It is joy to know that the bright and holy ones of heaven are "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." But those unseen ones, clothed with celestial brightness, are not the

THE ANGELS ARE ABOUT US.

only ministry of love by which God surrounds his children. Were it so, there are wants of our nature which would be unsatisfied. Those invisible ones, whatever they may feel, cannot bring to us the active living sympathy which every one of us craves ; the eye beaming with tenderness, the cheering word, or the presence on which, if weak we can lean.

Hence, God has included in his ministering angels many who yet bear the earthly form, endowing them for their work, and sending them on missions as excellent as any which engage angelic beings. They move amongst us, oft-times unconscious of their high calling, yet truly messengers of heaven—loving, patient, trusting ones, ever bringing happiness and hope to human hearts. In the wide paths of human needs we meet them ; and often in one's household—men and women who bless and brighten every path they traverse, and in whom a heaven-breathed spirit testifies of the angel within.

And we all shall be equal with the angels. It is very pleasant to know this—pleasant to believe that grace is transforming every child of God into the likeness of the ministering spirits of heaven. The thrill of soul which is felt when we hear children sing—

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand"—

is very cheering. But to be an angel of God on earth is even a nobler aim. There is no extravagance in the

THE ANGELS ARE ABOUT US.

desire, for it is a height not unfrequently attained ; and he whose eyes are opened, will see them here and there around him, for with them is ever a halo of light.

A christian mother sat talking to her youngest child, a girl of some eight summers, when the little one abruptly asked—" Mother, would you like to see an angel ?"

" Yes, my dear," replied the mother, " and I hope to see them sometime."

" Well, mother," said the child, " you see an angel every day."

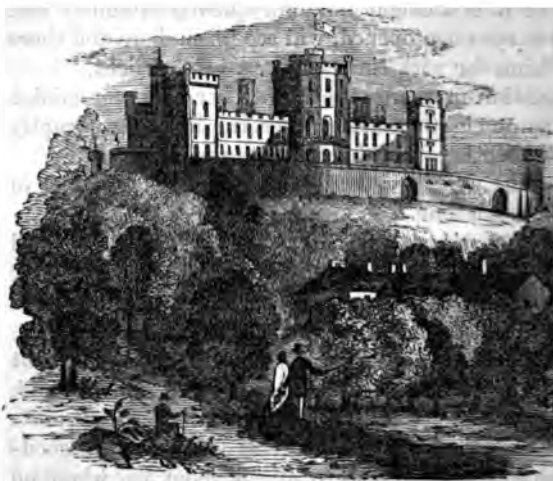
" What do you mean, my dear ?"

" Why, our Lucy is an angel !"

The sister to whom she referred was her teacher ; but though gentle, pure, and good, she would have shrunk from accepting such a title. Yet it was the little one's heart that spoke. Were all eyes as clear in seeing goodness, we might often discern angels about us, where no rustling of bright wings is heard, and only human forms appear.

Does my young reader wish to be as an angel ? Let him, then, try to live like one now. Angels are very kind. They have often come to earth on errands of mercy and love. Cannot you go on such errands to some poor helpless ones around you ? By trying to do good you will become as an angel, and better still, like Jesus Christ, who always went about doing good.

BIRTH OF A ROYAL PRINCE.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

BIRTH OF A ROYAL PRINCE.

NEAR to Windsor Castle, of which, as the chief
Indence of the sovereigns of England, I have tol
before, is another royal mansion called Frogmore,
some of the elder branches of the royal family u
reside. For several years it was the residence c
amiable mother of our Queen—the late Duchess of
Situat so near to the great castle, it afforded o

BIRTH OF A ROYAL PRINCE.

tunities for frequent intercourse between the loving mother and her illustrious daughter.

Frogmore is now one of the residences of the Prince of Wales. My young readers have not, I expect, forgotten the great rejoicings which took place in March, 1863, on the day of his marriage to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. At the end of that year they were residing at Frogmore, and there on the evening of Friday, January the 8th, 1864, the Princess became the mother of a son, to the great joy of the Prince, of the Queen, and of the whole nation.

This young Prince, if God who gave him prolongs his life, may one day be king of England. At the time we write this, he is but "an infant of days," for he is not yet one week old, and therefore all unconscious of his high birth. Like all the rest of us, when we were born, he will be many months before he can notice or know what is going on around him. Such is human life in its beginning, whether born to inhabit a palace or a cottage.

It is now nearly fifty-five years since the writer saw the great-great grandfather of this new-born heir to England's throne—GEORGE the Third. He was then an aged feeble man, who had to be upheld under each arm by two gentlemen as he walked from his carriage into one of his palaces in London. Since then two of his sons—GEORGE the Fourth and WILLIAM the Fourth—have sat on the same throne, and gone to the same grave.

THE MOTHER'S JEWEL.

The grand-daughter of that venerable king has now been for many years, and will be, we hope, for many more, our much-loved sovereign. Whenever God calls her hence, we trust it will be to meet again her late beloved husband in the palace of heaven. Then the present Prince of Wales, if living, will be king; and at his death, if then living, this new-born Prince will succeed him, as King of England.

I have said that the birth of this infant Prince has filled the nation with joy. But there is a birth that fills all heaven with joy. It is that new birth of which Jesus Christ told Nicodemus the Jewish ruler when he said, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." This new birth takes place when we are sorry for our sins, for Jesus Christ said, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

So never forget, long as you live, that you must be born again before you can enter heaven; and then when you die, you will live in one of its palaces and wear a crown of glory for ever!

THE MOTHER'S JEWEL.

† HAD a little casket
† So beautifully fair,
And in it shrined my jewel—
A treasure rich and rare.

THE MOTHER'S JEWEL.

I said, "I'll link its beauty
Unto this heart of mine,
And wear it on my bosom,
Where it may ever shine."
A spirit whispered to me—
"Oh! trust this gift of thine
In its untarnished lustre,
Into these hands of mine.
I'll keep it with a tenderness
Thy love hath never known,
And shrine it in a casket
Far fairer than thine own.
And when I shall restore it,
I promise that its light
Shall in transcendant glory
Outshine the gems of night."
I said, "I will not trust it;
Upon this heart it lies,
And I care not that its beauty
Should gladden other eyes."
I clasped my treasure closer;
But oh! with all my care,
One morn I found it shivered,
And my jewel was not there.
I laid away my casket:
I could not bear the sight—
To look upon my beauty
Without its inner light.
My anguished heart grew trustful,
And when I laid it down,
The Saviour stood beside me,
With my jewel in his crown.

C. R. C.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

FROM AMERICA.

AT the foot of a lofty hill, crowned to the summit with the richest verdure, a miserable mud cabin peeped out from among encircling brushwood and straggling elms. A stillness seemed to lie around the spot, and I felt an indescribable sensation creep over me as I drew near the house of mourning. I paused at the entrance. A low murmuring kind of sound stole upon my ear, and again all was hushed. I gently opened the door, and bent myself forward, as if to ascertain, unnoticed, what was passing within. I saw at the first glance that death had been there. The apartment on the threshold of which I now stood, was of the meanest construction; it was without a single piece of furniture that deserved the name. In one corner of it a dead body lay stretched out, very slightly covered with a tattered coat, and a cold kind of horrible feeling ran through me. I should probably have shrunk away from any further investigation, if I had not been suddenly arrested by a soft sweet voice, mingled with a low groan, that seemed to issue from the same apartment. I turned my head around, and beheld a sight that chained me, as if by magic, to the spot. Oh, it was heart-thrilling to behold! On a bundle of straw a woman lay apparently

HOW FAR IS IT TO HEAVEN?

n the agonies of death. On one side, a girl, about thirteen years of age, knelt with a Bible in her slender hands, from which she was endeavouring to comfort her lying mother. I instantly recognised one of my sabbath school children. The meeting was affecting. They had been without food for some time. The mother died next lay in the faith which her little daughter had taught her out of the Bible. The girl grew up to be a respectable member of society, and has now been a teacher in a sabbath school for several years.

HOW FAR IS IT TO HEAVEN?

“**T**HIS day shalt thou be with me in Paradise,” said the dying Saviour to the penitent thief. It is not far to heaven; it is not a day’s journey. The angel-messenger came all the way from heaven in a few minutes to Daniel, while he was yet speaking in prayer. The Saviour ascended to heaven from Olivet, and was soon out of sight. The dying saint closes his eyes in death—sleeps in Jesus—and opens them in heaven. Sometimes the departing christian hears the songs and music of heaven even before his immortal spirit stretches its wings for the final flight. How far is it then to heaven?

Young reader, in all your inquiries in this anxious,

HOW FAR IS IT TO HEAVEN?

inquiring world, have you made this one inquiry? We often hear the weary traveller inquiring how far it is to the place of rest. We hear the lost wanderer inquire how far it is to his home. You profess, it may be, to desire an eternal home in heaven. Why not, then, ask, "How far is it to heaven?" It may be but a little distance from some of my readers. You may be already within the sound of its happy voices, and but for the "veil of humanity," they might even now fall upon the ear. But you will soon hear them. Only a little, very little farther on, and heaven will be attained, if you are found faithful.

"How far is it to heaven?" How few make the inquiry! How few desire to know: and could you, perhaps, be assured that one hour more would end the journey, how startled and even how afraid you would be to know that heaven was so near!

"How far is it to heaven?" Many have not made the inquiry—are not ready to make it. They have a thousand plans to fulfil—a thousand ventures to make—a thousand hopes to realize, before they are ready for heaven.

"How far is it to heaven?" Perhaps some reader does not wish it near. Heaven may be far from you, and may never be nearer than at this moment. Like the comet that is wandering from the sun, the great centre of attraction, and shoots off into interminable space, so

GOING HOME TO HEAVEN.

you may be wandering from heaven, and, if not now drawn to Christ, may always wander.

How many of our young readers are earnestly seeking to make heaven the end of their journey? How many feel that they are travellers along the narrow way that leads to heaven? We earnestly exhort you to take this matter home, and make it a subject of serious inquiry. One great object of all our labour is to bring you on your way to heaven; and the great desire of our heart is, that we all may meet in heaven.

GOING HOME TO HEAVEN.

IN a poor unwholesome home in my mission district, a little time ago, a father died of fever. He left as desolate a home as I had ever seen. On his burial night his widow and children were seated by the fire; the only daughter, a child of ten years, looking with a wearied look into her mother's face, said, "Mother, how sore my head is!" Next day fever in her also was developed, and for the safety of the rest she was ordered to the hospital. She is one of our sabbath scholars. Just before the twilight hour the hospital van came to take her. In times of trouble you often see among the poor a quiet strength that rises to heroism. When the wheels of the van were heard in the lane, and pausing at the

GOING HOME TO HEAVEN.

door, there was simply, "Maggie, they have come for you now." To prepare to go, the child at once raised her aching head from the pillow, with her artless, "Mother, ye *ken* I may not come back to you again. Will the man wait till I sing my hymn?" And with a quivering voice she began with

"Come sing to me of heaven when I'm about to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy to waft my soul on high."

After a moment's pause she took up the chorus of another favourite hymn with our scholars,

"Here in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam,
And nightly pitch my roving tent,
A day's march nearer home,
Nearer home."

And so they carried the ailing child that night, with such joyous thoughts as these filling her young heart, to pitch her tent in the place where the journey from this to the eternal world is so short and so often made. Oh, blessed religion this of Jesus! blessed to the child of ten as well as to the sage of seventy years. "This is but a child's religion," you say. Yes, and is it not the glory of the Gospel that it does give strength and gladness to the young heart? The most childlike are most blessed by it. Jesus the loving Saviour will yet, as when on earth, deal gently with the little ones, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

HERE IS MY HEART.

HERE IS MY HEART.

FROM THE GERMAN "HEIR IST MEIN HERZ."

HERE is my heart—my God, I give it thee ;
I heard thee call and say—
"Not to the world, my child, but unto Me,"

I heard and will obey :
Here is love's offering to my King,
Which in glad sacrifice I bring—
Here is my heart.

Here is my heart—surely the gift, though poor,
My God will not despise ;
Vainly and long I sought to make it pure,
To meet thy searching eyes :
Corrupted first in Adam's fall,
The stains of sin pollute it all—
My guilty heart.

Here is my heart—my heart so hard before,
Now by thy grace made meet,
Yet bruised and wearied it can only pour
Its anguish at thy feet :
It groans beneath the weight of sin,
It sighs salvation's joys to win—
My mourning heart.

Here is my heart—in Christ my longings end,
Near to his Cross it draws ;
It says—Thou art my portion, O my Friend,
Thy blood my ransom was :
And in the Saviour it has found
What blessedness and peace abound—
My trusting heart.

HERE IS MY HEART.

Here is my heart—oh! Holy Spirit, come
Its nature to renew,
And consecrate it wholly as thy home,
A temple fair and true :
Teach it to love and serve thee more,
To fear thee, trust thee, and adore—
My cleansed heart.

Here is my heart—it trembles to draw near
The glory of thy Throne :
Give it the shining Robe thy servants wear
Of Righteousness thine own :
Its pride and folly chase away,
And all its vanity, I pray—
My humbled heart.

Here is my heart—teach it, O Lord, to cling
In gladness unto thee :
And in the day of sorrow still to sing—
Welcome, my God's decree :
Believing all its journey through
That thou art wise, and just, and true—
My waiting heart.

Hear is my heart—O, Friend of friends, be near
To make each tempter fly ;
And when my latest foe I meet with fear,
Give me the victory :
Gladly on thy love reposing
Let me say, when life is closing—
“ Here is my heart ! ”

HINDOO TEMPLES AND THEIR IDOLS.



HINDOO TEMPLES AND THEIR IDOLS.

THIS picture represents what we call a Hindoo temple or pagoda, but which the natives call a Daolah.

A missionary who has been many years in Orissa, northern India, tells us that these temples, which are

HINDOO TEMPLES AND THEIR IDOLS.

built of stone, are usually erected on the top of a hill or mountain, to which, from the plain below, a narrow winding path leads up through trees and bushes. The small building below is the place in which the brahmin priests keep their sacred bull, to which the natives, before ascending to the temple, present their offerings. They then pass through the open door behind, up stone steps made in the rock, to the gateway of the temple above.

On the top of the temple is always some emblem to indicate the idol that is placed within it. If the emblem be a trident, then the place is for the worship of Krishna; but if it be a wheel, then it is for the worship of Juggernaut. Some of these temples are very large and high, and being erected on the tops of the hills, may be seen at a great distance.

How painful it is for us to think that for many long ages thousands of mothers have led their little ones by the hand up those high hills to these temples, that they might see the idols and pray to them; yes, pray to dumb idols for help—idols which cannot help themselves, which can neither see, nor hear, nor speak, nor feel nor move!

Perhaps you say, "How stupid they must be." They are; and yet just as stupid were our forefathers in England until missionaries came and taught them to worship the living God who made heaven and earth, and love the loving Saviour who died for our sins.

HINDOO TEMPLES AND THEIR IDOLS.

We shall now show you a picture of one of their
ols. As you may see, it is the figure of a female sitting



n the back of a crouching elephant, with her back rest-
ing against a tree, on the branches of which are four

HINDOO TEMPLES AND THEIR IDOLS.

peacocks. Behind the idol are two servants of the temple, each of whom has a chowry in his hand with which to whisk away the flies from the face of the idol.

English children know better than to worship idols and you should not only be thankful that you do, but you should feel so very sorry for the poor children in heathen lands, as to be willing to help in sending bible and missionaries to teach them better.

You will be glad to know that many missionaries have gone, and more are going. Already great good has been done. Many of the people have turned away from dumb idols, and now they worship God and love Jesus Christ and thousands of children have been gathered into schools and taught to read the word of God.

In many places, too, the idol temples have been forsaken and are now crumbling into ruins. This is good news. Yes: and it will be so, and must be so, for God has said it shall be so. Hear his word—

“The idols he shall utterly abolish.”

“The Lord will be terrible unto them: for he will furnish all the gods of the earth; and men shall worship him.”

“I will cut off the names of idols out of the land, and they shall no more be remembered.”

“The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, they shall perish from the earth, and from under these heavens.”

A CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY FESTIVAL.

A CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY FESTIVAL.

FROM AMERICA.

AT the sabbath school of St. John's Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, the missionary contributions were recently sent to the treasury in the following pleasant way:—After singing the "Shining Shore" by the classes, the money of each class was deposited in some basket, or cup, or cornucopia, or silk purse—each with an emblem, a text of Scripture, and a verse of poetry:

1st.—BUDS OF PROMISE. *Emblem*—Basket of flowers and buds. *Text*—"He shall cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth."

The flower is but a little thing,
It perfumes all the gales of spring,
God feeds it with his dew-drops bright;
And never yet the heart has beat,
Too young, too lowly, too unmeet,
To do its proper work aright;
Nor hand has been too weak or small
To work for him who works for all.

Contribution, 14 dollars, 50 cents.

2nd.—MITE GATHERERS. *Emblem*—Basket of flowers with pieces of coral. *Text*—"Despise not the day of small things."

Our gift it is, despise it not,
Though small to thee it seem;
We hope that in some distant clime
It may a soul redeem.

A CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY FESTIVAL.

Despise it not, for Jesus here
Did bless the widow's mite;
Some from abundance gave,
But she, her *all*, gave with delight.

Contribution, 3 dollars, 50 cents.

3rd.—KING'S CUP-BEARERS. *Emblem*—Silver cup with flowers on salver. *Text*—"I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord."

O King of glory, come,
And with thy glory crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own.

Contribution, 4 dollars, 12 cents.

4th.—CHILDREN OF ZION. *Emblem*—A golden harp. *Text*—"Praise the Lord upon the harp. Sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving."

To God the Lord a hymn of praise
With grateful voices ring;
To songs of triumph tune the harp,
And strike each warbling string.

Contribution, 5 dollars.

5th.—LITTLE PILGRIMS. *Emblem*—Two delicate marble figures. *Text*—"Show me thy ways, O Lord."

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand.

Contribution, 1 dollar, 20 cents.

A CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY FESTIVAL.

6th.—CHILDREN OF THE CROSS. *Emblem*—Cross of white flowers. *Text*—"He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

Oh! emblem sweet of Him who died,
That we from all sin purified,
And washed in blood that, by him shed,
Will cleanse our sins though crimson red,
May we his children strive to live
As he would have us, who did give
His life for us, that we might be
His children to eternity.

Contribution, 6 dollars, 65 cents.

7th.—LORD'S ARMOUR-BEARERS. *Emblem*—Open Bible and sword on velvet cushion. *Text*—"Take unto you the whole armour of God, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

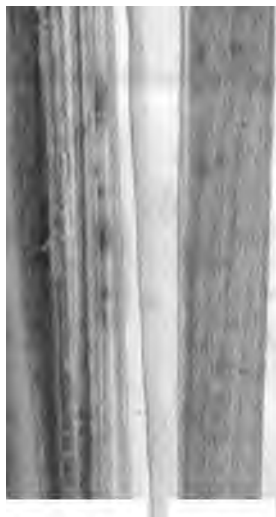
O let triumphant faith dispel
The fears of guilt and woe;
If God be for us, God the Lord,
Who, who shall be our foe?

Contribution, 10 dollars, 15 cents.

8th.—LILIES OF THE VALLEY. *Emblem*—Crown of lilies and evergreens. *Text*—"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted"—"Consider the lilies."

Contribution, 6 dollars.

9th.—LITTLE WORKERS. *Emblem*—Beehive on platform covered with moss. *Text*—"Work while it is called to-day; the night cometh, when no man can work."



Contribution, 12 dollars, 87

10th.—**SOWERS IN FAITH**
reaper treading on bank of
goeth forth bearing precious
again with rejoicing, bringin,

Sow in the morn t
At eve hold not
To doubt and fear
Broadcast it o'er

Contribution, 7 dollars, 5 cen

11th.—**STANDARD-BEARER**
with painted figure of Exce
over me was love."

See on the mounta
The standard of
In Jesus' name 'tis
All stained with

A CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY FESTIVAL.

12th.—MINISTERING CHILDREN. *Emblem*—Basket of flowers. *Text*—"Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

Flowers, with childlike, credulous affection,
As we behold their tender buds expand,
Are emblems of our own great resurrection,
And emblems of the bright and better land.

Contribution, 4 dollars, 11 cents.

13th.—LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD. *Emblem*—Basket of grapes. *Text*—"Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

Do thou, O Lord, our hearts incline
To abide in thee, the living Vine,
And while our clustering fruits we bring,
We would thy praise and glory sing.

Contribution, 5 dollars, 25 cents.

14th.—STAR OF THE EAST. *Emblem*—Silver star in wreath of evergreens. *Text*—"We have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

It is my guide, my light, my all,
It bids my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It leads me to the port of peace.

Contribution, 2 dollars, 10 cents.

15th.—CHEERFUL WORKERS. *Emblem*—Basket of flowers. *Text*—"Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it."

THE WHITE CANOE.

The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay.

Contribution, 3 dollars, 74 cents.

The total amount of contributions, including a large sum collected by the children, and not named above, as it was announced, amounted to "Twenty thousand three hundred and thirty-nine pennies." All of the designs were beautiful, and many exhibited much artistic taste. The exercises, lasting about an hour and three-quarters, were, after singing "Homeward Bound," concluded with the benediction. The little ones were certainly delighted with their anniversary.

N. Y. I.

THE WHITE CANOE.

AN AMERICAN INDIAN LEGEND.

AN American Indian girl died on her bridal morn. The young warrior to whom she was engaged, sat down by her grave to weep. At length he rose, resolving to visit the land of souls, whither his bride had gone. Travelling for weeks and weeks towards the setting sun, by the strange flowers beneath his feet, and the strange birds over head, he knew he was nearing the land of souls. As he drew nearer and nearer to its borders, a venerable man accosted him, and bade him leave behind his body, his weapons, and everything of earth. He laid all down,

THE WHITE CANOE.

and as an unclothed spirit travelled on. To a beautiful lake he came, and on its placid bosom sat a white canoe. A voice was heard bidding him sail away to a happy isle he saw amid the waters of the lake ; but soon as from the shore he moved, to his joyful surprise he saw his long lost bride in a canoe exactly like his own. After several hours they together reached the happy isle. As he moved along its lovely walks, his soul was thrilled with a joy unknown before. "Here will I dwell," said he. But then a voice fell upon his ear, saying, "Not yet, not yet ; you must go back to the land whence you came. Your time to abide upon the happy isle is not yet come. You have not yet done the duties of your station. Return to your people and bless them with wise counsels and generous aid." As the voice ceased the young warrior awoke, for it was all a dream. He was still in the land of snow. But that was true which the Lord of the happy isle had told him. He became a wise and good leader of his people, for he had visited the land of souls.

My young readers will easily perceive that this is only a legend or tale. These wild Indians, who are often called "the children of nature," had many such pretty fancies ; natural and even poetic they might be, but they were all imperfect, for they knew not the right way to the land of souls. You know who said, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life : no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."



Though drifts
And tossed wi
Why, "paddle your

What though the s
Or shining a field
If the bleak w
Or the sunshin
Still "paddle your

What if breakers ri
With dark waves ru
Move steadily b
With a steadfast
And "paddle your o

If a hurricane rise i
And the stars are los
Glide softly alo
With a smile an
And "paddle your o
Up this world, and de

"PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE."

Never sit down
With a tear and a frown,
But "paddle your own canoe."

There are daisies springing along the shores,
Blooming and sweet for you ;
There are rosy dyes
In the autumn skies,
Then "paddle your own canoe."

There is something we like in these cheery and hearty lines, and yet, like the Indian legend of the "White Canoe," they are imperfect. If we regard them as only intended to teach the young that in their future struggles through life they must depend more on their own efforts than on the favour of other people, they are right and good. But even then we always get through the storms of life better if we have the Pilot at the helm while we try to "paddle our own canoe." For,

"With Christ in the vessel we smile at the storm."

And better still, he will so steer our course that we shall then safely reach that heavenly shore,

"Where winds and waves disturb no more."

May every one of you say to your gracious Saviour—

Thou art my Pilot wise,
My compass is thy word ;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord.
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

CONQUERED BY KINDNESS.

CONQUERED BY KINDNESS.

“SO Jack fell into the pond, did he?” inquired Mr. Prior, the master of our village school, of a boy who wore thick boots and a coarse blouse, but with an honest face.

“Yes, sir, and he was nearly drowned too. It was very lucky for him that I was down there fishing at the time.”

“Why, what did your being there have to do with his escape?”

“There was no one else in sight, sir, and I helped him out.”

“But how came he to fall into the water, Jem?”

“I will tell you, sir. Jack, you know, is very fond of bird-nesting. He has got a string of birds’ eggs reaching all round his father’s summer-house, which he has taken out of nests this summer. This morning he spied a nest in the old elm-tree which spreads out over the pond near old Mr. Putnam’s mill. Do you recollect it, sir?”

“Yes, I know the spot very well; and the water is very deep just there, too.”

“Well, sir, as I was saying, he saw a nest out on the branch which reaches farthest over the water, and he made up his mind to get it. So he went to the elm, and, with much labour, climbed up its great trunk. He then crawled along the limb which reached so far out over the pond after the nest. I was fishing at the other end of the

CONQUERED BY KINDNESS.

pond and he saw me. Hoping to startle me, he shouted, 'What are you doing there, old sober face?' I looked up towards the tree, but could see no one, for Jack was hid by the leaves. He could see me though. He knew I was puzzled; so he shouted: 'Halloo, there, you trespasser. Go away from my pond, or I'll send you to prison!' I looked more puzzled than ever, and Jack began to grow merry over my perplexity. He shouted, 'Ha! ha! ha! Dont you wish you knew me, Mr. Fisherman?' Shaking the branch at the same time, Jack's fun was brought to a sudden end; for the branch, being rotten, as I suppose, broke off, and I saw Jack turning over and over in the air as he fell, with a terrible splash, into the water."

"Humph! Jack turned the tables on himself that time. He got rather heavy pay for his self-will, and gave you a chance to be merry at his expense."

"Not exactly, sir, for I felt he would be *drowned*. Indeed, I did not know it was Jack at first. I soon saw, however, who it was; and, but for the fact that he was a little stunned by falling nearly flat upon the water, should have felt quite easy, for I knew Jack to be a good swimmer. He sunk once, but, on rising, blew the water out of his mouth, and struck out bravely. I sprang to the fence, took down a rail, ran to the best spot I could find, and pushing the rail out into the water, I cried, 'Here, Jack, swim this way!' Jack, who felt very weak, lost no time

CONQUERED BY KINDNESS.

in swimming to the rail. He didn't get hold of it as soon, either. His strength was nearly gone when he grasped it. I cheered him, however, and he held on until I drew it gently up the bank. When he came enough, I took his hand and pulled him out. But time he was out; for I had no sooner got him ashore than he fainted away. But oh, I was so glad I saved him!

"Why, Jem, I thought Jack was your worst enemy. Didn't he get you into a bad scrape last winter, by telling lies about you? Didn't he always make a bad example of you before the boys? Isn't he your rival, too, at school? What, then, made you glad that it was Jack whom I saved?"

"Well, sir, I was glad, because I thought I had conquered him. He is a stronger boy than I am; and in some respects, not a good boy. But my mother told me that hatred could be conquered by kindness. I tried it on Jack, sir, and it is so. Jack says now that I love him like a brother. I conquered him, sir, by saving his life, and it gave me the sweetest pleasure I have ever tasted in my life."

"You are a fine lad, Jem," replied Mr. Prior, brushing a tear from his eye as he walked along, leaving Jem with a breast full of happy thoughts and feelings.

Believe me, *there is no Conqueror so powerful as Kindness.*

THE MUSIC-MAN.



THE MUSIC-MAN.

THERE is an old tale that the man who first brought sweet sounds out of a musical instrument, filled all world with such wonder that not only men and

THE MUSIC-MAN.

and women, but birds and beasts, and even trees, ran after him to hear him. This cannot and can only be allowed so far as it describes and joy many felt on hearing such sweet songs had never heard before.

The first mention of musical instrument in the Bible, so early as in the fourth chapter of Genesis, after the great flood, where Jubal is called "the first of all them that handle the harp and organ."

One of our own poets has said,

"Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
And this is true, for you may read in the first chapter of the first book of Samuel how the shepherd boy of Bethlehem, "took up and played with his hand," the evil spirit departed from Saul. If a rough savage man like Saul was soothed by the sweet sounds of David's harp, we need not wonder that good people and even little children love music too.

And children do love music. Only begin to play, and even a baby will smile and let you see that it loves the thing which pleases it.

It is always a joyful time for children in the villages of our villages where music is seldom heard, when they catch the first notes of the organ which the sexton has lifted from off his back and begun to play. Then they run, boys

THE MUSIC-MAN.

all ages, and gather round the strange-looking man, and watch him as he stands turning the handle of his organ, wondering all the time how it can be that by only doing *that* he makes such delightful sounds come out of that queer-looking box.

Poor fellows!—these music-men—they come from a country far away, and travel many weary miles with their heavy load on their backs, that they may pick up a few halfpence to buy bread, for they mostly live on bread while they are in England, and save the rest of the money they get to take home with them. We never hear of them spending their money in beer-shops or public-houses. And so if you give them a few halfpence you may be sure they will not be wasted.

I need hardly tell you about the picture. Little Annie was one of the first to hear the music-man, and out she ran, father and mother following her to the door. The little creature is so pleased she is ready to dance for joy! Father has got a halfpenny in his hand, which he will give to Annie for the music-man when he has done playing his sweet tunes.

Annie was so delighted, that for several days after that she would be talking about the “music-man,” as she called him; and many times she asked when mother thought he would come and play those sweet tunes again. Some day, perhaps, Annie may learn to play music herself.

A CAT-ASTROPHE.

A CAT-ASTROPHE.*

Being a Funeral Dirge for Poor Petto.

✓✓✓ HERE and when I dont tell,
✓✓✓ Though I know very well ;
So to make up a rhyme,
I say " Once on a time,"
I heard a great clatter,
And asked, " What's the matter ?"
" Poor Petto ! Poor Petto ! I'm sure she will die !"
Was then all the answer I got in reply.

The young folks were all crying,
And sobbing and sighing,
For Pussy was dying !
'T would have only seem'd fun,
For the doctor to run,
And see what could be done.
So there they stood crying, and sobbing, and sighing,
For all this long time poor Pussy was dying.

At length by and by,
I got a reply,
About this disaster,
And so I found out
How it came about,
For thus spake the Master—
" Poor Petto was coming up-stairs to her bed,
And I, coming down set my foot on her head ;
And now they're all crying,
And sobbing, and sighing,
Because Pussy is dying !

* CATASTROPHE—"A calamity; a disaster."—*Dictionary*.

A CAT-ASTROPHE.

And yet she wont die;
I wish she would try;
I must help her I'm sure,
For I cannot endure
To see how she suffers from pain in the head!
Poor creature! I wish very much thou wast dead."

So saying the Master,
To end the disaster—
Which as all will agree
Was a *Cat-astrophe*—
With one kindly blow
Put an end to her woe!
And again there was crying, and sobbing, and sighing,
Not now that poor Petto was only a dying,
But really quite dead
From those wounds in her head.

Next day, I am told,
Poor Petto was cold:
As cold as a stone and as dead as a mitten,
Was this once little playful and merry young kitten!
So finding a box
Without hinges or locks,
By planning and knocking
They made her a coffin:
It was not very big, and yet it was long enough,
It was not made of oak and yet it was strong enough.
And they put Petto in,
For this was no sin,
And away to the garden,
But not in the dark,

A CAT-ASTROPHE.

Without the church-warden,
Or parson, or clerk,
They buried poor puss
Without any fuss.

And there leaving Petto all bruised and gory,
This catastrophe ended, and so does my story.

But I ought just to state,
That on her coffin plate,
Was her name, and the date
When she met with her fate;
And I have heard say,
That on some summer day,
They will put up a monument over the spot,
That the name of "Poor Petto" may not be forgot.

When this "accidental death" took place, the writer was requested to "make some poetry about it." He tried to do so; just for the sake of encouraging the youth to treat dumb animals with kindness. At the same time he would caution them against indulging too much affection for such creatures. Kindness is one thing, affection is another. They were not made for us to love them with all that loving affection we should ever have felt for a sister or brother, or father or mother. And more than this, our very best, our highest love, ought to be given to God who made us, and to the Lord Jesus who loved us so much as to die for us. Too much you never can love your loving Saviour. Now and for ever you must love him, if now and for ever you would be happy.

GRANDMOTHER'S COMFORTERS.



GRANDMOTHER'S COMFORTERS.

THAT a great deal of meaning there is in that good old-fashioned English word—COMFORT; and how strange it seems to us that there are some nations which have no word in their language which means the same thing.

Even little folks in England know what comforts are, and they enjoy them as much, if not more, than any other people in the world.

GRANDMOTHER'S COMFORTERS.

The word comfort is intended to describe how we feel when something that troubled us goes away, and something that makes us feel easy and happy comes in its place.

It is a cold dark night; the wind blows loud, and the rain comes pattering against the window panes of the chamber when mother takes Lucy to bed. Lucy don't like to feel the cold and hear the wind and the rain, but mother tucks the bed-clothes snugly all round her, gives her a loving kiss, tells her not to fear, for the Lord will take care of her—and then Lucy feels quite comfortable, and soon falls fast asleep.

It is a mid-winter morning. The snow is falling fast. Walter must go to school at nine o'clock. He does not like to think of that; he will be so cold. What is he to do? His mother will help him. First she sees that his boots and stockings are tight and sound, then she pulls his cap down over his ears, throws his cloak over his shoulders, and last of all ties that warm woollen "comfortable," which she knitted herself, round his neck. Now Walter feels comfortable. It may snow away as hard as it likes, he is ready for it.

But what have these to do with grandmother's comforts? Not much: they are only intended to explain what the words comfort and comfortable mean.

Grandmother did not want such comforts as these; she had a good house, and a good bed, and good clothes, and plenty of good food. But she wanted comfort for

GRANDMOTHER'S COMFORTERS.

her mind ; for there is such a thing as comfort for the mind as well as the body.

Grandmother wanted comfort for her mind, for she was left almost alone in the world. Once she had a large family of children and a good husband ; but now he is dead, some of her children dead too, and the rest are married and living far away. Sometimes, once a year perhaps, they may come to see her and bring the grandchildren with them ; but month after month she is left alone ; and she cannot help thinking of former days, when her husband was ready to help her, and her house was full of merry happy children ; but now they are all gone. She wants comfort for her mind. Where is she to find it ?

Grandmother knows where. One of her comforters is that good old book called the Bible, which the great and good Father has given on purpose to comfort us when all other comforts are gone. Yes : grandmother always feels comfortable in her mind when she can sit down, put on her spectacles, and read the precious words of that holy Book ; and often when she has done reading, she will take off her spectacles and say, " This is my comfort in my affliction."

And grandmother has " another Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost," the loving Spirit of God who whispers to her heart words of peace and hope. Jesus Christ promised to send this Comforter into the hearts of all who

GRANDMOTHER'S COMFORTERS.

love him. Grandmother loves Jesus Christ, and she has no comfort like that which she finds in ~~re~~ his words, for the Holy Spirit ~~has~~ taught her how and true they are. These, perhaps more than any ~~o~~ are now more precious to her than all the silver and in the world, "Let not your heart be troubled : ye be in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house many mansions : if it were not so, I would have told I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and ~~pr~~ a place for you, I will come again, and receive you myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also." (has she thought of these wonderful words, every ~~o~~ which she knows ; and sometimes after reading them she lift up her eyes to heaven and say, "Blessed Sav I hope soon to be with thee ! and then I shall find : all my loved ones who have gone before, and be with and with them for ever, and never be left alone agai

These are Grandmother's Comforters ; and if you young reader, should live to be as old as she is, I wish you no greater joy than that you may have Comforters.

It is a good thing to have such a thoughtful and k mother as Lucy and Walter had, who had taken ~~en~~ have comforts ready for them when they wanted t But let me tell you that your Father in heaven, loves you more than any mother can, is ready to ~~con~~ your young heart with his good words, and give ye

HENRY AND EDGAR.

good Spirit if you ask him ; and more than this, Jesus Christ, who died for your sins, and is able to take them all away, is waiting to receive you and make you fit to come up to him and live in one of the many mansions of his great Father's house.

Go seek your Saviour now ; and then, should you live to old age, it will be a comfort to think that you have loved him all your days ; or should you die soon it will only be to exchange the measured comforts of earth for the measureless glories of heaven.

HENRY AND EDGAR,

OUR FADED FLOWER-BUDS.

YES: for although we often hear loving parents speak of their little ones as "faded flowers," the comparison is so natural and withal so scriptural, that we must not complain of its frequent repetition.

The flowers of only three summers had bloomed and passed away, before Henry, himself a budding human flower, faded too, and now we see him no more. With what fond delight did his parents gaze on his sunny brow, his rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, listen to his imple prattle, and rejoice in his merry laugh ! Often would hope picture him growing up to be the joy of their 'e, unfolding new beauties as years passed along.

But not here—not here was the opening bud to bloom

HENRY AND EDGAR.

out into perfect beauty. He who gave him, took and transplanted him to a more genial clime.

Oh it was distressing—words cannot tell how she bare him felt, when first she saw her lovely bud beg droop and hang down his fair head, his once sparkling eyes grow dim, and his rosy cheeks turn pale.

All a mother could do was done—and what will a mother do to keep her own child? But Jesus, loved that child with more than a mother's love, gentle angels to bear it away to heaven. And now, with myriads of millions of infant spirits, redeemed by his blood, it beholds the face of the Father.

Faith that their loved one was safe there had soon healed the anguish of their hearts, and hope that should find him there dried up their tears, before Ed who was more than twice the age of Henry, was observed suddenly to droop, and within the same month he faded away.

Of Henry little could be said more than has been said, but of Edgar we have more to tell, and that with the aid of fancy or even of faith. They are facts which because of his riper years we now relate.

He was a sabbath-scholar, loved by his teacher and classmates. In that school, as well as at home, he heard talk of Jesus and heaven—talk which had sunk deep into his tender heart.

When his last illness came, his mother asked him

HENRY AND EDGAR.

"Do you wish to get better, Edgar?" Looking up at her with a sweet smile, he said, "No, mother; no: I want to go to heaven, for there I shall see Jesus, and grandmother, and Henry. You know Jesus said, suffer the little children to come unto me; and I want to go to him."

Edgar's illness was short but severe. Sometimes he was delirious, but during the intervals of ease he would be talking of heaven and Jesus.

After a few days, the angels came again and bore away Edgar too; and now are they both before the throne of God. Happy parents! Ye have treasure in heaven. May your little ones be as two links of a golden chain to bind your hearts to heaven. Now you can more easily set your affections on things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God!

THINK not of your loved ones as in the cold tomb,
They are gone to a brighter and happier home;
Far away up above, beyond the bright sun,
Your Henry and Edgar for ever are gone.

Too tender were they for the storm and the strife;
Too frail for the tempest and tumult of life;
Now safe on the bosom of Jesus they rest—
Oh! think of them there in the home of the blest.

There now your arrival they anxiously wait,
To welcome you first through the bright pearly gate;
Where death cannot enter, where nothing can sever
The parent and child from each other for ever!

Burton-on-Trent.

E. M. C.

THE LITTLE SUNBEAM.

THE LITTLE SUNBEAM.

A LITTLE sunbeam in the sky
Said to itself one day,
"I'm very small, but why should I
Do nothing else but play?
I'll go down to the earth and see
If there is any use for me."

The violet beds were wet with dew,
Which filled each heavy cup:
The little sunbeam darted through,
And raised their blue heads up.
They smiled to see it, and they lent
The morning breeze their sweetest scent.

A mother, 'neath a shady tree,
Had left her babe asleep;
It woke and cried; but when it spied
The little sunbeam peep
So slyly in with glance so bright,
It laughed and chuckled with delight.

On, on it went: it might not stay.
Now through a window small
It poured its glad but tiny ray,
And danced upon the wall.
A pale young face looked up to meet
The sunbeam she had watched to greet.

And now away beyond the sea
The merry sunbeam went.

THE LITTLE SUNBEAM.

A ship was on the waters free,
From home and country sent ;
But sparkling in the sunbeam's play,
The blue waves curled around her way.

But there was one who watched them there,
Whose heart was full of pain ;
She gazed, and half forgot her care,
And hope came back again ;
She said, " The waves are full of glee ;
Then there may yet be joy for me !"

And so it travelled to and fro,
And glanced and danced about ;
And not a door was shut, I know,
To keep the sunbeam out ;
But ever as it touched the earth,
It woke up happiness and mirth.

I may not tell the history
Of all that it could do ;
But I tell you this, that you may try
To be a sunbeam too.
" A sunbeam too !" perhaps you say :
Yes, I am very sure you may.

For loving words, like sunbeams, will
Dry up a falling tear,
And loving deeds will often help
A broken heart to cheer.
So loving and so living, you
Will be a little sunbeam too.

THOUGHTS ABOUT THE ANGELS.

THOUGHTS ABOUT THE ANGELS.

"Are they not all ministering spirits!"

THEY are evermore around us, though unseen to mortal;
In the golden hour of sunshine, and in sorrow's starless;
Deepening earth's most sacred pleasures, with the peace of
forgiven,

Whispering to the lonely mourner, of the painless joys of hea

Lovingly they come to help us, when our faith is cold and we
Guiding us along the pathway, to the blessed home we seek;
In our hearts we hear their voices, breathing sympathy and lo
Echoes of the spirit language, in the sinless world above.

They are with us in the conflict, with their words of hope and c
When the foe of our salvation, and his armed hosts draw near
And a greater One is with us, and we shrink not from the stri
While the Lord of Angels leads us on the battle field of life.

Seldom do we think of Angels, seldom we believe them nigh,
Like the child who thinks in sunshine, that the stars have
the sky;

For by worldly pleasures dazzled, scarce we feel their presence
So in foolishness and fickleness, we all are children too?

Seeing all our guilt and weakness, looking down with pitying e
For the foolish things we cling to, and the heaven that we des
They have been our serving angels, since this weary world beg
And they still are watching o'er us, for His sake who lovèd us

Hymns for the Household





THE MARTIN ELM, AT BERTFORD,
N.H.

THE MARTYR'S ELM.

ON a spot of ground near the Grammar School, at the town of Brentwood, in Essex, there stands the now lifeless trunk of an old elm tree.

This tree, which has recently fallen into decay, has long been an object of local and historical interest, under the name of the "Martyr's Elm"—so called in grateful remembrance of William Hunter, a native of the hamlet of Brentwood, who near this place, on March 26, 1555, in the words of John Foxe, the Martyrologist, "yielded up his life for the truth, sealing it with his blood, to the praise of God."

In the spring of 1554, William Hunter, a young man apprenticed to a London weaver, came down to visit his father at Brentwood. He was a pious lad, and one of those who were faithful to the truth; and he had already, while with his master in London, been threatened by the priests for refusing to receive the mass.

One day finding the chapel at Brentwood open, he went in, and began to read in the English Bible, which lay on a desk within the porch. For as yet, in a few places, Queen Mary's command for the removal of the Bibles—placed by the pious King Edward VI. in every church, for the use of the people—had not been obeyed.

Just at this time, Atwell, an officer of the popish bishop, came that way, and saw William as he stood

THE MARTYR'S ELM.

reading the holy book. "Why meddlest thou with th Bible?" said the bishop's officer to him, "understande thou what thou readeſt? Canſt thou expound Scripture?" The youth modestly replied, "Father Atwel I take not upon me to expound the Scriptures, but finding the Bible here I read it for my comfort." After ſome further converſation,—“Well,” ſaid William Hurter, “it liketh me very well, and I pray God that we may have the bleſſed Bible amongſt us continually. Upon this, telling him that “he and a great many mor heretics would broil for this gear,” Father Atwell went out of the chapel and accuſed him of heresy to the prieſt of the pariſh, who, coming to the place where he was reading, began to upbraid and threaten him. The youth well knew what this meant, ſo he haſtened to his father house, and, taking leave of his parents, left the town.

A few days after he was gone, a juſtice in the neighbourhood, named Brown, ſent for the father and ordered him to produce his ſon William. “What, ſir,” ſaid the parent, “would you have me ſeek my ſon that he may be burned?” The old man, however, was obliged to ſeek for him, and rode about for two or three days, hoping to ſatisfy the juſtice without finding his ſon; but he met his ſon accidentally, who, hearing of his father's danger ſaid he was ready to accompany him home. So as the evening drew on they came together to the town, and the cottagers bid them good cheer as they paſſed on their way.

THE MARTYR'S ELM.

At midnight this youthful christian was hurried to the stocks, and then was taken before the justice, who, after trying in vain to shake his faith, sent him to Bonner, the popish Bishop of London, then residing at Bethnal Green. Bonner first spoke to him gently, then sternly, and then roughly, but it was all to no purpose. William would not promise to give up his Bible, or to deny its truths. He was, therefore, ordered to be put in the stocks for two days and nights, with a small supply of water, and only a crust of brown bread for his food. The bishop then sent him to one of the London prisons, with strict orders to the jailor to put as many iron chains upon him as he could possibly bear; and there he lay in the dungeon for three-quarters of a year. At length the bishop, thinking that his long confinement had made him more ready to yield, sent for him to his palace; yet his spirit was unbroken, and his trust in the gospel as firm as before. "If you recant," said the bishop to him, "I will give you forty pounds, and set you up in business." This was a large sum of money in those days, and the offer was tempting; but it was at once rejected. "I will make you steward of my own house," added Bonner. "But, my lord," was the reply, "if you can't persuade my conscience by Scripture, I cannot find in my heart to turn from God for the love of the world; for I count all things but loss in comparison with the love of Christ."

After further attempts to make him turn, the bishop

THE MARTYR'S ELM.

asked him how old he was. William said he was nineteen years old. "Well," said he, "you will be burned ere you are twenty years old, if you do not yield yourself better than you have done yet." William answered, "God strengthen me in this truth."

Shortly after he was condemned (with five others) by Bishop Bonner, and as there was no prison at Brentwood, he was sent to the Swan Inn, in the town, until the day arrived for him to suffer a painful death.

His mother heard of his return and rushed to the place where he was confined; and, when she found him happy and constant, she blessed God for such a son, and the more so when he said, "For my little pain which I shall suffer, Christ hath procured for me a crown of joy. Are you not glad of that, mother?" They then knelt down, and she prayed to God to strengthen her son to the end.

At length the morning came on which William was to die, and the executioners and guards, with a crowd of people, came together to the last sad scene.

As he was led along from the inn his father came forward, and throwing his arms round the neck of his noble boy, said, in an agony of parental feeling, "God be with thee, son William." The son calmly looked for the last time on his dear parent, and replied, "God be with you, father; be of good comfort. I trust we shall meet again, where we shall rejoice together."

THE MARTYR'S ELM.

There were many weeping eyes on that day in the little town of Brentwood.

To see a gentle and pious lad dragged through the streets to be burned at the stake, whose only offence was that he loved the gospel, was a sight that touched the hardest heart. William, as he passed along, saw his father's cottage, and cast a last look at his sorrowing sisters; and he bade farewell to the playmates and friends of his early days.

At length the procession came to the end of the town, where the stake, and chain, and faggots were ready. While he was being secured, and the wood was being piled around, he was offered pardon if he would profess himself a papist. "No," said William resolutely, "I will not recant, God willing." Then turning to the people, he asked them to pray for him. "Pray for thee," said the hard-hearted justice, who was looking on, "I will no more pray for thee than I would for a dog." "I pray God this may not be laid to your charge at the last day," he replied. A priest, too, began to taunt him, until a gentleman spoke aloud, "May God have mercy on his soul;" and the people mournfully added, "Amen."

The fire was now lighted, and as the flames began to rise, William threw his Book of Psalms into the hands of his brother, who, calling to him, said, "William, think on the sufferings of Christ, and be not afraid." "I am not afraid," added the martyr; "Lord, Lord, receive my spirit."

THE MARTYR'S ELM.

These were his last words. The flames soon wrapped around his body, and in a few minutes his sufferings were at an end.

Though three hundred years have passed since then, his name is not forgotten. His soul has joined the "noble army of martyrs" in heaven, but the record of his faith and courage will long survive on earth. A few years ago, in order to testify their admiration and to perpetuate the memory of their noble fellow-townsmen, William Hunter, the inhabitants of Brentwood and the neighbourhood liberally subscribed towards a monument; the lord of the manor, C. T. Tower, Esq., of Weald Hall, having kindly given a suitable site for the purpose on a spot of ground adjacent to the old tree.

The monument, of red Aberdeen granite, bears inscriptions as follows:—

On the front—To the pious memory of William Hunter, a native of this hamlet, who, maintaining his right to search the Scriptures, and in all matters of faith and practice to follow their sole guidance, was condemned at the early age of nineteen by Bishop Bonner, in the reign of Queen Mary, and burned at the stake near this spot, March 26th, 1555. He yielded up his life for the truth, sealing it with his blood, to the praise of God. Erected by public subscription, 1860.

On the reverse and sides the following—William Hunter, martyr, committed to the flames March 26th, 1555.

THE MARTYR'S ELM.

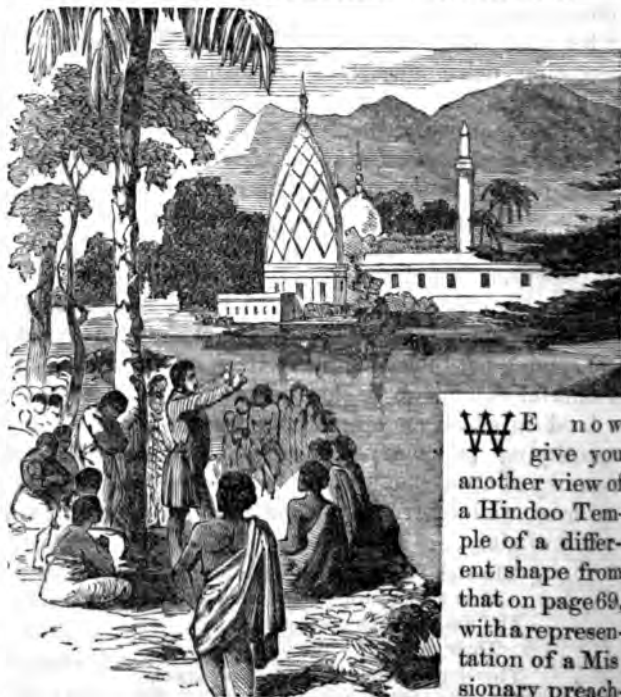
Christian reader, learn from his example to value the privilege of an open Bible, and be careful to maintain it. "He being dead yet speaketh." He was tortured, not accepting deliverance, that he might obtain a better resurrection. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

May we not learn from this history the importance of early decision in the cause and service of Christ, so that in times of error and false religion we may be preserved in the faith. And let us never forget the real character of popery. Can that be the pure and holy religion of Jesus—the religion of mercy and love—which commits such dreadful deeds? Christ was kind and loving to all. He came "not to destroy men's lives, but to save them." Thankful should we be that ours is a land of freedom; a land in which an open Bible spreads its sweet and sanctifying influence; and as we fondly cherish the memory of those who "loved not their lives unto death," we may well contemplate their now happy state in a world of glory.

"Through His dear might, who once was slain,
Firm at the burning stake they stood,
And washed, from every guilty stain,
Their garments white in Jesus' blood.
Therefore around the throne they stand,
And in his holy temple shine;
Rich in the joy of his right hand,
Robed in his righteousness divine."

MISSIONARY PREACHING IN INDIA.

MISSIONARY PREACHING IN INDIA.



WE now give you another view of a Hindoo Temple of a different shape from that on page 69, with a representation of a Missionary preach-

ing on the bank of a river beneath the shade of a spreading palm-tree. The people are sitting or standing

MISSIONARY PREACHING IN INDIA.

around him, listening to the glad tidings of great joy which he, perhaps for the first time, is making known to them.

At the stations where the missionaries reside there is usually a place of worship to which the people may come ; but these servants of Christ frequently go to other towns or villages where there are none. In that case they will go to any spot to which the people resort, and there begin to sing a hymn to draw them together, as you see them in the picture.

In those towns and villages there is also one place called the bazaar—that is the place of shops—where there are usually many of the natives, and there too the missionaries will begin to sing and preach.

It not unfrequently happens that while the missionary is preaching some one will stop him by making an objection or asking a question. Formerly the priests of the idol temples, seeing that their craft was in danger by the new doctrine, as they called it, would either drive the people away or abuse the preacher in the foulest language. But now the people will hear, and the priests either stay away, or hold their tongues ; for the missionaries having read their books know all about their bad conduct, and could expose it to their shame before the people. The priests know this, and so now they offer little opposition to the preaching of the Gospel. Indeed many of the

MISSIONARY PREACHING IN INDIA.

priests themselves, as well as the people, have of years professed their faith in Christ.

But when a missionary first goes to India it is work for him to learn how to talk to the people so they can understand him. I know a young missionary who on the first sabbath after he arrived at the station went to the place of worship, but when he got there though he wanted to talk to the people about the love of Christ, felt like a dumb man, for he could not utter a word to the natives. But he spoke in English, and another missionary translated his words to the people in their own language, and so he preached to them. When he had done he was told that an old native christian of him—"This young man is like a great tank or jar full of water, which would do good if it had only a spout to let it run out over the thirsty land. Tell him to run in haste and get a good spout." He has got a good spout now, and is telling the people in their own tongue the good news of salvation by Jesus Christ.

But many more missionaries are wanted in that land of idols. I wonder sometimes when I am writing these things about those heathen lands, and what is doing there to teach the poor idolaters, whether are the young people who read them feel as if they would like to go too. May the blessed God put it into their hearts, having first come to him to seek and find salvation by Jesus Christ for yourselves, then to say, "Here a

A WINTER HOLIDAY.

Lord, send me." For thousands more young people must do so before the millions who now worship idols are taught to know the only true God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent to save them. To be born a prince may be a great thing, to rise to a high position by your own industry may be greater, but to be a missionary of Jesus Christ is the greatest honour to which any man can attain. Better, far better, be a humble but useful missionary of the Gospel, than be the Prime Minister of the British Empire.

A WINTER HOLIDAY.

A HOLIDAY! yes, a holiday: young folks love a holiday, whether it be enjoyed in summer's sunshine or winter's snows. I want to tell you of a winter holiday and the good sport we had—rather rough, it is true, but good-natured with only one exception.

First let me say of myself that I was left an orphan when only four years old; but a kind uncle adopted me as one of his own sons. He occupied a farm near a pleasant village, and sent me there with my cousins to school. Not far from my uncle's house was a large tract of forest land—some hundreds of acres, covered with fern, and interspersed with ling and gorse bushes, which, with their purple and yellow blossoms, gave it in summer

A WINTER HOLIDAY.

a beautiful and gay appearance. In the centre of this forest land were several large rocks, some of them as much as a hundred feet high, and looking as if they had tumbled down from the skies. Up these we boys often climbed and slid down again in such a way that I now wonder we did not break our necks. These we called the "Rocks of Gibraltar," not from any resemblance we supposed they had to that famed fortress, but because we were proud of them as standing on a spot where we could do as we pleased.

Well: the different seasons, as they roll along, all bring pleasure to the school-boy, who suits his pastimes to their varied scenes. It is of little consequence to him whether the flowers of spring or the full foliage of summer adorns the earth. He cares not if the fruits of autumn abound, or the snows of winter are abroad. Wet or dry, sunshine or shade, within doors or without, he always contrives to have some amusement. But at no time has he a lighter heart than when the ponds are frozen over, and the fields are covered with snow.

Early one winter morning my cousin Harry, who had been out in the fields before breakfast, sooner than usual, came home again with the welcome news that the great pool near the Squire's Hall would bear all over. We were glad, and after breakfast away we went, shouting for joy.

The ice was as slippery as glass, and we made slides



A WINTER HOLIDAY.

from one end of the pool to the other. There were about ten of us in all. In the midst of our sport Jem Burly, one of the biggest boys, began, as usual, to tyrannise over us. At one time he made holes in the ice on our slides, at another he threw snow balls at us, or tripped up the heels of those who were not quick enough to get out of his way. But the school bell rang, and off we scampered, though not quite willing.

As it was the day on which we had our half-holiday, we agreed to go to the "Rocks of Gibraltar" in the afternoon, and have a good game at snowballing. No sooner had we swallowed our dinners than away we went. There were now about twenty of us, and, being divided equally, two captains were appointed; Jem Burly being one, and Sam Sleek the other. I engaged under Captain Sleek. A hard struggle took place to get possession of the rocks, but at length our captain and his troop were safely posted on the high fortress. It was really famous fun.

Up to this time the contention had been friendly enough, and peals of laughter were continually heard as we peppered one another with the harmless snowballs. But Jem's bad temper soon began to show itself. Every time an opportunity offered he would pull one of our party by the legs and roll him down the rock, in a rough manner. This went on till we could stand it no longer, and we determined to punish him. We made a sally

A WINTER HOLIDAY.

down the rock and surrounded him in a twinkling. In five minutes we had so plastered him that he looked like a snow man. He became furious, and kicked and struck every one that came near him, but all in vain, for not liking his rough play, his own party helped us. At length we fairly tired him out, and made him promise us that he would never play unfair again.

Alas! poor Jem! Well had it been for him had he profited by the lesson we taught him at the rocks. His bad temper mastered him. At twenty-four years of age he enlisted in the army, was sent to the Russian war, and was one of its earliest victims. He now lies buried in the cemetery of Scutari.

CARL.

We wish to add one word on the best way for young people to enjoy a happy holiday, and it is this—they should all be good tempered. One rude, rough, ill-tempered lad, like poor Jem, may spoil their pastime, and make them all unhappy. The hope of having a good holiday often fills their hearts with joy, but when the time comes, and everything goes on pleasantly until ill-temper comes to make mischief, then they are sadly disappointed, and wish they had spent their holiday-time in some other way. Whenever you join a party for a holiday, always take plenty of good-temper with you. That is the right way to enjoy a good holiday.

A PERSIAN CALIPH.



A PERSIAN CALIPH.

THAT is, a prince or chief of one of the provinces of

Persia, that ancient kingdom so often mentioned,
only in the histories of the Bible, but in the histories
other nations.

is supposed that the site of the lost earthly para-

A PERSIAN CALIPH.

dise—the garden of Eden—was somewhere in the south of Persia; but there is no doubt that some of the great events mentioned in the Bible after the flood took place in that part of the earth.

To give you even an outline of the history of the Persians and their once vast dominions would require a large volume. We can only tell you now that conquered by Alexander the Great, they never again acquired their former position. Formerly they were worshippers of the sun, but in after ages they became believers in the false prophet Mahomet, and so they continue until this day.

Situate between India and Arabia, this ancient kingdom has been regarded as standing in the centre of the old world, from whence it spread its dominion into the surrounding regions. That dominion, century after century, has been constantly decreasing, and though extensive, it is powerless to resist the aggressions of encroaching enemies.

The greater part of the present kingdom is thinly inhabited, consisting chiefly of high or rocky mountains and deserts of sand. But the southern part, near the Persian Gulf of the Arabian Sea, is the most populous and fertile. The soil produces corn, cotton, vines, and fruits of all kinds, and the finest roses in the world. Here are also mines of gold, silver, and precious gems as well as pearls of great value. Oxen, sheep, goats,

A PERSIAN CALIPH.

horses, and camels are abundant. From the hair and wool of these, and the silk of millions of worms fed on thousands of mulberry trees, they manufacture those rich robes and splendid carpets that have been so much admired.

The people themselves, though ruled by a despot, are said to be "gay, lively, and active," and very polite; but a great deal of this is also said to be only assumed for a purpose, their hypocrisy and falsehood being proverbial. They are, however, there can be no doubt of that, very fond of scientific pursuits and learned disputations, and some of their poetic productions are truly beautiful.

In dress the Persians are neat, not gaudy; from the Shah, that is the king, to his lowest subject, the black lamb-skin cap is worn. They wear few ornaments, but they are always of the richest silks and gems they can secure. They are very careful to make their beards grow, not long, but thick and tufted.

The chief cities of modern Persia are Teheran, Shiraz, and Ispahan; but the seat of government is at Teheran.

Many attempts have been made to introduce the gospel of Jesus Christ amongst them, but the people generally are such bitter Mahommedans, and their learned men, like the philosophers at Athens to whom Paul preached, are such sophists—that is, disputing wranglers—that little or no progress has been made in making known to them the good news of salvation through

THE LITTLE SEED CELLS.

a crucified Redeemer. Even Henry Martyn laboured among them in vain. He won their esteem certainly, but few converts. Pride in his cleverness hinders the Persian. Hottentots and Bushmen have entered the kingdom of God before him. And yet the day must come when he too will sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of Him.

THE LITTLE SEED CELLS.

HOW neatly all the seeds are laid
Within the ripening pod ;
How carefully the cells are made :
This is the work of God.

The lining is not harsh or rough,
But soft, or polished well ;
Each little seed has room enough
Within its tiny cell.

How carefully the sides are closed
Against the winds and rain ;
For if he left the seeds exposed,
They would not grow again.

There's no disorder anywhere
In what my Father does ;
He condescends to make with care
The smallest flower that grows.
So children who would learn from him,
Neat habits seek to gain,
Or they will waste much precious time,
And do their work in vain.

UNDERGROUND WORKERS.

UNDERGROUND WORKERS.

THE WORMS.

WE have told you about the mole as a wonderful underground worker ; but where there is one mole there may be a million worms, and though they cannot find such curious places as the mole, they are all very busy night and day at their own work.

There is no living creature, perhaps, of which many people think less than the "poor worm," as they call it. Little do they think how much we all owe to worms, humble though they may seem. This may appear strange to you, but we think we can prove that of all the creatures the great God has made to live "under the earth," there is not one so useful ; and more than this we will try to prove that we ourselves should not live so idle as we do without these "poor worms."

You all know what a worm is. You have seen many. You know how they are made. Without arms or hands, legs or feet, their long bodies are full of rings by which they push their way up through the earth, boring a hole with the sharp point at the end of their bodies.

Worms are most seen in our gardens after spring or summer showers in the evening. Then they come out in great numbers. They are as numerous in the fields, but the grass hides them out of sight. It is said that at such places a worm might be found within a few inches all over

UNDERGROUND WORKERS.

he earth. Why is this, but to let the rain and air down into the ground to water and refresh the roots of shrubs, trees, and vegetables, of all kinds, which would sicken and die without them. For except the worms had bored the earth full of these "gimlet holes," the rain water would have remained on the surface of the ground. See, then, how useful these "poor worms" are in making way for the nourishment of whatever comes out of the earth for our food.

Worms also improve and increase the quality of the soil. We have watched them in our own garden, and have found that they mostly let living flowers alone, but will pull down dead ones, as well as straws, twigs, dead leaves, rags, and bits of string. These they seem to devour somehow, and then void them up again in fine lumps of soil. They never devour the roots of vegetables.

But many living creatures devour "poor worms;" for they are not only the food of many birds, but fishes are fond of them, and moles, hedgehogs, frogs, and other animals, snap them up whenever they can. Brooks and fresh water rivers, with clay beds or banks, are full of them; and after a flood millions are devoured by fishes, and ducks, and other water fowl. It is said that more worms are consumed under the water than on the land. And so the "poor worms" are made to feed the birds and fishes that feed us.

We might say more, but we hope we have said enough

THE WORM.

ove that the "poor worms" are of infinite value to

Nay, we hope you will see that it would be a sin
spise them, for they were created by Divine Provi-
for the very purpose of making the earth bring
its fruits for our daily food. We none of us despise
rain-drops, but in vain would they fall if the earth
not opened by myriads of millions of these worm-
to receive them.

ly "the works of the LORD are great, sought out of
em that have pleasure therein."

THE WORM.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm :
The frame thy wayward looks deride
None but a God could form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of his boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars he made,
To all his creatures free ;
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive :
Oh do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give !

SPARE THE BIRDS.

SPARE THE BIRDS.

THE time of "the singing of birds has come," and unfortunately, the time for the killing of birds.

There is a strange tendency in boys to throw a stick at every bird they can, or to take away their eggs whenever they can find them. How is it that they will do so?

In some countries this cruelty is stopped by making children believe that the souls of men and women enter into the bodies of birds and beasts; and so if a boy kill a bird he might be killing his own grandfather or grandmother. This might restrain an Indian boy from doing so; but here in England, where we know better, we ought not to try to restrain you by telling you such nonsense. But there are reasons which ought to be more powerful in keeping you from hurting or destroying them. While the eye is pleased with their graceful beauty, and the ear is charmed by their joyous melodies, it is not known that their services are very useful to us. They may sometimes commit depredations it is true, but these are only natural, and the mischief they do bears no proportion to that which they prevent by destroying the thousands of insects which prey upon the produce of our fields and gardens.

That we may yet hear in spring-time over all the hills and valleys of merry Old England their happy songs, I say again to English boys—**SPARE THE BIRDS!**

MANILLA BOATMEN.



MANILLA BOATMEN.

YOU have read, we have no doubt, the description we gave you of a scene in Manilla, the largest of a large cluster of islands in the Indian Ocean. This is another scene, which represents a passage-boat on one of the rivers of that island.

Of this we have little to say, except to point out to you the curious shape of the boat, and the rough matted awning supported by poles under which the passengers

MANILLA BOATMEN.

sit, that they may be screened from the fierce rays of a burning sun.

But these boatmen are not always to be trusted, for they are often fierce and cruel men, and passengers have to be very careful with whom they venture to go down the rivers in their boats, for fear they should be robbed or killed, for there are many places on those rivers where such dark deeds might be done and no man see them, where forests of trees come down to the water's edge.

And then ships from various nations often call at the city of Manilla, and sometimes men at that place will engage themselves as sailors on board of them. Not long ago an English captain hired some of these men ; but on the voyage they killed both him and the mate, and then made holes in the vessel to sink her, escaping themselves in the boat with all they could steal. But they were taken and brought to England, where five of them were tried, condemned, and executed as pirates. Poor wretched creatures ! They professed to be Roman Catholics, but they were in a sad state of ignorance. It was dreadful on that dark cold morning to see five young men brought out to die together ! Their fear of death was awful. But we dare not tell you more about it. How we wish they had known that "The wages of sin is death ; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

CALLING NICKNAMES.

CALLING NICKNAMES.

ONE of the worst of the bad habits which bad boys indulge is calling their companions or other people nick-names. This, when done on purpose, is very wrong and often very cruel, for they mostly indulge their wicked wit on those who have some bodily infirmity which they cannot help.

I wish to caution the boys who read this against such conduct; for many boys who do not wish to be unkind or cruel may be tempted to do so before they are aware, just because there is some fun in it.

"I shall never forget," says one, "an incident of my boyhood, by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of us school boys were playing by the roadside one Saturday afternoon, when the stage coach drove up to a neighbouring inn, and the passengers alighted. As usual, we gathered around to observe them. Among the number was an elderly man, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked with his feet turned one way, and his knees another, in a very awkward manner. I thoughtlessly shouted—

'Look at old rattlebones!' The poor man turned his head with an expression of pain which I can never forget.

Just then, to my surprise and horror, my father came round the corner, and immediately stepping up to the

CALLING NICKNAMES.

stranger, shook his hand warmly, and assisted me to walk to our house, which was but a little way off. I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when the time came I would gladly have hid myself, but I knew that it would be in vain, and so tremblingly went into the sitting room. To my great joy and relief the stranger did not seem to know me again, but returned pleasantly to my father as he introduced me—

‘Such a fine boy was surely worth saving.’

How the words cut me to the heart! My father often told me the story of a friend who had plunged into the river to save me as I was drowning when a boy, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had made a cripple by rheumatism; and this was the story which had made a laughing stock of for my companions!

I tell you, boys and girls, I would give a great deal to have the memory of that event taken away. If ever you are tempted as I was, remember that while no good can come of sport, whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections that will not leave you for a lifetime.”

We do not wonder, and you will not wonder, that this writer wished he could forget that he had thoughtlessly made sport of the very man who had saved his life, and by so doing had made himself a cripple.

Young people often do foolish things without thinking; but it is only a poor excuse for such conduct.

CALLING NICKNAMES.

They say, "I did not think about it." They should have thought about it, for they can think if they will. God has given them the power of thinking, and they ought to use it wisely and well.

One word more about calling nicknames. It is an old sin, and a very bad one. There is a dreadful tale in the Bible about some children who called one of the Prophets "bald head." You may read about it at the end of the second chapter of the Second Book of Kings.

That you may be fully persuaded that such conduct is wicked, we remind you that the bad men who put the Son of God to death, began first to show their hatred of him by calling him nicknames. Depend upon it, then, that if any of you begin to indulge in this cruel sport, you are doing that which may lead you on to do worse, and then you must expect the punishment which such crimes deserve.

Though we write in this way, we hope better things of you. After reading this we trust that not one of you will ever let such an ugly word as a nickname escape from your lips. Stop it if you feel it is coming, and let not your tongue utter it. "Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us; and we turn about their whole body. For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind: But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."

MY TRUNDLE-BED.

MY TRUNDLE-BED.

★ S I rummaged through the attic,
★ List'ning to the falling rain
As it pattered on the shingles
And against the window-pane ;
Peeping over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread,
Saw I in the furthest corner
What was once my trundle-bed.

So I drew it from the corner
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song,
As she sung in sweetest accents
What I since have often read :
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, scenes and sayings
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of memory,
Rushing, thronging to the spot ;
And I wandered back to childhood,
To those happy days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was, with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said.

THE DREAM OF "GOLDEN HAIR."

Never can they be forgotten,
Deeply on my memory graven,
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father!
Father! thou who art in heaven."

This she taught me; then she told me
Of its import great and deep;
After which I learned to utter
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then it was, with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked, "Our Father!
O, do thou now bless my child!"

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has slumbered 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
Rests within the home of God.
But that scene at summer twilight
Never has from memory fled;
And it came in all its freshness
When I saw my trundle-bed.

THE DREAM OF "GOLDEN HAIR."

was weeping, 'neath the apple trees—the little Golden Hair,
Oh, what is it?" chirped the wondering birds afloat in
crimson air,
he will not heed the clover, yearning red-mouthed to be
kissed,
sunset folding round her loving arms of tender mist."
The courtier wind came whispering, "Oh, fairest of the fair,
be that sorrow dares to touch the heart of Golden Hair!"

THE DREAM OF "GOLDEN HAIR."

"Oh, I'm tired, very tired," sobbed the grieving little child
"And I wish I were an angel, in whose sweet eyes God had
For whene'er he does God's bidding, in his harp grow golden
And the angels on the crystal sea make room for his bright
But my playmates laugh to see me try to be so meek and
And they call me bitter mocking names. I'm *tired!*" so
child.

Then the evening wind was sorrowful, and sighing went h
And the robins chirped "Dear Golden Hair," but knew
to say,

But the maiden lifting tearful eyes to heaven's glowing floor
Caught a gleam of white wings drifting through the sunbeams
shut door.

And as still she gazed, a happy cloud brimmed o'er with
spray,
And two angel-forms came floating down the silver shining

And one called unto the other, though she lost the heaven
And he said, "Oh, fairest brother, with the shining wings
It is sweet to pass from glory into glory ever higher,
And to reach the seraphs' throbbing hearts, thrill with his
I yearn but once, for Jesus' sake, to suffer grief and shame
Ah! what joy to show my glorious King how much I love him

Then, with streaming eyes, upon her knees fell little Golden
While the lovely vision floated down the waves of twilight
All that passed in that sweet hour, only God and angels knew
But thereafter with a loving heart, she bore each mocking
Suffering joyfully for Jesus, till the child-soul grew so fair,
That the angels on the crystal sea made room for Golden Hair

THE BRIDGE.



THE BRIDGE.

THE history of the bridge cannot be written. For who can tell where and when and how the first bridge was made, and by whom? The idea of a bridge over a brook or a narrow river, might be first suggested by a tree, which, blown down by a high wind, had fallen across it. Very likely the first bridges were wooden ones over narrow streams. It must have been a long time ere men found out how to carry them over wider and deeper rivers; and longer still before they built them with stone arches. Iron bridges, now so general,

THE BRIDGE.

especially for railways, date, we believe, from the present century.

Indeed within the past sixty years the art of bridge building has been, we might almost say, carried on unto perfection. The system of railroads required the construction of bridges in new forms and of great strength. But the demand for them was met by the supply of them. Indeed there seems to be no obstacle which the surface of the earth presents, whether of bogs or rivers, that the science and art and industry of man is not able to overcome.

The ancient nations, especially the Egyptians, left many mighty monuments of labour, but they were chiefly on dry land. But no nation of ancient or modern times has done more or so much as the people of our own country in overcoming the obstacles presented either on or in the water. On the water we pass from our island shores, making what we might almost call bridges of our ships, by which we pass to all parts of the world ; while along the whole length and breadth of our land we drive over rivers, bogs, and waters, as if they did not exist.

What a wonderful creature is man, to be able to do such things as these ! And yet, what is his life ? It is only as " a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away ! "

Happy they whose feet are treading the BRIDGE whose wide arch spans both worlds !

RAB.

RAB.

MARGARET GRAY was a widow with three young children. Her cottage was not far from the castle of a noble young nobleman in Scotland; and she supported herself and her children comfortably by keeping a cow, and selling the produce of her dairy, garden, and hen-roost. Besides her cow she had a little Highland pony on which she took her butter, and carried fruits to market. This pony went by the name of Rab, and was a great favourite with Effie and her children, for it would let them do what they pleased. But one morning poor Rab, who had seemed strong and weary the night before when he came back from market, was found dead in the orchard. Effie and her children had gone to look at him with sorrowful hearts. These little Scotch children began to talk in this way. "Poor Rab," said Effie, "dinna you wish the Lord would cure him now? You ken mither told us how He cured the sick, and how He once made a man alive again that was dead four days. He could make our Rab alive again, touch of his finger, and he would try, Jamie."

Jamie was a simple-hearted child, scarcely four years old—his little brain was puzzled. For him there was but one lord—the good and generous young nobleman at the Castle. Of his power and goodness he could believe anything, and though he opened his

RAB.

eyes wide at his sister's story, his face grew radiant with joy, as just at that moment he caught sight of his lordship coming slowly down the lane on his beautiful bay mare. In a moment he was in the road, in the very path of the rider, crying out—"Stop, stop, lord! our Rab is dead—ye maun make him alive again!"

His lordship checked his horse, and looked down on the little petitioner in silent astonishment, while Mrs. Gray ran out of the cottage, with baby in her arms, and catching hold of Jamie, strove to lift him out of the way. But the little fellow resisted sturdily, crying still—

"Let him make Rab alive! He maun make him alive!"

"But, my little fellow," said his lordship, smiling, "if Rab is really dead—and I am very sorry to hear it—I cannot make him alive; how could you think of such a thing?"

But Jamie stood his ground, answering—"My mither says you once made a big man alive after he had been dead four days—Rab is only a wee pony, and he's been dead but a wee bit while; so it's no a hard job for you. Dinna say you will na do it."

"What can the child mean, Mrs. Gray?" asked his lordship.

"I dinna ken, my lord," she replied, "unless, Heaven forgive us! he takes you for the Lord Jesus. I didna think the bairn was so heathenish and so daft (foolish). You maun forgie the poor child."

RAB.

His lordship dismounted, and taking the little fellow by the hand, by a few simple questions soon found that this was indeed Jamie's strange delusion.

"My little laddie," he said, "you are wofully mistaken. I cannot bring your poor old pony back to life. You can never play with him, or feed him, or ride him among the heather or along the burn-side again. Rab's work is done, and it is time he should rest. But, Jamie, I can give you another pony in his place—one that I hope may serve your good mother as well as Rab, and that you and Effie must love for my sake. And now good-bye. I hope Jamie will yet know well the Lord who is most great, and good, and loving."

Taking a kindly leave of Mrs. Gray, the young lord then rode on, but in the course of the day the groom at the Castle came down to the widow's cottage, leading the new pony—a handsome sturdy animal, and so gentle and docile that not only Jamie, but timid little Effie could ride on him with safety; and even the baby, when set on his back, played with his mane and answered his whinny with a triumphant crow.

So Jamie's faith, though mistaken, was rewarded, and his innocent fervent little prayer was answered, not by a divine miracle, but by a generous human heart, which no doubt found its reward in proving the truth of the Master's words—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

OUR FADED LILY.



THE WHITE LILY.

OUR FADED LILY.

↑ N its leaf-hung shelter
↑ Bloomed a lily fair
Morning dew-drops cheered it,
With sweet odours rare.

OUR FADED LILY.

Love's sweet sunshine o'er it
Flashed in golden light,
And its soft leaves quiver'd
With a strange delight.
Radiant hopes were clustering
O'er its pearly bloom,
O'er its golden beauty,
O'er its rich perfume.
But the spoiler marked it,
With his blighting breath ;
And its fragrant petals
Shrank at the touch of Death.
One by one they faded,
One by one they fell,
Scattered o'er the woodland,
Mouldering in the dell !

'Mid the golden glory
Of a purer air,
Marked I that bright lily
In its beauty rare.
By the living waters,
By the glassy sea ;
Where no cloud might darken,
Where no blight might be.
On its light supernal
No dark stain of tears ;
O'er its bloom immortal
Nought of earthly fears.
There by angels tended,
Woke its life sublime ;

GOD IS LOVE.

Rich in heavenly glory,
Withered not by time.

Love's own hand had claimed it,
And spotless, undefiled !
Near the throne of glory,
Mother, see thy child !

GOD IS LOVE.

W HENCE comes this melody, both heard and
V That greets my heart wherever I may rove ?
This whispered testimony from all around,

Proclaiming with one voice that, " God is Love."

That word seems borne upon the summer breeze,
That like a gentle spirit sighs among the flowers
That thrilling truth seems gushing from the songs
That burst in countless notes from nature's glow

The humble mountain daisy in its calm retreat,
Or warbling songster in the sheltered grove,
The brilliant planet in the starry sky,
All seem to utter with a song of praise, that " G

And if all nature gives its tribute, shall not we
With gladsome voices swell that sweetest strain-
Sing of that love which led the Lamb to die
To win a fallen race from earth to heaven again !

And when our sojourn in this vale of tears is o'er,
And Jesus calls us to our home above,
When at his feet adoringly we bow,
Our one, our joyous theme shall be, that " God i

THE OLD SQUIRE AT THE OLD HALL.



THE OLD SQUIRE AT THE OLD HALL.

IN the tale I told you about our winter holiday I mentioned the big pool near the Hall, on which we used to slide. I now wish to say a little about that old building and the old Squire himself.

My aunt had a relative who was housekeeper at the Hall, and as my cousins and I often had to go there, we had many opportunities of looking through the rooms.

As for the Hall itself, they called it the Hall, but it was more like a castle than a Hall, and some parts of it were very ancient ; and being of different styles of architecture

THE OLD SQUIRE AT THE OLD HALL.

according to the taste of its several occupants, it presented a singular appearance, although it was a noble of buildings. Inside there were lofty rooms, with large glass windows, long narrow passages, and almost innumerable dark closets ; besides a place which we shuddered to look into called the " Keep," with its stone bench and iron chains firmly fixed in the wall, and a grated window so closely barred that the sun could scarcely peep through and a massive oaken door, thickly studded with iron nails, but, happily, not used as a place of confinement now.

But the place of all places for us was the Picture gallery, where we passed many an hour away at different times in looking at the portraits, and trying to form an idea of their characters from their countenances. There was the likeness of one of the stalwart barons who compelled King John to sign Magna Charta at Runnymede, in 1215 ; and as we looked at him, with his stern face, and his body entirely cased in armour, we could not help thinking that he was one whose will would be obeyed in those times. Then followed the portrait of his son, a delicate-looking youth, who died before his father ; and on, father and son, in almost regular succession, several generations, attired according to the different periods in which they lived—from the mail-clad barons of the thirteenth and fourteenth, to the fantastic costumes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The Squire himself was an elderly man, and some-

THE OLD SQUIRE AT THE OLD HALL.

eccentric in his habits. We boys stood in great dread of him ; I think it was from his abrupt manner of speaking, for a kinder-hearted old gentleman, I believe, never lived. One day my cousins and I were trying to smash a large pebble. We were busily engaged with our hammers, when turning our heads, who should we see but the Squire standing by the side of us and looking on ! Fixing his keen eyes on us, he said, " Ah ! you can break a stone, but you cannot make one ? " Without another word he walked away, and left us to ponder his strange words.

At that time the old gentleman wanted a boy to attend on him and wait at table ; for he was very fond of young people. Now you may suppose there would be plenty of applications for the situation ; but the Squire was a shrewd man, and as he greatly disliked idle curiosity in boys, he would not engage any one until he had been subjected to a trial ; for he would say—" A lad who will look into a drawer may be tempted to take something from it, and a boy who will steal a penny may steal a pound."

It was on a Monday morning that five lads, dressed very neatly, and looking as clean as soap and water could make them, made their appearance at the Hall, and applied for the situation. The old gentleman had a room prepared for them in such a manner that if they meddled with anything he would be aware of it.

First George Sykes was sent into the room, and told to wait a short time. For a little while he was very quiet

THE OLD SQUIRE AT THE OLD HALL.

and looked about him ; but there were so many things that at last he got up to peep at them. On the table was placed a dish cover, and George sadly wanted to know what was under it, yet he felt afraid of lifting it up. But his curiosity mastered him. At last he lifted up the cover. This turned out to be a sad affair, for under it were placed a quantity of feathers, part of which, drawn up by the current of air, flew about the room ; and George, putting down the cover hastily, puffed the rest of them off the table. What was to be done ? He began to pick up the feathers one by one ; but the old gentleman, who was in the next room, hearing a scuffle, and guessing the cause of it, came in, to the great fright of George, who was dismissed as a lad not suitable to the situation.

The room was re-arranged, and Joe Turner was the next one shown into it. He was told, as before, to wait a little. He sat still for a short time, but being of a restless disposition, he was soon tired, and wished for the Squire to come in. At last he thought he would look at the pictures, and was about half-way across the room, when he fancied he heard a footstep, and hastily retreated to his seat. However, it proved a false alarm, and he once more arose. After looking at the pictures, his attention was directed to a little round box on the table, with a screw top to it. He took it in his hand, and wondered what it contained—without doubt, something very curious, for it was the only article then on the table. At

THE OLD SQUIRE AT THE OLD HALL

last he unscrewed the top, when out bounced an artificial snake full a yard long, and fell on his arm! Joe started back and uttered a scream, which brought the Squire to his elbow. There stood Joe, with the bottom of the box in one hand, the top in the other, and the snake on the ground. "Come, come," said the old gentleman, "one snake in a house is quite sufficient; therefore the sooner you are gone the better." He then ordered him out of the room, after the other.

Jem Smith was the third who was shown into the room. He had already been turned away from two situations for petty thefts, so you may be sure it was not long before he had looked at the pictures and opened a book which now lay on the table; and being of a bold resolute temper, he would not have hesitated opening every cupboard and drawer in the room if he could have done so without being found out. However, he noticed a drawer in the table, and soon made up his mind to peep inside it; but no sooner had he laid hold of the knob than he set a bell ringing under the table, which was connected with the drawer by a wire. The old gentleman answered the summons, and entered the room. Jem was so startled at the ringing of the bell that he looked as if he might be knocked down with a feather. The Squire wished to know, as he had rung, if he wanted anything. But Jem could give no answer, and he too was sent about his business very quickly.

THE OLD SQUIRE AT THE OLD HALL.

Tom Jones was next ushered in. He sat still for so long a time that the old gentleman began to think he was one who would be very likely to suit him ; but he was disappointed. Close to where he sat was a closet, the door of which was partly open. Tom had already looked in, but nothing had attracted his attention, being unable to see much inside it. Fastened to the top of the door was a string, the other end of which was tied to the stopper of a small barrel of shot ; and at the bottom of the closet was a large tin pan. Now in opening the door wider, the string pulled the stopper out of the barrel, and out rushed the shot at a tremendous rate, and falling on the tin pan made such a clatter that Tom was half-frightened out of his senses. The old gentleman soon appeared, and as Tom had opened one door, he soon opened another, and told him never to show himself there again.

Harry Clark was the fifth and last, and though he waited in the room nearly half an hour, he never stirred from his seat. Harry had eyes in his head as well as the rest of them, but had more integrity in his heart, and the consequence was he was engaged by the old Squire at the Hall. The confidence placed in him was very great, and was never abused. Some years after he followed his good old master to the grave, who, for his upright conduct in his service, left him a handsome legacy.

Read this, ye busy meddling young people, and imitate the good example of Harry Clark.

CARL.

USE YOUR TALENT.

USE YOUR TALENT.

HAVE you read of the servant who hid in the earth
The talent his master had given,
When, by diligent use, to redouble its worth
He ought to have faithfully striven?

My child, you have talents : God gave them to you,
And will surely require them again.
Take care not to waste them : if ever so few,
Let them not have been given in vain.

You have speech ; then remember to watch your words well,
And let them be constant and kind :
It may seem a small matter, but no one can tell
The comfort a word leaves behind.

You have time. Every minute and hour of the day
Is lent by your Father in heaven.
Make haste to improve, ere it passes away,
The talent so graciously given.

You have influence too, though it seems very small ;
Yet, in greater or lesser degree,
You affect the improvement and comfort of all
With whom you may happen to be.

And the child who in earnest endeavours to live
As an heir of eternity ought,
By his silent example a lesson may give,
Which by words he could never have taught.

Then consider the talents entrusted to you,
And may they be duly improved :
Let your service be hearty and free, as is due
From children so greatly beloved.



BEAUTIFUL BIRDS.

BEAUTIFUL BIRDS.

ALL the works of God are wonderful! We often wonder what heaven is, what angels are doing there, and what it will be to us, if we, through his great mercy Christ, are called at last to enter that glorious place; and what scenes of beauty we shall then behold, beyond all we have ever seen before, or all we have ever thought or dreamed of here on earth.

And yet while here we may, if we look for them, find many things to excite our wonder and our joy. One of our poets has said,

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

How many things of beauty may be seen all around us. God has spread the green grass as a carpet beneath our feet, and every spring the flowers come forth again from their dark sleeping place, to unfold their beauties. Why did God make flowers? and why did he make birds and teach them to sing such sweet songs of joy? We always have thought, and always shall think, that he made them all to please us. He might have left our world without them, but he knew we should be pleased to see and hear them, and so in his kindness he gave them. But not only to please us. Does he not say to us through them, "You see these lovely flowers, you hear these joyous birds; well, you may see and hear greater things than these; for I have things of far greater beauty

HAVING HIS LIKENESS TAKEN.

and joy in heaven, and you shall see and hear them now you set your heart to seek my favour. See first, and you shall find them too. All I have in heaven shall be yours. I have already given you more heaven ; for I gave my own and only Son to suffer and death, that you, through him, might inherit all things. Love me, then, and all I have is yours for ever !”

HAVING HIS LIKENESS TAKEN.

SOME children went into a saloon with their father to have their likenesses taken. The two little girls went first, and George's turn came next. The man told them where to stand, how to place his hands, and which way to look ; to hold up his head, fix his eye on a certain point, and keep still. His cap had fallen on the floor, and at the very moment his likeness was being taken, his sister stepped forward to pick it up, when George gave her such a look. Well that look was taken ; and the likenesses were put up in little cases, and carried away for all to see.

“ This my George !” exclaimed his mother, on examining the pictures, and coming to his. “ Horrid !” his eldest brother, “ horrid !” “ Whose cross, soot face is that ?” asked uncle John, when the pictures were shown to him. “ What young savage is this ?”

HAVING HIS LIKENESS TAKEN.

Aunt Emily, when it was shown to her. As you may suppose, George was very ashamed of his picture; he was so mortified at having it seen with the rest, that he did not know what to do. A more disagreeable picture, perhaps, you never saw; and the worst of it was there was no mistake about its being a true copy. The sun does not make mistakes. And then to have it always kept and shewn as his!

Did you ever think, children, that the world is God's great picture saloon, where we are all having our likenesses taken for eternity? And it is not only our looks and attitudes which will be taken, but all our thoughts and feelings will show in the picture. Anger, envy, selfishness, jealousy, unkindness, will all be faithfully and indelibly put down there by One who never flatters us, but takes us exactly as we are. We cannot seem better or more beautiful to His eye than we really are. When we are tempted to do wrong, or to give way to angry feelings, let us stop and ask, "How will this look in that picture of me which is to last for ever?"

I am afraid if we should see faithful pictures of ourselves sometimes, the sight would often fill us with surprise and shame, as it did poor George. Remember, then, that every day you live your likeness is being taken for eternity. Every morning, when you rise from your bed, stop and think, "I am to have a likeness taken to-day which may last for ever, and I must try to have it a good one."

FIGS AND GRAPES.

FIGS AND GRAPES.



THE Land of Promise, called Canaan or Palestine, produces these well-known delicious fruits in abundance. The Vine and the Fig-tree are frequently mentioned together in the Bible. "Judah and Israel dwell safely, every man under his vine, and under his fig-tree, from Dan even to Beer-sheba, all the days of Solomon." And we are told that the day will yet come on this earth, when men shall not "learn war any more," when "they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-

tree; and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of the LORD of hosts hath spoken it." May God hasten those happy days!

FIGS AND GRAPES.

We give an extract from Kitto respecting the fig tree.
- Of the vine we will tell you more soon.

“ The fig-tree has from the earliest times been a highly esteemed fruit in the East, and its present, as well as ancient Arabic name is *teen*. Though now successfully cultivated in a great part of Europe, even as far north as the southern parts of England, it is yet a native of the East, and probably of the Persian region, where it is most extensively cultivated. The climate there is such that the tree must necessarily be able to bear some degree of cold, and thus be fitted to travel northwards, and ripen its fruit where there is a sufficient amount and continuance of summer heat. The fig is still extensively cultivated in the East, and in a dried state, strung upon cords, it forms an extensive article of commerce.

The fig is mentioned in so many passages of Scripture, that our space will not allow us to enumerate them. The first notice of it, however, occurs in Gen. iii. 7, where Adam and Eve are described as sewing fig-leaves together to make themselves aprons. The common fig-leaf is not so well suited, from its lobed nature, for this purpose; but the practice of sewing or pinning leaves together is very common in the East even in the present day, and baskets, dishes, and umbrellas, are made of leaves so pinned or sewn together. The fig-tree is enumerated (Deut. viii. 8) as one of the valuable products of Palestine, ‘ a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and

FIGS AND GRAPES.

pomegranates.' The spies, who were sent from the wilderness of Paran, brought back from the brook of clusters of grapes, pomegranates, and figs. The fig and the vine are referred to as signs of prosperity. 'The tree beareth her fruit, the fig-tree and the olive do yield their strength.' And their failure is as a sign of affliction, 'He smote their fig-tree and broke the trees of their coasts.' The very few references which are made in the Old Testament to fig and other fruit trees, are in consequence of their forming a much more important article of diet in the warm and dry countries of the East, than they can do in the cold and moist regions of the north. Figs are also used medicinally, and we have a notice in 2 Kings xx. 7, of their employment as a poultice."

In the New Testament also, reference is made to the fig-tree. When our Lord said to Nathaniel, "thou wast under the fig-tree I saw thee," that Israelite believed that he must be the Son of God, could he have seen him when hidden under the leaves of his own fig-tree, where no man could have found him? "Jesus answered and said unto him, Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig-tree, believest thou? thou shalt see greater things than these. And he saith unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man."

A SAD WAR TALE.

A SAD WAR-TALE.

NOT an old one, but a new one, for it has only just happened. I never like to tell you about the sad scenes of war, they are so horrible ; but I tell you boys of this that not one of you may ever wish to be a soldier.

At the time I write this there is a shameful and cruel war going on in Denmark. The Germans have entered that country, and are fighting the Danes. A few days ago the Prussians, who are Germans, fired great guns into one of the Danish towns. A writer says :—

“The Prussians, who appear to be well acquainted with the interior of Sønderborg, threw into the principal street a quantity of large shells, all of which burst near the head-quarters of the garrison. The alarmed inhabitants hastily quitted their houses, each carrying packets of linen and kitchen utensils. I saw one little girl who followed her mother, who was bending beneath the weight of a bundle of clothes and linen, while the child had in her hands a little package and some of her toys ; both were walking very fast, but in a moment after they stopped near a soldier, all covered with mud, who had come from the combat, and was preparing to return to it. The soldier was the husband and father of the fugitive family. He embraced his wife and child, and then hastily went off to join his ranks. He had scarcely turned away when a cry was heard ; the poor child had

THE PUBLICAN'S DAUGHTER.

been struck by the splinter of a shell, which had completely torn her body open, and the mother was kneeling by her side. I turned my eyes towards where the father stood; he was in the ranks, one hand over his eyes, the other convulsively grasping his musket. A cart of straw approached, and the body of the child was put in it; the mother, forgetting her bundle, followed, weeping bitterly."

THE PUBLICAN'S DAUGHTER.

"**OLD JONATHAN**" tells this very pleasing fact. We have adapted it to our pages.

About twelve months since, a Christian friend, journeying in the west of England was detained over Lord's-day at a roadside inn near the railway station, some half mile distant from a small market town. He had spent a pleasant morning at the little chapel in the neighbourhood; and purposed after dinner to visit a Christian friend in the neighbourhood; but the rain poured in torrents, the wind blew tempestuously, preventing his intended visit. He, however, had made the acquaintance of the host's little daughter, who was full of friendly promises. Shortly, it occurred to him to get her attention, and to put before her lively mind the grace and love of Jesus. He had soon got her on his knee, and began to tal

THE PUBLICAN'S DAUGHTER.

her of God who made the wind and rain, the fields and trees, the birds and flowers, the sun and sky, the heavens and the holy angels who dwell above the sky, the men and women and little children who live in this our world, and who, though we cannot see Him, is everywhere, knowing all we think, and all we do, and hearing all we speak; who sees also our evil tempers, and naughty feelings, and who is angry with the wicked every day.

He also told her that, though God hated what was wicked, he was full of mercy, and was glad to pardon poor sinners, and save them from perishing; and had sent his dear Son Jesus Christ to show them his great mercy, by dying on the cross and shedding his most precious blood, out of his great love for those who deserved to perish because of their sins; so he suffered and died, that they might not suffer and die, but be pardoned and blessed with eternal life and love where there are no wicked ones and no sin, up where God and the holy angels are for ever and ever. But, though God's dear Son was so kind and loving to these wicked people, they hated and killed him. He died asking the great God his Father to forgive them. And now he is in heaven with his Father and God, who raised him from the dead, and there he liveth to give pardon to all who repent and believe on his name, and trust in his great love. She soon became desirous of knowing more, asking many questions it was pleasant to answer, and not a few that it was difficult to reply to,

DELIGHTFUL THOUGHTS OF GOD.

so as to satisfy her young mind. The afternoon away, and the next day this Christian friend was gone. About four months after, our friend again passed the place and called at the roadside inn for breakfast; but she was changed: there sat the father and mother and a sister at the table, but the little girl was gone. The parents were clad in deep mourning, and, weeping, sobbed out, "After you left us, sir, she was always asking about you, and wanted to go to him to the happy place, and begged us much to show her the way and take her there. She said she would ask if, when she died, she would have wings to fly up to him. Three months after she sickened, became delirious, and died." Doubtless this child was going to Jesus, away from the evil to come.

How wonderful are the ways of God! The stormy wind and rain was made to serve his loving purpose to this dear child. May thousands upon thousands of such redeemed young spirits wing their happy flight to Jesus. R

DELIGHTFUL THOUGHTS OF GOD.

HE who made us made us to think. This is our distinguishing distinction from brutes; and in this we are made in the image of God, for he is the fountain of thought, and as we have thoughts toward him, his thoughts toward us are thoughts of good and not of evil.

DELIGHTFUL THOUGHTS OF GOD.

Our thoughts of Him ought to be, like those of angels, pleasant and joyful.

To think of God and his goodness to us in Jesus Christ is to be religious. But many young people make great mistakes about what religion is. They fancy it is to be frightened at God. It is nothing of the kind. It is to admire and love him.

True you ought to fear him as well as love him, just as you do your own father; for you fear to offend him, but you love him too; and so are you to fear and love your great Father in heaven.

President Edwards, of America, when young, had most delightful thoughts of God. Hear what he says about them:—

“The first instance that I remember of that sort of inward, sweet delight in God and divine things that I have lived much since, was on reading the words in Tim. i. 17: ‘Now unto the king eternal, immortal, visible, the only wise God, be honour and glory forever and ever. Amen.’ As I read the words, there came into my soul, and was, as it were, diffused through me, a sense of the glory of the Divine Being; a new sense, quite different from anything I had experienced before. Never did any words of Scripture seem to me as these words did. I thought with myself, how excellent a Being God was, and how happy I should be if I might enjoy God, and be rapt up to him in heaven, and be as it

DELIGHTFUL THOUGHTS OF GOD.

were swallowed up in him for ever. I kept saying as it were, singing over these words of Scripture self; and went to pray God that I might enjoy prayer in a manner quite different from what I did, with a new sort of affection.

From about that time I began to have new apprehensions and ideas of Christ, and the redemption, and the glorious way of salvation by him inward, sweet sense of these things at times came to my heart, and my soul was led away in pleasures and contemplations of them. And my mind was engaged to spend my time in reading and meditating on Christ, on the beauty and excellency of his person, the lovely way of salvation by free grace in him. I found no books so pleasant as those that treated of these subjects. The sense I had of divine things would suddenly kindle up, as it were, a sweet burning in me, an ardour of soul that I know not how to express.

Not long after I first began to experience these things I gave an account to my father of some things that passed in my mind. I was much affected by the course we had together, and, when the discourse was over, I walked abroad alone, in a solitary place in my pasture, for contemplation. And as I was walking and looking up to the clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the majesty and grace of God that I know not how to express. I seemed to see these

DELIGHTFUL THOUGHTS OF GOD.

sweet conjunction, majesty and meekness; an awful sweetness; a high, and great, and holy gentleness.

After this my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more lively, and had more inward sweetness. The appearance of everything was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast, or appearance of divine glory, in almost everything.—God's excellence, his wisdom, his purity, and love, seemed to appear in everything—in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water, and all nature—which used greatly to fix my mind."

Yes: and so may you, my dear young reader, enjoy delightful thoughts of God, and of his wonderful love to you in Jesus Christ, if now, with all your heart you set yourself to seek and know Him; for has he not said, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."

"Yes I may love thee: this is thy command—

Thy kind command, and kindly now made known:

My powers and passions too are in thy hand—

Lord, mould and form them for thy use alone!

This worthless heart to thee I would resign;

Poor as it is, thy sovereign hand can raise

A monument to thee—enrich, refine,

And there inscribe thy mercies and my praise.

All I enjoy, and all I hope, is thine—

Unworthiness alone belongs to me:

Inspire me, O my God, with love divine,

And make my life a hymn of praise to thee."



But by the stillness of the hour I thought to be
Beneath my feet had nature spread a carpet rich
And all around me seemed to speak new beauties
Thick branches over-hung my head, and in their
The little warblers of the day had gently sunk

Beside me ran a gushing stream, of waters deep
And far and wide its gurgling sound was borne
Enchanted with the softened scene I sat me down
Of good old days, long passed away, but never gone

I thought of days, Oh, happy days! when free and
I plucked the sweetest flowers of earth, and twined
I thought of moments fled and past, of time
And as I ran from strain to strain, how swift they

How long I ruminated thus it would be hard to
But suddenly there came a sound that broke the
I started! from behind the trees a voice rang out
I listened! and it gently said, "There, only look

I turned and looked from side to side, but nothing
And wonderingly I gazed about to find what it

THE GATHERED BUD.

I put one hand upon her head, she woke as from a dream ;
I placed her gently on my knee, upon my breast to lean.
At length, " Pray tell me, little one, what brings you here ?" I said,
" Why should you spend your sunny hours among the silent dead ?

Do you not see that night has come, that day has passed away ?
You must go home, indeed you must, and here no longer stay."
" Alas !" she said, " I've no one left to care and think of me ;
My father and my mother both are laid beneath this tree ;

And often when the day is o'er, and the sun is in the west,
I come and sit upon their grave, to share their evening rest.
And then I look from this sad earth, above to worlds afar,
And think I see those whom I love look forth in every star.

There, only look !" again I saw the little finger rise,
And every rapture of the soul appeared in those bright eyes ;
" There, that is what I love to see. Away ! away so far,
And soon, O very soon, 'twill be my own, my guiding star.

I sometimes think that I might live if sunny day would stay,
But when the winter cold comes on I soon shall pass away.
I know I feel as mother felt before that she went home,
For often when I try to speak the breath will hardly come.

And of a night, when I can't sleep, I lie awake and try
To think of that bright world above, and the loved ones up on high."
And here the little prattler paused, her childish tale was told—
A sad and mournful tale for one just nine bright summers old.

I tried to speak, but could not give my words or sorrow vent,
So hand in hand from grave to grave so silently we went.
I felt that all she said was true, her little frame was shaken ;
That from this cold cold world of ours she shortly would be taken.

LOOK.

So in my mind I thus resolved, to take her home with me,
And let her dwell until the time that she should be set free.
And all that summer long I watched her young life ebb away,
As gently as the parting beams upon a summer's day.

Then true as every evening came we looked for her bright star
Shining so near us as it seemed, and yet away so far,
Till tired one night she gently lay to rest her weary head,
And as she watched what most she loved, her happy spirit fled

A tender bud while here below with beauties all untold,
But in the spirit land afar its blossoms will unfold,
And in such soil as there is given 'twill germinate and grow,
And be a flower above in heaven, its countless gems to show.

And often now I stand beside the little narrow mound,
And feel as if the very spot was consecrated ground.
And when this poor frail bark of mine to that blest port is dri
I know that there that little one will welcome me to heaven.

I. L.

LOOK.

“PRAY,” said a mother to her dying child,
“Pray :” and in token of assent he smiled ;
Most willing was the spirit, but so weak
The failing frame that he could hardly speak.
At length he said : “ Dear mother, in God’s book
Is it not written, unto Jesus *look* ?
I can look up : I have *no strength* for prayer ;
‘ Look unto me, and be ye saved,’ is there.”
“ It is, my child, it is : thus saith the Lord,
And we may confidently trust his word.”
The boy looked up—to Jesus raised his eyes—
And flew, a happy spirit, to the skies.

THE BIBLE IN ENGLAND.



THE BIBLE IN ENGLAND.

A MORE scarce and precious than gold were even small portions of the sacred writings in our country for seven hundred years ; and a complete Bible was a valuable curiosity. All this time there were no printed copies ; for whether in portions or complete, every copy

THE BIBLE IN ENGLAND.

was written with ink by the fingers—hence their scarcity and great value.

The first printed copies of the English Bible were of great size. I have one of them; which is almost too heavy for a boy of ten years old to carry. Up to this time very few of the common people in England could read either a printed or a written book. Indeed among the nobles and rich men were many who could neither read nor write. Popery had been for nearly a thousand years the religion of this country, and the popish priests did not want the people either to learn to read or have the Bible to read.

But more than three hundred years ago a quarrel between the King of England and the Pope of Rome, led to the breaking up of the power of the Pope and his priests in England. Copies of these big printed Bibles were then placed on desks, to which they were chained, in the porches of the parish churches, and there the people would go at eventide to hear some learned "book-man" read to them the wonderful things which for the first time had reached their ears from its sacred records. Our picture represents one of these interesting scenes. The people are listening to the words with serious attention; but a popish priest on the other side is protesting with indignant earnestness against this "new learning as he called it.

But all was in vain; the people of England havi

THE BIBLE IN ENGLAND.

once got to hear what the Bible had to say, earnestly set to work to learn to read it for themselves ; and though for a long time afterwards they suffered many things for trying to do what it told them, they succeeded at last ; and now every boy or girl, however poor, may learn to read, and in one week may earn as much money as will buy a whole Bible, which an English nobleman, a thousand years ago, could not afford to buy, or could not read if he had bought it.

Yes : let me tell you again, my young readers, that no boys or girls, of any age or nation, could ever say what you can say ; for you can now say, " I can buy a Book of Psalms for one penny ! a Testament for twopence !! or a whole Bible, neatly bound, for sixpence !!! "

Happy are you that you can ; but more happy far will you be if you search those Holy Scriptures until you find that " PEARL OF GREAT PRICE " which they contain.

" Search the Scriptures ; for in them ye think ye have eternal life : and they are they which testify of me. "

" From a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. "

" All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness : that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. "

THE HOLY LAND.

THE HOLY LAND.

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
And Jordan rolled between!"

A "BETTER country" than this earth did not
tain. It was "a delightful" and "a ple
land;" a "goodly heritage of the hosts of nations.
was variegated and intersected with all the eleme:
sublimity and beauty; with whatever was bold and
tle. It was prolific without a miracle, and the subj
a periodical one. It was a wealthy place. Aro
herbs covered its hills, and the purest flowers deck
glens. The rose was in Sharon, and the lily in
valleys. The voice of the turtle was heard in the
There roamed the vine, and there clustered the date
there hung the pomegranate. The cedar towered o
mountains, and the myrtle skirted their sides.
human hand could raise the clusters of Eschol.
south winds passing over the gardens caused the
thereof to flow out. The seasons revolved in
variety, but with a blended sweetness. There wa
upland breeze, in which the fir could wave its arms
the softer air, in which the olive unfolded its bloom
The sun smote not by day, nor the moon by night.
birds sang among the branches. The dew lay thi
Hermon. There was balm in Gilead. The light

THE HOLY LAND.

drooped from the river-bank. Kedron and Jordan poured forth their streams: the rain also filled the pools. Lakes glistened in the landscape, and cooled the drought. Beautiful for situation was Mount Sion. The cattle browsed on a thousand hills. The excellency of Carmel, and the glory of Lebanon, set their pinnacles against the deep azure of Canaan's sky. The year was crowned with goodness. The Lord God cared for that land, and his eyes were always upon it. At the stated periods fell the early and the latter rain. The pastures were clothed with flocks. The ploughman overtook the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that sowed seed. The barns were filled with plenty, and the presses burst out with new wine. The little hills rejoiced on every side. Precious fruits were brought forth by the sun, and precious things were put forth by the moon. The earliest pass, the valley of Achor, was a door of hope. The vineyards distilled the pure blood of the grape. The fountain of Jacob was upon a land of corn and wine. The inhabitants were filled with the finest of the wheat. It flowed with milk and honey. Its heavens dropped fatness. It was surrounded with munitions of rock. The deep couching beneath spread its sure defence. The land might be called Beulah. The distant glimpse of its prospect refreshed the dying eye of Moses; and of all thine earthly territory, is emphatically called thy land, O Immanuel!—*R. W. Hamilton.*

EARTH OR HEAVEN.

EARTH OR HEAVEN.

CLINGING TO EARTH.

O DO not let me die! the earth is bright,
And I am earthly, so I love it well;
Though heaven is holier, all replete with light,
Yet I am frail, and with frail things would dwell.
I cannot die! the flowers of earthly love
Shed their rich fragrance on a kindred heart;
There may be purer, brighter flowers above,
Yet with these loved ones 'twould be hard to part.
I dream of heaven, and well I love those dreams,
They scatter sunlight on my varying way;
But 'mid the clouds of earth are priceless gleams
Of brightness, and on earth O let me stay.
It is not that my lot is void of gloom,
That sadness never circles round my heart;
Nor that I fear the darkness of the tomb,
That I would never from the earth depart.
'Tis that I love the world, its cares, its sorrows,
Its bounding hopes, its feelings fresh and warm,
Each cloud it wears, and every light it borrows,
Loves, wishes, fears, the sunshine and the storm.
I love them all; but closer still the loving
Twine with my being's cords and make my life;
And while within this sunlight I am moving,
I well can hide the storms of worldly strife.
Then do not let me die! for earth is bright,
And I am earthly, so I love it well—
Heaven is a land of holiness and light,
But I am frail, and with the frail would dwell.

EARTH OR HEAVEN.

ASPIRING TO HEAVEN.

YES, let me die! Am I of spirit-birth,
And shall I linger here where spirits fell,
Loving the stain they cast on all of earth?
O make me pure, with pure ones aye to dwell.
'Tis sweet to die! The flowers of earthly love,
(Fair, frail, spring blossoms) early droop and die;
But all their fragrance is exhaled above,
Upon our spirits evermore to lie.
Life is a dream, a bright but fleeting dream,
I can but love; but then my soul awakes,
And from the mist of earthliness a gleam
Of heavenly light, of truth immortal, breaks.
I shrink not from the shadows sorrow flings
Across my pathway; nor from cares that rise
In every foot-print; for each shadow brings
Sunshine and rainbow as it glooms and flies.
But heaven is dearer. There I have my treasure;
There angels fold in love their snowy wings;
There sainted lips chant in celestial measure,
And spirit fingers stray o'er heaven-wrought strings.
There loving eyes are to the portals straying;
There arms extend, a wanderer to enfold;
There waits a dearer, holier One, arraying
His own in spotless robes and crowns of gold.
Then let me die. My spirit longs for heaven,
In that pure bosom evermore to rest;
But if to labour longer here be given,
"Father, thy will be done!" and I am blest.

Fanny Forester.

SPRING WATER.



SPRING WATER.

NO water is more pure than this, more pleasant to eye, or more refreshing to the taste. Hence that in every inhabited country we find the dwelling human beings near to springs of water.

When first found the water was observed to bubble from the bare ground, and running away where it ceasing at once, or presently a brook, which becoming wider as other brooks ran into it, swelled at length a river, which widening and wandering through the valleys, it might be for hundreds of miles, emptied at last, a mighty stream, into the sea.

Where the spring appeared it might be difficult at

SPRING WATER.

to obtain water from it, and so the people would dig a little pool in the ground to receive it, letting it flow in and out as it would. From such a pool they could then supply themselves. If the spring were on the side of a hill or rock, they might conduct the water by pipes to a stone cistern on the lower ground, covering it with slabs of stone to protect it from the sun and rain, as you may see in the picture, where the spout of the pipe is always pouring fresh water into the cistern, which is protected on each side and at the top with slabs of stone, the front only being left open.

The picture also represents two village girls who have been sent by their mothers in the afternoon to fetch pitchers full of water for their tea-kettles. Girls are mostly fond of doing this errand, especially on a hot afternoon, for then they love to bathe their hands and arms in the cool spring water.

One of the finest springs of water I ever met with was at Newstead Abbey, near Nottingham, once the seat of the talented but dissolute and unhappy Lord Byron, the poet. The old monks who chose that spot for their abbey were wise men. When a glass was nearly filled with it the water could not be distinguished from the glass, for though the glass was not quite filled we could not see, when the man held it up, how full it was. This spring bubbled up from a bed of very fine white sand, and this is supposed to be the cause of the water being so pure and clear.

SPRING WATER.

Springs of waters are often called Fountains in the Holy Scriptures, the word Fountain being also used to represent the Divine Being and the blessings which flow from him. The psalmist says, "With thee is the fountain of life," teaching us that God only is the spring source of all life. Nay, he calls himself "the Lord, the fountain of living waters," and complains of his people in these awful words, "they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and have hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." In ancient times God promised that a fountain should be opened in sin and for uncleanness; and it was opened when the Saviour shed his precious blood for us, for "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." What wonderful and infinite mercy is this! As that beautiful hymn says :—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins :
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my stains away !

Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more."

ANNIE IS ALWAYS READY.

The highest blessings of heaven are also represented to us as springing from fountains. John says, "And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb." "For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

ANNIE IS ALWAYS READY.

"THERE'S one of my glove-buttons gone," said Kate, as she was preparing to go out. How provoking it is! A glove looks so untidy, unfastened."

"Just wait a minute, sister," said Annie, "I believe I have some glove-buttons in my box; and opening the lid, she took out a little tin box, and pouring the contents on the table, soon found one. Her handy little needle and silk quickly sewed it on, and she was well repaid by a kiss from her sister, and a hearty "thank you, Annie dear; your little cabinet of curiosities is a perfect gold mine. You can always find the right thing here;" and she tripped away, quite satisfied that all was right.

"How long have you had that box, cousin Annie?" asked Ned, who was spending a week at the house.

ANNIE IS ALWAYS READY.

"Ever since she can remember, I think," said mother, laughing. "She always was a careful body, from the time she could toddle about the house. She used to make little collections of I do not know what, when she was four or five years old. It is a habit, though, and I am sure we are all indebted to her every day of our lives. It would be a curiosity to have an account some day of the calls she has."

"I think I will do it," said Ned. "Where can I find a paper and pencil?"

Annie opened her little box again, and took out the back of an old envelope she had saved, cutting off the torn side, and a little piece of pencil some one had saved out doors.

"You can set down three things to begin with," said laughing—"a glove-button, a piece of paper, and a pencil."

Just then little Martha came running in, with a string off her bonnet, and she in "such a hurry."

"Run to Annie," said her mother, who was making mince pies.

Up went the box-lid, and this time a little bag, containing all sorts of odds and ends of old strings and ribbons, was overhauled. The right thing was sure to be there, and taking a threaded needle from a cushion, the string was sewed on in a minute, and Mattie was dancing off to her play again.

ANNIE IS ALWAYS READY.

"Number four," said Ned, just as father came in and asked Annie if she could find him "a good bit of string. He wanted to mend his harness just enough to drive to the harness-maker to have it repaired." Another little bag was produced, which contained the bit that was wanted; and with a "thank you, Annie, you are a treasure, and so is your box," he went away.

"Just take your work, and dont stir from that corner to-day," said Ned, "you'll be wanted. You might set up a shop. If they all had as many customers these hard times, they would thrive. Well, Tommy, what can we do for you?"

Tommy did not deign to glance at his cousin, but went straight to Annie.

"I have lost my mitten, sister, and can't make a snow man without it. Can I have another?"

"Now I guess you are at a stand, Annie," said Ned; "your resources will fail for once."

Annie smiled, and said to Tommy, "If sister will give you another mitten, will you go out and look hard for the lost one?"

The little fellow promised, and was bid to go and warm his feet by the fire a little while. Annie took out a paper pattern and a bit of thick cloth, which was quickly cut into a mitten shape and sewed up, all in fifteen minutes. Ned looked on, dumb with admiration; he had been taught a lesson he did not intend to forget.

A CAPITAL JOKE.

A CAPITAL JOKE.

A YOUNG gentleman and his tutor took a walk on a summer evening. Passing over a field where a man was cutting grass they found he had left his heavy boots under a bush on the side of the footpath, for it was a hot day, and he thought he should be more easy without them. The man was now at the bottom of the field, and when his back turned toward them he did not see them.

"Let us have a bit of fun with the man," said the youth. "I will hide his boots in another place; under these nettles, and we will watch him when he comes back, and see how bothered he will be to find them."

"Yes: that will be amusing, no doubt," said his tutor. "But do another thing, and then it will be a capital joke."
"What is that?"

"Put half a crown at the end of one of them, then we shall see how bothered he will be to put it on."
"So I will."

"That's right; push it down to the place where his toes go, and then he won't see it."

All this was quickly done. "Now," said the tutor, "we will go on the other side of the hedge, where we can hear what he says."

The man, when he reached the bottom of the field, stood up, and having wiped his scythe with grass,

A CAPITAL JOKE.

it over his shoulder and walked up to the bush for his boots ; but he could not find them.

"How is this?" he said to himself, "I left them here. Surely no one has stolen them? What can I do without them? I have trouble enough already with a badly wife and three small children wanting bread, and no money until my work is done. What shall I do?"

Then he poked about with the end of his scythe among the nettles under the bush, and there he found them.

"Here they are!" he said, "Well, I am glad I have found them. But who put them here I wonder? I did not, I am sure."

He put on one easily, but when he tried to put on the other he felt something at his toes. "Ah! now I know how it is," said he, lifting up the boot, "some fellow who loves mischief came along the footpath while I was down yonder, and seeing my boots, put a stone into one of them, and then hid them among the nettles."

Turning the boot up out tumbled a white—half-crown! The poor man looked and looked, and could hardly believe his own eyes, now filled with tears, and said, "The Lord has done this. He has inclined the heart of some one who knew we wanted bread to give me this help when I most wanted it. My good old book always comes true. My poor wife did right to read that verse to me this morning before I came to work—'Trust in the Lord,

A CAPITAL JOKE.

and do good ; so shall thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed ! ”

Shouldering his scythe, the poor mower walked off to his cottage with a light step and a joyous grateful heart.

The tutor looked at his pupil and saw that his eyes too were wet with tears. “ There ! ” said he, “ was not that a capital joke ? ”

This young gentleman was happy in having so wise a tutor. The lesson which he taught him so cleverly that afternoon would make an indelible impression on his young mind. By it he was taught how, in future life, to make good use of the money that he was likely to possess ; and what a delicious luxury there is in doing good. How much to be desired it is, that more such lessons were taught to the young people in our families ! What blessings to all around them they might then become ; and thus blessing others they would be blessed of God themselves ; for it is one of the wise and just and unalterable laws of his providential kingdom, that in doing good we get good, and we know who said, “ It is more blessed to give than to receive.”

And how much better is it to do an act of kindness than of mischief. And what some call fun soon grows into mischief when it is indulged at the expense of others. It is no fair excuse to say, “ I was only in fun.”

“ For none but a madman will fling about fire,
And say, “ It was only in sport.”

MY SCHOOLMASTER.



A SEAPORT CITY OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

MY SCHOOLMASTER.

MEN never forget their school-boy days. They are perhaps more strongly fixed in their remembrance than any other period of life. Even in old age they will sit and bring before their minds the place, the seats, the desks, the lessons, their companions, the playground, and above all, the master; and if he were a kind man,

they cherish his memory. Let me tell a

Our schoolmaster was of the world, and had been open, for many were the through which he had natural products, and the people. He had tlemen, and had travelled countries of Europe:-- across the Pyrenees in Portugal. From this the Straits of Gibraltar Mediterranean Sea to they stayed some time his life. These were

One of his pupils had of the beautiful Bay, from the shore before that was taking place he started the water v ripple here and there space of half-an-hour had become tempestuous the wave. He had, however, was urging it with all had proceeded to with

MY SCHOOLMASTER.

the land when a huge wave swamped the boat. He was a good swimmer, though not a powerful one, and accordingly struck out bravely, hoping soon to reach the shore. These proceedings were watched with the most intense anxiety by his brother and his tutor, who had hastened down to the coast on the first indications of the change of weather; but no boat was to be obtained to render him any assistance. He buffeted well with the waves for a short distance, but his strokes were getting feebler and feebler, till he seemed almost exhausted. His brother, who could scarcely swim at all, was with difficulty restrained from rushing into the now boiling waters, in a frantic attempt either to save him or die with him. Meanwhile, our schoolmaster had divested himself of his coat and boots, and, watching his opportunity, plunged headlong into the sea, and in a short time succeeded in reaching the nearly senseless swimmer. Now commenced the struggle for dear life—one moment being carried on the crest of a wave to within a score yards of the shore, another receding back into the sea. This occurred several times. Again and again he endeavoured to land his burden, his efforts becoming more powerless with each failure. From sheer exhaustion he had relaxed his grasp of the drowning youth, when a mighty wave swept them along, and deposited them both, almost lifeless, at the feet of those on the shore. Next followed a dangerous illness. When he

MY SCHOOLMASTER.

awoke to a state of consciousness, the first person he discerned was the young gentleman for whom he had so nobly risked his own. I need not tell of joyful recognition, nor yet of the heart-felt thank accompanied it. Suffice it to say that a fresh sympathy ever after existed between them.

He always spoke of this city (Naples) as the most beautiful he ever visited. The intense blue of the sea reflected in the deep waters of its noble bay with its magnificent scenery, has made it famous throughout the world; while at night the moon shines with a brilliancy unknown in this country.

They then travelled across the continent to visit several old cities, and noting their curiosities.

Of a romantic temperament himself, it was but natural he should be fond of poetry. It was his custom to choose eight or ten of us, one evening in each week, to read selected pieces from the best English authors, and commenting on their beauties, and commenting on the church was situated near the school—a

MY SCHOOLMASTER.

nant with the vespers of the feathery tribes; the lark was trilling her evening hymn of praise to an all-beneficent Creator; a little stream by the wood-side went babbling along, ever and anon kissed by the tips of the drooping willows swayed by the evening breeze;—yet, amid all this brightness and beauty, our hearts were sad. Our tutor's countenance, too, had a look of sorrow it seldom wore. Why was this? There should have been ten of us—there were only nine! Where was the missing one—the favourite of the whole school? But one short week before he was with us on that spot, his heart overflowing with the buoyancy of health and spirits, and looking forward with joyous anticipation to the next meeting; but alas! to him it never came. The next morning he was taken ill; two more days passed away, and the spirit had winged its way back to its Almighty Giver! His death was so sudden we could scarcely believe it, but the grave at our feet convinced us of the reality.

We took our accustomed seats in silence. The piece of poetry selected was "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard." The scene was appropriate—there were the "lowing herds," the "ivy-mantled tower" of the church, and the "rugged elms" of the graveyard, with its "uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture."

Each one read a verse, but—unusual occurrence!—no question was asked. I had to read this stanza—

MY SCHOOLMASTER.

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering bed,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

"Have you not made a mistake? Read it was the question sternly asked by our master. I startled, not so much at the words as at the tone of voice, for they were so unlike his usual kind and manner. However, I did as I was commanded. It was the same question asked, but more sternly before; and again I complied. "Read the third line over again," he said.

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid."

"Does it say, '*for ever* laid?'" "Yes, sir," I replied. "So it does. But what a mistake! The man who wrote these lines was a philosopher, an amiable and virtuous man, and yet he understood not what he wrote—'*for ever* laid.' The poem itself is one of the most beautiful compositions in the English language. It is a melancholy one, without one ray of light to us of the resurrection to a life of glorious immortality beyond the dark tomb. It begins with the church and finishes with the grave. Oh! why did it not lead us to heaven as a land of final rest? '*For ever* laid' for a greater than the poet has said—'We shall sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the

MY SCHOOLMASTER.

shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.' My young friends, when yon setting sun 'is turned into darkness, and the moon into blood,' your souls will live, and live on through the countless ages of eternity; and as you have led a holy or a wicked life on earth, so will you spend that eternity with God and his angels in heaven, or in that fearful place where there is 'weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.' Oh! live well that you may die happy; and never forget that you can only live well by trusting in Christ for salvation and strength."

In silence we had assembled, and as quietly we departed—our hearts saddened by the loss of our much-loved playmate.

Besides the custom just alluded to, our schoolmaster frequently took us walks after our regular lessons were over; and rare holidays they were, I can assure you. Everything curious or instructive seemed to attract his attention—a bird, a plant, a tree, a stone, all furnished a lesson of some kind. His house, too, was a small museum—glass-cases full of birds and insects, a quantity of beautiful shells, and a variety of other things that I cannot now remember. He had a large magic lantern as well, which afforded us much amusement in the winter evenings; there were views of some of the cities he had visited, old castles and churches, a storm at sea, Mount Vesuvius during an eruption, and many others.

MY SCHOOLMASTER.

Will my young friends improve the brightest time of their youth—their school days? Learn all you can, and keep all you learn. You will need all the knowledge you can obtain. It is at school, to a great extent, you learn those things which will enable you to fight life's battle bravely and nobly. Oh! remember that—

“Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's ocean main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

Then let us be up and doing,
Heart resolved for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.”

CARL.



STOKE POGIS CHURCHYARD,
Four miles from Windsor, the scene of Gray's celebrated Elegy.

DO THEY LOVE US STILL?

DO THEY LOVE US STILL?

WHO? Why those who are now gone from us far away into the spirit-world. They loved us when here, and we loved them; we love to think of them yet. But do they think of us; do they love us still? Why not?

A writer, who has the happy art of making truth look beautiful, says :—"For my part, I cannot regard the departed mother as unmindful of the children she has left. I cannot suppose the child will forget the mother in whose kind arms it lay, into whose loving eyes it gazed in its dying hour. I cannot suppose that the sisterly or brotherly affection which glowed with a sacred warmth while on earth, has grown cold in heaven. I must believe that we still have a place in their memories and affections—that they look with interest on our movements, rejoice in our joys, and sympathise with our sorrows; and that if there be nothing to hinder, they will sometimes visit us to minister the help or the consolation which it is in their power to bestow.

The Scriptures not only permit, but countenance the pleasing belief that our departed friends are often with us. It consists with the most reverential regard for Bible teaching, that we should conceive of the angel sister accompanying her brother throughout his earthly course, inspiring holy thoughts, surrounding him with gentle

DO THEY LOVE US STILL?

influences, lightening his trials, and cheering hours. We may think of the sainted mother : over her little ones, warding off evil from them when they are sad, giving them glad t day, and pleasant dreams at night. The glor we may regard as ministering with gentle h wants, and regarding with complacent feeling doing, of those on whose arm he leaned wh brought its frailties, who gently tended hi years, and closed his eyes in death, and whom soon to welcome to a better world. And might have wished for more decided evidence that we have permission so to do, is enough cling to the belief that they are with us in happiest moments ; when we pray most ferv struggle most manfully, and walk most wise earth is most like heaven ; when celestial gently stealing over us, fill our souls with gladness, and bear our affections upward, as if pinions, towards our home on high !

There are seasons when we all share in this ! see nothing unreasonable in Mrs. Stowe's be

DO THEY LOVE US STILL?

with a sudden light, as of joy and recognition, and 'mother,' and then he was gone.' We feel that is nothing unreasonable in the thought that the mother was waiting to welcome her favourite between whom and herself while on earth there was such sympathy. Nor do we find it difficult to credit the touching incident of a child who lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was as frail as beautiful; and as the love of her heart unfolded, it seemed, as if won by that mother's prayers, to turn instinctively heavenward. She would lie upon the lap of the friend that took a mother's place for her, and winding one wasted arm about her neck, would say, 'Now tell me about my mother;' and when the oft-told tale had been repeated, would softly say, 'Take me into the parlour; I want to see my mother.' The request was never refused, and the affectionate child would lie for hours, contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait. But

'Pale and wan she grew, and weakly,
Bearing all her pains so meekly,
That to them she still grew dearer,
As the trial hour drew nearer.'

The hour came at last, and weeping friends assembled to see the little one die. The dew of death was already on the flower, as its life-sun was going down. The little child heaved faintly. 'Do you know me, darling?'

THE LOVED AND THE LOST.

sobbed, close in her ear, the voice that was dearest to her, it awoke no answer. All at once, a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colourless countenance. The eyelids flashed open; the lips parted, and the hands flew up, in the little one's impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the face of the dead. 'Mother!' she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone—and passed with that breath into her mother's bosom. Said a distinguished minister, who stood by that bed of joyous death—'If I had never believed in the ministration of departed ones before, I could doubt it now!'

THE LOVED AND THE LOST.

“THE loved and lost!” why do we call them lost,
Because we miss them on our onward road,
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.
They are not lost: they are within the door
That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself their Lord, and Judge, and King
And this we call a “loss;” O selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! O we of little faith!
Let us look round, some argument to borrow
Why we in patience should await the morrow
That surely must succeed this night of death.

THE LOVED AND THE LOST.

Aye, look upon this dreary desert path,
The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn ;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath !
They have escaped from these ; and lo ! we mourn.

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell ;

When lo ! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then pitying spake, " Give me the little lad ;
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong—
" Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share !"
Oh, rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise ; death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust ;
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech,
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust :

It bids us do the work that they laid down—
Take up the song where they broke off the strain ;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

"I SEE THEE STILL."

"I SEE THEE STILL."

I SEE thee still.

Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust ;
Thou comest in the morning light—
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night.
In dreams I meet thee as of old,
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear ;
In every scene to memory dear,
I see thee still.

I see thee still,

In every hallowed token round :
This little ring thy finger bound ;
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded ;
This silken chain by thee was braided ;
These flowers, all withered now like thee,
Loved one, thou didst cull for me ;
This book was thine—here didst thou read—
This picture—ah ! yes, here, indeed,
I see thee still.

I see thee still.

Here was thy summer noon's retreat ;
This was thy favourite fireside seat ;
This was thy chamber, where, each day,
I sat and watched thy sad decay.
Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie ;
Here, on this pillow, thou didst die !
Dark hour ! once more its woes unfold—
As then I saw thee, pale and cold,
I see thee still.

"UNTIL THE EVENING."

I see thee still,
Not in thy human form or dress,
But in that robe of righteousness
Which for thy spirit Jesus wrought
When he, with blood, thy ransom bought.
O may his grace my soul prepare,
And make it meet thy bliss to share,
Then in that land of glory bright
I'll cry, with rapture and delight,
I see thee still !

"UNTIL THE EVENING."

THE stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in evening's robe of calm ;
And weary man must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer ;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose ;
There is a calm, a beauty, and a power,
That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

FADING AND REVIVING.

"Until the evening," we must weep and toil,
Plough life's stern furrow, dig the weary soil ;
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh ! when our sun is setting, may we glide
Like summer evening down the golden tide ;
And leave behind us as we pass away,
Sweet starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

FADING AND REVIVING.

THE children, like the lily-flowers,
On which descend the sun and showers,
Their hues of beauty blending,—
The parents, like the outspread boughs,
On which the emerald foliage grows,
Their friendly shade extending.

But leaves the greenest will decay,
And flowers the brightest fade away,
When autumn-winds are sweeping ;
And be the household e'er so fair,
The hand of death may soon be there,
And turn the scene to weeping.

Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,
And lilies wave beneath the breeze,
When spring comes smiling hither ;
And friends, who parted at the tomb,
May yet renew their loveliest bloom,
And meet in heaven together.



LITTLE MARGARET AND HER RING-DEER.

THIS pretty tale, we are told, was written recently for a beloved boy, by his father, who was from home on service in the American army. While in trans-

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LITTLE MARGARET AND HER RING-DEER.

that way ; this he would know by their tracks or foot-steps left in the snow.

His dog Jack, who knew well that whenever his master shouldered his gun they were going a hunting, seemed to be equally interested, for he kept his nose to the ground and looked keenly at every leaf that moved when stirred by the wind. They had not gone more than a quarter of a mile when they crossed the tracks of some deer ; their trail was very plain in the snow, and the hunter at once knew that an old deer and a young one had passed that way ; he also saw they had passed quite lately, for the trail was fresh. The way he knew the trail to be fresh was this : the ground was covered with snow, and the snow was covered with frost in all places except the deer tracks, so they must have passed there that morning, otherwise there would be frost in their tracks.

Hunters pay a great deal of attention to these little things, as it helps them very much in hunting. So the young man followed up the trail, and in a few minutes he was at the edge of the wood, where the open country again lay before him. Here he stopped, and, calling to his dog Jack, he ordered him to keep back, while he, from behind a large tree, looked around the country for the deer. At first there were none to be seen, and he was about to shoulder his rifle and walk farther on, when a young fawn came out of a hollow, where she had been

LITTLE MARGARET AND HER RING-DEER.

hid by the high grass, and was immediately followed by the mother, a large, full-grown deer.

The young man now, with great quiet and caution (for deer bear and smell very quick), stepped back further behind the tree, and looked sternly at Jack, who at once dropped upon the grass, as though striving to hide himself also. In a few seconds the rifle was raised and fired, the deer fell wounded, and as soon as Jack saw her fall, he knew what was expected of him; so he rushed to the fallen deer, and held her fast, lest she might get away. But Jack might have spared his teeth, for the poor deer was dying of her wound, and the hunter with his long hunting-knife, soon put her out of pain.

Before the poor mother gasped forth her last breath, she turned her head to where her fawn, who had not moved from the spot, was standing, and gave it a look of great love and affection, as though it was very hard to leave one she loved so dearly, and as though the parting made death more bitter. When, therefore, the hunter (who was not a hard-hearted man, although he had killed the deer, for that is one way in which people get food in that country,) saw the piteous way in which the old deer looked at her fawn, his heart relented, and he determined to take the little one home, feed it, and treat it kindly; so he took the dead deer upon his shoulder, and looked around at the fawn, who at once followed him who carried her mother, as though unconscious of that mother's death.

LITTLE MARGARET AND HER RING-DEER.

Upon his arrival home the fawn followed him into the house, and did not seem in the least afraid of Jack, although he growled and showed his teeth; but his master ordered him to be quiet, so he let the fawn alone.

The young man had one sister and several brothers; they were all delighted with the beautiful fawn, who had large bright eyes, and a glossy yellowish skin, with white spots upon it. He became familiar in a short time. They gave him some bread and milk, which he lapped heartily, and licked their hands afterwards: for young deer, like little boys and girls, soon forget their troubles. In a few days he became quite a pet, and was as familiar, and more saucy than Jack.

No one took so great a liking to the pretty fawn as little Margaret; she used to put blue and pink ribbons around his neck, and they made him look very pretty; she would then hold the looking-glass to his face that he might see his likeness there, and his look of amazement used to make the little girl laugh heartily.

One day, aided by her brothers, she fastened a large bright ring in his ear; he did not seem to like it much at first, but soon became used to it, and Margaret called him her Ring-deer. He stopped with them through the summer and winter, by which time he was grown large, fat, and saucy, sometimes, indeed, mischievous, and it was found necessary to correct his forwardness. So bold was he grown that Jack, although a large dog, was quite

LITTLE MARGARET AND HER RING-DEER.

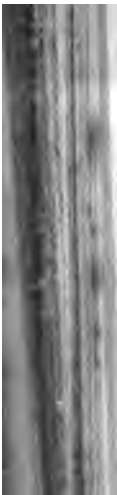
afraid of him ; he would strike the dog both with his and fore feet, the hoofs of which were hard and sharp. Jack kept out of the way when Ring-deer was cross.

He was now quite at home in the family, and none of them had any idea that he would leave. But one day he got himself into sad trouble, although he did not know he was doing wrong. The young man who found him in the wood had been receiving some money for corn which he had sold. The money, which was in notes, was on the table where he had been counting it, when a gust of wind through the open door, blew a ten dollar note from the table to the floor, near to where the deer was standing, who immediately seized it with his teeth before the young man could prevent him, chewed it into pieces, so that it was quite worthless. This was an accident, and it very much enraged the young man, forgetting that the deer could not be aware he was doing any injury, at once seized a large stick and struck the animal so heavy a blow that it knocked him down. He then beat and kicked him ; so the deer ran out of the house far away into the woods, and they lost him. Poor Margaret was much grieved at losing her deer, and they all tried many days to find him, but he did not come back no more : and it is very probable he soon met some of his own kindred in the woods, who would not treat him so harshly nor unreasonably as his first master had. It was not wise nor kind of the young

LITTLE MARGARET AND HER RING-DEER.

to act so rough to the poor deer ; people who have pets about the house, whether cat, dog, or deer, ought to remember that they do not know right from wrong as we do, and if they vex us by doing some mischief, we should think of this. We may get rid of them when they are mischievous, but it is wrong to hurt them.

I said just now the deer came back no more, but he was more than once seen by hunters, and might easily have been shot ; but those who saw him knew his history, and that little Margaret would be sorry to hear of Ring-deer's death ; so they spared him out of love to the little girl, who was amiable and good-tempered to every one ; and oh, how glad they made her when they said they had seen Ring-deer, but would not shoot him. Some years after this, when Margaret was much older, another of her brothers was hunting in the woods when he saw the skeleton of an animal on the ground. It had been there a long time, for the flesh was all gone, eaten by wolves or crows, nothing was left but the bones ; and the young man, who saw by the antlers that it was the skeleton of a deer, thought he would take home the antlers, as they were very fine and large, to place over his fireplace. He stooped and was picking them up when something round and glittering caught his eye, which upon taking up proved to be the large brass ring that of old adorned the favourite of his sister, poor Ring-deer. So he took home the antlers and the ring, giving them both to Margaret,



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Ring-deer



SUMMER MORNING IN THE GARDEN.

may wrap ourselves up in warmer clothing, and, at a brisk pace step round the walks to bid farewell to the

“Last rose of summer left there all alone,
Its blooming companions all faded and gone!”

Or when those months are coming to their close we may venture out to watch if the crocus and the snowdrop are lifting up their modest heads to tell us that Spring is coming soon.

But when Spring has fought his rough battle with surly Winter, and brought the sunshine and warm air of Summer, then the garden—the garden—with its flowers and song-birds, and bees and butterflies, is the place we most love to visit.

It is pleasant then to be there on a calm evening, before the dews begin to fall and the buds of a thousand flowers fold themselves up for sleep. But far more pleasant is it to be there at early morn, when the warm rays of the rising sun is drinking up the dew, and the buds are opening their beauteous bosoms to our admiring eyes, filling all the air with their richest fragrance.

If any of my young readers will shake off dull sleep, and after thanking HIM who has kept them all the night, away at early morn into the garden or the field, they will then enjoy one of the richest and most cheering scenes this world ever presents. Take my advice; go once, and you will wish to go again and again, for health and joy will attend your steps!

BIRDS AND WILD FLOWERS IN SPRING.

BIRDS AND WILD FLOWERS IN SPRING

"When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then on every tree
Sings cuck-oo, cuck-oo."

WHAT a pleasant sound there is about the Spring! How sweetly it falls upon the ear, mingling with it visions of primrose-covered banks, brighter skies, just warm enough to tempt "those angels of the trees," the birds, to come out again from their winter hiding-places and sing, in their old haunts and greenwood shades, all the sweeter for having been silent so long! Oh! how dull would appear the great, solemn, cathedral-looking woods without little winged choristers to warble in them, and break the silence by the sound of their sweet notes—sweet as the jingling of a thousand silver bells, all chiming in one accord! What beauty now breaks upon us on every side! what pleasant objects greet the eye! what a freshness and buoyancy there is about our hearts! the soul seems as if it longed to escape, fly abroad and mingle in the sunshine with the breeze, the birds, the flowers! Up springs the skylark from among the young daisies, where it has slept all night long, shaking the beaded dew-drops from its wings, as it soars up into the clear and sunny blue of heaven, seeming to

BIRDS AND WILD FLOWERS IN SPRING. .

time to its own music by the motion of its pinions as it rises higher and higher, until it looks no larger than a bee, then diminishes into a mere speck, so small, that if the eye but loses sight of it for a moment, it vanishes amid the floating silver of the cloud, and its note sounds fainter and afar off, as if it were singing, at the same time, both to earth and heaven!—and we might almost fancy that there were angels' faces looking down and listening to its music, as they leant over the golden edges of the sun-dyed clouds, even as we look upward, and try in vain to catch another glance at the little chorister, who sings up yonder "at heaven's gate." Further on, you hear a whole choir of blackbirds, thrushes, and linnets calling to, and answering each other, from every budding spray and opening hedgerow; and so much does their song harmonize with your own feelings, that you seem to hear them say to one another, "Oh, what a lovely Spring this is!"

And what greater enjoyment can a boy wish for, than to ramble through the fields, and woods, and beside clear and pleasant rivers, at this delightful season of the year, indulging in all kinds of wayward fancies, in watching the flowers and young buds as they blow and blossom, thicker and sweeter every day; or in endeavouring to distinguish the notes of his favourite birds?

There is a very ancient rhyme—I cannot tell you how old it is—which says,

BIRDS AND WILD FLOWERS IN SPRING.

"April showers
Bring May flowers :"

neither can I tell you the names of half the flowers that they bring ; but I remember well, when a boy, I used to set out alone to try how many different kinds of flowers I could gather in a single morning, confining myself to only two or three of the same kind ; and I have often returned with a whole handful, many of the names of which I did not know, but amongst them were the clove flowers, white and red ; daisies, of every tinge of crimson ; buttercups, yellow as gold ; great marsh marigolds, as big as the brass buttons on my grandad's coat ; primroses, pale, sweet, and beautiful ; lady-smocks, "all silver-white ;" a beautiful flower that we called the crow-foot ; orchises, that looked like bees, and resembled, in form and colour, other insects ; cowslips, still my favourite amongst wild flowers ; lilies of the valley, with which our woods were covered ; violets, oh, how sweet ! anemones, that seemed to grow everywhere ; the ivy-leaved speedwell, ever beautiful ; arums, which we called lords and ladies ; and a curious plant which went in the country by the name of "Robin-in-the-hedge," for under hedges it is most commonly found. Blue-bells we could lie down and roll in, for the neighbouring plantations were covered with them. Then there was the yellow and starred celandine, that is so often mistaken for the buttercup, which it only resembles in colour ; and the

BIRDS AND WILD FLOWERS IN SPRING.

rage, purple and white. These are about all I knew names of when a boy; for I must not include the ooms of the sloe and hawthorn, and the golden buds e gorse, in my wild posy, although I seldom failed to a sprig of each in the centre, where they towered e like the plumes of a tall chieftain. Then I ered numbers of others with whose names I was un- ainted: for there were not so many cheap and good s descriptive of flowers in my boyish days as there ow, and such as there were chiefly contained hard a names, which I could not clearly understand; so I : blundering onward, like a busy bee, from one to other, and gathering knowledge about them as I best l. But I became acquainted with many old men women who were herbalists, and whom I often d with while they were out gathering herbs and ers; and from them I learned many things which, wise, I should never have known; for there are y healing virtues in plants and herbs which are y beneficial to man. And some of those old herbalists to make me smile while they talked about these gs, and how such and such herbs were only good a gathered at certain hours, and under certain ets, which I was very hard in believing. And I ve now that our ancestors only said that we must our faces in may-dew before the sun rose, to give fresh colour that would last, that they might induce

BIRDS AND WILD FLOWERS IN SPRING.

us to rise early in the morning, and not lie in bed till the sun had risen.

But what a change every week produces towards the end of Spring. We no longer discover the short grass which grew side by side with the daisies; we observe how it has grown up into flower and seed, and grey, and rustling beneath every breeze that blows, and almost ripe for the hay-harvest. We notice a rusty look upon the may-blossoms, which tells that the beauty has departed with the expiring Spring. We notice that the fine light green, which gave such a tenderness to the foliage of the trees, is deepening into a darker umbrage which Summer hangs over her brow; we notice how many flowers have already faded away, and how others of a richer bloom and deeper colour are stepping in to fill up their places; we observe many a bird that poured forth its full-throated song through April and May, is hidden and silent somewhere in the leafy coverts of July.

So writes TOM MILLER, the "Basket-maker," in prose almost reads like poetry. His closing remark about the change which summer brings is affecting; but it is—change, change, change, is written on all the sounds and scenes. "There's nothing true but here, there glad songs never cease—

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers."

SUMMER EVENING PRAYER.

Happy they! who through a dying Saviour's love, rise to
in those endless melodies and behold those undying
cauties!

SUMMER EVENING PRAYER.

I COME to Thee to-night,
In my lone closet, where no eyes can see,
And dare to crave an interview with Thee,
Father of love and light.

Softly the moonbeams shine
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While the sweet voices of the evening breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.

Thou giv'st the calm repose
That rests on all—the air, the birds, the flowers,
The human spirit in its weary hour,
Now at the bright day's close.

To Thee my soul would bend
In humble reverence at thy holy throne,
Trusting the merits of the Son alone
Thy sceptre to extend.

If I this day have striven
With thy blest Spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth, in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
An unforgiving thought, or word, or look,
Though deep the injury which I scarce could brook,
Wash me from the dark sin.

SUMMER EVENING PRAYER.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I could relieve,
Careless the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with deeper smart.
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Father ! my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew :
And as the stars whose nightly course is true,
So would I be to Thee.

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of Thy love implore,
But for each penitent the wide world o'er,
Whom Thou hast called thine own.

And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my youthful years
Has watched to soothe afflictions grief and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline
The light of gladness, or of hope or health,
Be Thou their solace and their joy and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

And now, O Father, take
The heart thus cast with humble faith on Thee,
And make it clean from all impurity,
For my Redeemer's sake.

SECRET READING OF THE BIBLE IN ENGLAND.



SECRET READING OF THE BIBLE IN
ENGLAND.

WE have told you how, more than three hundred years ago, the first large printed copies of the Bible were chained fast on desks in parish churches, and there the people would flock to hear them read ; but they were not allowed to have the Book in their own houses.

And yet such was the desire of many to hear what the



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SECRET READING OF THE BIBLE IN ENGLAND.

MERLE D'AUBIGNE, in his "History of the Reformation in England," referring to those days, says:—

"In the county of Lincoln on the shores of the North Sea, along the fertile banks of the Humber, Trent, and Ouse, and on the slopes of the smiling hills, dwelt many peaceful christians—labourers, artificers, and shepherds—who spent their days in toil, in keeping their flocks, doing good, and in reading the Bible. The more the Reformation-light increased in England, the greater was the increase in the number of these children of peace. These 'rustic men,' as they were called, were devoid of human knowledge, but they thirsted for the knowledge of God. They appeared occasionally at church; but instead of repeating the prayers like the rest, they sat, said their 'Amen's,' 'mum like beasts.' On Sundays and holidays, they assembled in each other's houses, and sometimes passed a whole night in reading a portion of Scripture. There chanced to be few books among them, one of the rustics, who had learnt by heart the epistle of James, the beginning of Luke's gospel, the Sermon on the Mount, or an epistle of Paul's, would recite a few verses in a distinct and calm voice; then all would piously converse about the holy truths of the faith, and exhort one another to put them in practice. But if any person joined their meetings, who did not belong to their body, they would all keep silent. Speaking much among each other, they were speechless before those from without: fear of

THE LAD IN PATCHED TROUSERS.

the priests and of the fagot made them dumb. There was no family rejoicing without the reading of the scriptures. At the marriage of a daughter of the aged dant, one of their patriarchs, the wedding party secretly in a barn, and read the whole of one of the epistles. Marriages are rarely celebrated in this way.

But I may tell you more about these "Just M Lincolnshire" another time.

THE LAD IN PATCHED TROUSERS.

AN AMERICAN TALE.

SOME years ago, a lean, awkward-looking lad with coarse, patched trousers, came one morning to a house in which the president of a college lived. He knocked at the door, and asked to see the president. A servant girl looked at his poor shabby clothes, thinking that he looked more like a beggar than any else, told him to go round to the kitchen. The boy came

"I suppose you want some breakfast," said the servant girl. "I can give you that without troubling the doctor."

"Thank you," said the boy, "I have no objection to a piece of bread; but I want very much to see the president."

"Indeed," said the girl, looking at the boy's patched trousers, "I suppose you want some old clothes. I think the doctor has none to spare; he gives away many." And then, without minding the boy's request, she went about her work.

THE LAD IN PATCHED TROUSERS.

The boy ate the bread with a keen relish, for he was very hungry. When he had finished it, he said, "Can I see the president now?"

"Well, he's in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must, but he does like to be alone sometimes," said the girl in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill-looking fellow into her master's presence; but, wiping her hands, she told him to follow her. Opening the door of the library, she said—

"Here, sir, is somebody who is dreadfully anxious to see you, and so I let him in."

The president looked towards the boy, and said—

"Well, my lad, what is it you want?"

"Please, sir," said the boy, making an awkward sort of a bow, "I want to know if I can enter college?"

"I should think not," said the learned doctor, supposing from the boy's appearance that he was an ignorant fellow, who didn't know what he was talking about. He then asked him some questions in the simple rules of arithmetic, which he answered correctly. He then passed on to fractions and decimals, and then to algebra; but all his questions were readily answered.

"Very good," said the president. "Do you know anything of Latin, my man?" asked he, handing the boy a copy of Virgil.

"A little, sir," said the boy; and taking the book, he

THE LAD IN PATCHED TROUSERS.

opened it, and read off a dozen or twenty lines very fluently, and translated them into English.

"Indeed!" said the doctor, as he looked at the boy, with great surprise.

"Have you read any Greek, young man?" he asked, as he handed him a copy of Homer.

"A little, sir," said the boy again. He then took the book, and read and translated the Greek.

"Upon my word," said he, "that is well done;" and looking at the youth over his spectacles, he asked—"Why, my boy, when did you pick up all this learning?"

Mark the boy's reply—"In my spare moments, sir!"

Ah! yes, this boy had learned to gather up the fragments of time. He was a poor boy, who had to work hard on a farm for his living; and yet, by improving his spare moments—the half hour or quarter, he could save at dinner time, and by making use of the long winter evenings, after the day's work was done, he had prepared himself to enter college. While others were letting their spare moments slip idly away, while they were lounging about, doing nothing, or worse than nothing, learning to smoke and drink, and to play games, he was gathering up the fragments of his time, that nothing should be lost. You would not have been surprised had you followed that young man through the rest of his life, to find him, after his college days, rising to a high station among the wise and good men of the land.

VISIT OF GARIBALDI.

VISIT OF GARIBALDI.



Ruins on the Sea Coast of Sicily.

EARLY in the year 1863 all England was excited with joy to welcome the "Sea-king's daughter from over the sea,"

who came from Denmark to be the wife of the Prince of Wales — the Queen's eldest son, and heir to the throne of England.

Within about a year from that time another illustrious stranger visited our land. But he was neither young

nor of royal birth. Once an Italian sailor boy; when a young man he was, for several years, in South America. Returning to his own country, then much oppressed by tyrants, he took a leading part in the attempts which were made to free the people from the double yoke of temporal and spiritual bondage. For a time those

VISIT OF GARIBALDI

attempts were defeated. At length, after a dreadful struggle, the greater part of Italy was relieved from oppressors.

The kingdom of Naples, including the large island Sicily, was yet under the cruel dominion of a tyrant. Garibaldi, with only a few followers, landed on the island; and having succeeded in securing possession of the chief places, passed over to the mainland. The King of Naples, hearing of his approach, fled, and Garibaldi entered the great and splendid city of Naples in a railway train! The new King of Italy soon joined him with his army, and Garibaldi having handed over the possession of another kingdom, retired to a rocky island, where, for many months, in a small hut he lived retired, spending his time in cultivating his garden, feeding his goats, rowing his boat, or reading all the world had to say of his wonderful exploits.

Many more strange adventures of this remarkable man might be told; but it is right you should know the love of his country, and his hatred of tyranny, led him to be a soldier; and yet he was a lover of peace, and of freedom. More than this, he was not a soldier for the sake of what some foolishly call glory, or for the sake of the riches he might secure. Having won kingship, he sought no doubtful honours or high rewards. He was yet willing to work for his own bread.

It was this unselfish and disinterested conduct

VISIT OF GARIBALDI.

won for him the admiration of the world, and of the English people, high and low, rich and poor, universally. And hence it was that when it was known that he was coming to visit us, the greatest preparations were made to receive him, at Southampton where he landed, and in London especially, where hundreds of thousands gave him a hearty welcome; one of our richest noblemen receiving him into his splendid mansion as his guest. There, in the House of the Duke of Sutherland, he was visited by the most distinguished men of all parties and politics in the land; the young Prince of Wales himself walking quietly down to the Duke's mansion to have a private interview with the Deliverer of Italy.

Having visited some of the most celebrated places in and around London, it was said that he intended to visit several of our greatest towns and cities; but for some unknown reason he returned sooner than was expected to his own snug little island of Caprera, to dig in his garden, feed his goats, and read what Englishmen thought of him.

More we need not now tell you of this noble Italian hero; for if any man ever deserved the name of a 'hero, JOSEPH GARIBALDI, once a poor sailor boy, certainly does. Perhaps some day we may meet with a picture of him; if we do you shall have it, and then we may also give you some description of his personal appearance.

MARY ELLEN.

MARY ELLEN.

FROM AUSTRALIA.

IN the morning bloom of youth, Mary Ellen was a lovely girl, joyous in health and spirits, promising to herself and friends increasing pleasure as she ripened into womanhood. But a fall from her horse, for she was fond of riding, laid her on the bed of pain and weakness. She now seemed to be very reserved and thoughtful, sometimes dull and gloomy, and generally silent. Her friends noticed the change, but could not draw from her the real cause of her sorrow, which seemed to arise more from distress of mind than bodily suffering. No means were neglected by the fond parents to relieve their beloved child; no expense spared. She was placed first under the care of one medical man and then another, and another; but One above had claimed her for His, and was gradually preparing her for a home above. The way was "through much tribulation," but the right way.

Failing health and failing strength at last became more apparent. For months she was unable to speak above whisper; and a constant and distressing cough gave her little respite. At length, after having been for some time away under medical treatment, she returned home in such a state of utter weakness, that those who saw her felt persuaded that she was not likely long to be a resident of earth.

MARY ELLEN.

In a very short time after that she was no longer able to rise from her bed, and knew that she was passing away herself. And then it seems as if the reserve that had hitherto so closely enfolded her began to relax its rigidity. The heart, melted with love to her Saviour, no longer strove to conceal that love. The spirit, yearning for a brighter, fairer clime, visibly betrayed that yearning ; while the precious Bible, no longer secretly perused, became the daily companion of many a lonely hour. For she was spared for weeks to testify that Jesus was her Saviour, that in Him alone she now trusted. Again and again were her sweet eyes upraised to heaven, and the thin white hands clasped fervently, as she exclaimed, "Oh! what should I do without Jesus now? Ah! Jesus, Jesus, is my only hope."

On one of her sisters inquiring when she first began to think of these things, she replied, "Oh, for some time now;" intimating that she had in secret been seeking the Saviour, and had now found him. Once her anxious father, conscious that she would soon leave them, told her that she would shortly have done with earth and earthly objects, and earnestly asked her if she felt prepared to die.

She answered, "Oh yes! I trust alone in Jesus."

"I have done with earth," she once exclaimed ; "Oh, what vanity it seems to me now!"

During the last week of her illness her sister Jane

MARY ELLEN.

read much to her. She was one day reading some hymns of heaven and glory; among them, "What it be to dwell above," and "On wings of faith mount my soul, and rise." She listened with quiet pleasure and then exclaimed, "She liked them all." But the one she liked better than all was her favourite

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

That seemed to express her feelings best.

Oh, how often has that sweet hymn comforted the dying christian! How often has it raised the hope of the weary pilgrim! How often has it brought to the feet of Jesus the trembling sinner! How many times have these expressive lines come from pale lips

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling."

As the closing scene drew near, the faith and hope of the young christian grew brighter. So weak, that she slept her friends many times bent anxiously over her, fearing that she had already left them; yet most of her waking moments were occupied in prayer. With her hands meekly crossed upon her bosom, and lips that were constantly with inward aspirations, how fair she looked! For delicate transparency and consumption ever gives to the face a more delicate transparency than when in health. Yet still is she now, white-robed, and glory-crowned, sorrowless; waving her palm-branch with those

MARY ELLEN.

"through much tribulation" have entered the kingdom of heaven above.

On Christmas-day, the day previous to her departure, her father, looking fondly at her, exclaimed, "This is the last Christmas-day for you, my dear Mary Ellen."

"Yes, father," she returned, a joyful smile stealing into her face; "but next Christmas I shall be the happiest of you all."

A short time after she called for a small looking-glass, and on its being presented, she gazed for a few moments earnestly at herself.

"Yes," she presently said, "I am changed! There is death there! I shall soon be gone."

So calmly does the love of God in the heart, His "Peace, be still," on the spirit, cause the soul to look even upon the depths and billows of the dark river of death!

More than once she had gathered her brothers and sisters together, affectionately urging them to seek Christ now, while youth, and health, and strength remained.

To her brother Howard she tenderly said, "You may live a long time, and you may die very soon; but oh! seek Jesus now."

Death came at last; softly, quietly stealing over the fair features. Weeping friends gathered round her, for they knew that she was going. They watched her fleeting breath, as it scarcely moved the bosom, gently and

MARY ELLEN.

more gently still passing the pale lips. The s were closed ; their deep lashes contrasting strang the marble hues of the fair cheeks they rested up transparent hands, in their favourite position meekly crossed upon her bosom. Life was ebbing and yet so gently, it might have been, as it was a sleep. Would she speak again to the dear one her ? Would there be yet a word to assure th was happy, before she had done for ever with words ?

Yes : the soft eyes at last unclosed ; and with smile the lips distinctly whisper, " It is all right ! then the spirit took its homeward happy departure

" All right ! " Yes, dear Mary Ellen. Thy breath set its seal to the mercy of thy Heavenly All He does is right. And glad thou hast of pressed thyself to be, that even through tribulation led thee to his kingdom. Ah ! who shall tell visible to those closed eyes in those parting moments Who shall tell what revelations were being made parting spirit that occasioned the utterance of the words, " It is all right ? "

" It is all right ! " Help us to feel it so, O however thorny our path. Be it ours to exclaim our dying lips, like this dear girl, " It is all right ! "

M.

LITTLE EMMY.

LITTLE EMMY.

AS an angel to their dwelling, though no snowy wings were
gleaming,
Came that little infant daughter, bringing ever-growing love;
And they welcomed her with gladness unto hearts with joy
o'er-teeming,
As a blessing from above.

Though perchance their darling Emmy was to stranger eyes
no fairer
Than all other cherished children, yet unto their loving eyes
Shone from her such wondrous beauty that they deemed no
flower rarer
Blossomed but in Paradise.

And they thought to keep her always, and they dreamt of days
yet coming,
When the love upon her centred she should give to them again,
Nor suspecting storms of sorrow even then were o'er them looming,
That should turn their joy to pain.

For the white-robed holy angels, all unseen by vision mortal,
Came to bear her on their pinions upward from the earth away—
Far above all clouds and shadows, through the holy city's portal,
To the land of perfect day.

And upon the brow unsullied, that shall ne'er be marred by sadness,
Now they place the crown unfading, through the Saviour's merit hers;
And upon the harp they teach her how to strike the notes of
gladness—
Of the joy that knows no tears.

LITTLE EMMY.

Twas not strange that they should miss her, and, in half-rebellious
sorrow,

In the home now left so vacant, feel their hope was quenched
in night,

E'en forgetful for a season of that brighter, better morrow
That shall dawn in heaven's light.

But 'tis only for a moment, for their faith, yet brighter glowing.
Shall with words of sweet consoling bring its comfort to the heart:
And the thought of love eternal, through their inmost spirits flowing,
Point where loved ones never part.

Blessed parents! sad yet blessed, see ye not the One who leadeth
Through the valley of affliction, while his love he there reveals;
How in pastures green and pleasant he the worn and weary feedeth,
And the wounded spirit heals?

For through sorrow and through trial, as the gold through much
refining,

Shall thy hopes and aims grow purer than they e'er before had been:
Rising upward to that loved one dwelling now in glory shining,
That no mortal eye hath seen.

Blessed babe! no stain of sorrow now can mar her infant sweetness—
Infant ever in the knowledge of the heavy load of sin—
By the tender Shepherd gathered, in her innocence and meekness
To the heavenly fold within.

Father, mother, infant daughter, soon shall meet in glad re-union
And the pilgrim days of mourning be forgotten in its joy;
In the love that finds no limit holding perfect blest communion
That can never know alloy. A.

THE DRAGON-FLY.



THE DRAGON-FLY.

Do my young reader ever see one of these beautiful insects? If he wishes to have a sight of one, he may, on a fine sunshiny day in summer or early autumn, visit the green fields through which a brook of

THE DRAGON-FLY.

water runs well shaded with small trees or bushes, and walking along its banks, if he be watchful, he may soon see a very large fly with a big head, a long body, and broad wings, all of the most brilliant colours, flitting about over the water, or darting from bush to bush, and never stopping long in one place. That is the Dragon Fly. Do not try to catch it, for that would be labour in vain, it moves rapidly from one side of the brook to other: and if by chance you should manage to secure it would not reward you for your pains, for taking hold of it would spoil its beauty, it is such a tender and delicate creature.

Those who have watched the habits of this curious insect tell us that it only lives in its winged state for a summer. But before it dies it drops a number of eggs on some pond or ditch of quiet water. These soon hatch, and grow to the bottom among the mud, where they grow something like a caterpillar. In this state it remains for two years, devouring all the small insects it can find. When the second summer comes, it has a very peculiar way of jerking itself up from the bottom to the surface of the water. It then crawls up the sides of a reed on the bank, where the warm sunshine has dried off its slough or covering. When the covering is partly off it first pulls out one leg and then another, until it is able to kick all the covering off. Then its wings appear, hanging down on each side of its

THE DRAGON-FLY.

as you see them in the picture ; but they are useless until the sun has dried them, and then they begin to vibrate and expand, and soon you might see that living thing, which a few hours before looked like an ugly dirty worm crawling in the mud, now set free and sailing along in the air, the bright sunshine displaying the richest colours, shining like sparkling gems of rarest beauty. How wonderful !

The French call these insects "Demoiselles," that is Ladies—they are so graceful and elegant. The wings seem as if made of silk lace of various colours. The eye appears large, and it is supposed to be fixed ; but it has a wondrous power of vision ; for it is said to contain 12,000 lenses or mirrors !

Perhaps you wish to know why it is called the Dragon-fly. First, let me say that the word dragon was used in old books to describe a fabulous monster, part beast, part bird, and part serpent, which romance writers said ate up every living thing it came near. This was all nonsense, and worse ; for it was not true. But this insect seems to have got the name because, crawling in the water or flying in the air, it devours all the small insects which come in its way. But like the men who take the sword and perish by the sword, these insects, which devour so many other insects, are themselves devoured by birds, and those which escape perish in the first frosts which come in the later weeks of autumn.

"THE USEFUL ARE THE GLAD."

"THE USEFUL ARE THE GLAD."

†† HAPPY Annie ! useful Annie !
†† Never cheerless, never dull ;
Toils she has, and cares how many,
Yet a heart of gladness full.

Annie is a poor man's daughter ;
And her tender mother had,
Almost from a baby, taught her
That the *useful* are the *glad*.

Soon her small hands, round and rosy,
Learned to fill her porridge bowl ;
And to pluck the Sunday posy
For her father's buttonhole.

Soon to twine the sweet clematis
Trimly round the window sill :
And to train the " painted ladies,"
And to tie the bright jonquil ;

Soon to pull the water-cresses,
Choosing each with skill and care
From the brooklet's weedy tresses,
Tangled in confusion there.

And as Anna older groweth,
Cares increase on every side ;
But the stream of joy still floweth,
And its founts are multiplied.

When the light of morning breaketh
Early on the purple hill,
From her pillow she awaketh,
While the lambs are sleeping still.

"THE USEFUL ARE THE GLAD."

And she moveth softly—lightly,
Lest the baby be aroused;
But her step grows quick and sprightly
When the cottage door is closed.

With her pitcher brightly poised,
Hastes she to the forest spring;
Not the skylark sweeter voiced,
As the twain in concert sing!

Ah! she has no time to linger
With the woodlark by the well;
Household duties quickly bring her
Back, with dearer things to dwell.

At her touch, the cold hearth glistens
With the burning faggot bright;
And the waken'd baby listens,
Laughing, crowing, with delight.

Countless duties quickly call her,
As the hours of morning move;
But her burden cannot gall her,
For "the yoke is lined with love."

While the idle soon grow fretful,
Long ere noontide tired and sad,
Annie finds, though self-forgetful,
That the useful are the glad!

Like some pleasant stream that floweth,
Cheering, brightening as it goes,
While itself but little knoweth
Aught of all the good it does—

A MORNING SONG.

Onward moves she, little guessing
Half the solace and the cheer,
Half the comfort and the blessing
Which she scatters wide and near.

Yes, how many a flower would wither,
If the pleasant stream be dried !
And how many hearts together
Would lament, if Annie died !

A MORNING SONG.

NOW backward the night's heavy curtains are rolled,
While the morning looks out from her portals of
The dew-spangled grass, with the birds and the trees,
Keep time to the voice of the sweet-scented breeze ;
And the squirrel comes down from his snug little nest,
For his gambols and feast there are none to molest.

Awake, little children, for day is begun,—
Arise from your slumbers, come forth in the sun ;
But first in your chamber remember who kept
Your bodies and souls from harm while you slept ;
Kneel down where you slumbered all night in his care,
And offer thanksgiving to God with your prayer.

In the glow of the sun,—by the light of the moon,—
When the arrow of death fieth swiftly by noon,
With his love in your hearts and his word for your guide
With his grace for your shield, can no evil betide ;
Come forth, then, with joy and his praises repeat ;
For his angels have charge of the paths of your feet.

MARGARET PIERRONE, THE FRENCH MARTYR.



MARGARET PIERRONE, THE FRENCH
MARTYR.

ABOUT the same time, 300 years ago, not only in
England, but in France, there was a great desire
among the people to read that wonderful book which had
been so long kept out of sight by the papists, who knew
that the Bible not only condemned their wicked doings,

MARGARET PIERRONE, THE FRENCH MARTYR

but would show the people that real religion is different from that system of idolatry and superstition which they had set up. And so, in France as in England, the popish priests did all they could to prevent the circulation of the newly printed copies of the Holy Scriptures, and not only so, but they persecuted unto death—man or woman—who believed what they read in the sacred pages. In England, during the reign of the unhappy bigot Queen Mary, many such good people were burned to death—to speak plainly—roasted alive.

Here is a short account of the martyrdom of Margaret Pierrone in France for reading the Word of God.

“Margaret Pierrone, a martyr of the sixteenth century, resided in the city of Valenciennes. She was at first a wicked female servant to the popish priests, but she had not been for many years at the mass, when she kept in her house a Bible, in reading which she took her whole delight. The magistrates being informed of this, caused her to be apprehended.

Being in prison, the judges called her before them and said, ‘Margaret, are you not willing to return to your house, and there live with your husband and children?’ ‘Yes,’ said she, ‘if it may stand with the will of God.’ They added further, that they would set her at liberty if she would recant her faith. She wrought with the priests, that in doing a small matter she might be set at liberty. ‘A scaffold shall be erected in the chief place of the city, upon which you are to

MARGARET PIERRONE, THE FRENCH MARTYR.

f, and there to crave pardon for offending the law. a fire being kindled, you must cast your Bible to be consumed, without speaking any word at I pray you, my masters, tell me,' said Margaret, Bible a good book or not?' 'Yes, we confess it,' said they. 'If you allow it to be good,' replied an, 'why would you have me cast it into the fire?' said they, 'to give the priests content. Imagine but paper that you burn, and then all is well. Do so much for saving your life, and we will no more with you. You may obtain another er you will.'

spent about two hours in endeavouring to perier. 'By the help of God,' answered Margaret, never consent to do it. If you will burn my will not burn my Bible.'

ble to weaken her resolution, her enemies comher a close prisoner, to be fed only with bread and and none to be permitted so much as to speak to nking by this hard usage to overcome her; but all no purpose. A doctor of divinity was frequently her, to turn her from her resolution; but he too hard a task for him to effect, and often conso those who sent him, that he found in her no hy they should put her to death."

those wicked men did put her to death in a most anner. She would not burn the Bible herself, but

THE DEPARTED BROTHER.

they took it from her, and cast it into the flames
her eyes. She then said, "You burn there the V
God, which you yourselves acknowledge is go
holy;" and having repeated the Lord's Prayer
faithful woman died after much suffering, like t
martyr, Stephen, "calling upon, and saying, Lord
receive my spirit."

THE DEPARTED BROTHER.

A ROSE most beautiful had grown
Far in the wilderness alone,
There blooming, quite too frail to last
Unguarded from the sweeping blast.

The gardener came,—with skilful toil
He bore it to more friendly soil,
Where, nurtured by his gentle care,
Its blooming fragrance filled the air.

Just so our little brother grew,—
When sickness, chilly as the dew,
And sin and sorrow, dark as night,
Combined the tender plant to blight.

Jesus removed the lovely flower
Safe to his own immortal bower,
To bloom in Paradise more fair,
And shed a sweeter fragrance there. J

MISSIONARY SCENES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

ALL'S WELL.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine;
Father forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And ease in rest my aching pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well! whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break!

MISSIONARY SCENES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

W. WALKER thus describes the pleasing scenes
+ which he and his companions—members of the
society of Friends—witnessed when visiting the various
missionary stations in South Africa:—

Upper Drift. The country we have passed through
on Xammas has probably never before been tracked by
Europeans. We rested here under the partial shade of
the trees on the dry bed of the river, though unable to
proceed for the hordes of sand-flies, and the excessive
heat. The luxury of a warm bath in a shallow pool in
which were abundance of little fishes, was exceedingly

MISSIONARY SCENES IN SOUTH AFRICA

grateful ; and above all, the refreshment of tea and coffee, I hardly know how we could have enjoyed this arduous journey. Thus our toils and labours, in the first and secondary order, as well as those of a more severe order, are tempered by the merciful provisions of a bountiful and all-bountiful Creator, from whom we receive every good gift, whether it be the comparatively small or the great. Our course lay over very rough and uneven ground, among which we were not only in danger of bruising our horses' knees, as well as our own necks, but in meeting with considerable difficulty in tracing the right road to the Afrikaner's Kraal.

No sooner was it known in the Settlers' Colony that Mr. Cooke had arrived, accompanied by some Christian friends, one of whom was to be their Assistant Missionary, than a general excitement prevailed among the people. Warm hearty greetings and demonstrations of satisfaction testified the warm feeling that subsists between the people and their worthy Missionary. We were present at a meeting of the people, and were introduced to David Afrikaner and his brother Titus, half-breed, and to the pious chief Christian Afrikaner. The

MISSIONARY SCENES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

ile others brought sweet and thick milk for the refreshment of the strangers. The scene was one of no small interest. The spangled heavens were seen through the fading foliage of the majestic trees, and reflected again the surface of a sheet of water that lay immediately in the foreground, and around were the cheerful countenances of groups of natives who flocked to greet the newcomers, illuminated by the light of a blazing fire, kindled for our accommodation. But there was a feature of moral sublimity to which the circumstances of our visit gave rise, that transcended all the rest. At the moment when the Afrikaners and Bundelzwarts were at issue, Titus Afrikaner was the terror of his opponents.

He had repeatedly gained the victory in the contests between his tribe and the Bundelzwarts, until the last battle in which the two tribes were engaged. On this occasion Jan Ortman, our attendant, headed the Bundelzwarts, and succeeded in driving Titus and his followers from the field. This was the last occasion on which the two leaders had met. Now, how changed was the scene! Both had become followers of the lowly Saviour, men of peace, and members of the same church; and sitting down together, after having cordially saluted each other, they conversed respecting the mighty change that had taken place in each of them through the agency of divine Grace, by which every spark of animosity and blood had been extinguished. Titus Afrikaner was long

FISHING AND DIVING IN TASMANIA.

after his brother David in the reception of the gospel, was a source of trouble and concern to him; at period he was as noted for his dauntless and lion-like as he now is for his religious sensibility and tender. He is often so contrite at the remembrance of his that he cannot restrain his tears, but weeps aloud l child. He says of himself in reference to this weak as he considers it, 'I once had a man's heart, but n am become as a very woman.'

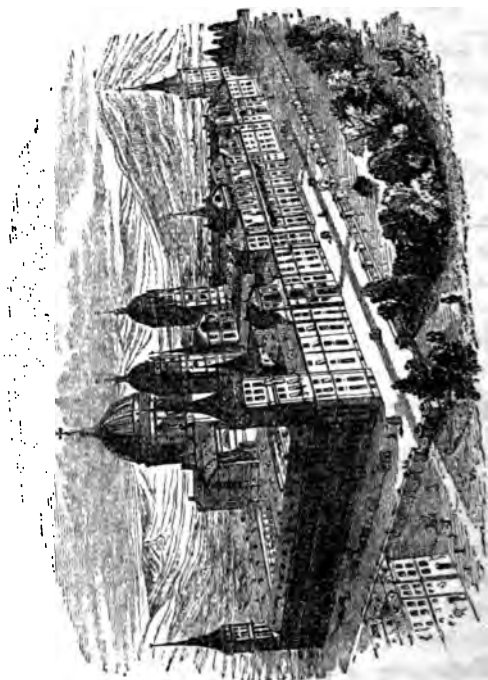
FISHING AND DIVING IN TASMANIA

A CANOE was near, made fast to the shore. It composed of a single sheet of bark rendered pliab heat, drawn together at the ends, and firmly bound, sticks being introduced to strengthen the sides. capable of holding two persons, who must however re very stationary, as the edge is nearly level with the w We saw one of the men spear fish from it. The s eight or nine feet long, has four sharp sticks, about feet long, bound on the end, the points forming a sq of two or three inches. The man was on his kne the boat, which he impelled with two short pad Retaining one paddle in his left hand, with which c sionally he dexterously changed the position of the c without producing a ripple on the surface, he graspe

FISHING AND DIVING IN TASMANIA.

spear in his right hand, keeping the point immersed a little in the water, and glancing his piercing eye along the bottom till he detected his prey, when the stroke was generally successful. Twice, out of three darts I saw him make, he brought up a fish.

We saw some of the native women dive for fish. They appear to be half amphibious, such is their dexterity in the water, and what is singular, they appear to float with their heads in an upright position above water, without any effort, and this in the midst of kelp and other seaweed that would terrify the generality of skilful swimmers. They put aside the weed with their hands, or lift it over their heads as it becomes wrapt round them, and fearlessly dive, head foremost, into the midst of it, passing the branches of kelp through their hands as a sailor would a rope; until, as they continue to descend, a crayfish arrests their sight, when seizing it by the back, they ascend promptly to the surface, where they readily disengage themselves from the kelp and weed, and throw the prey to their companions on shore. Sometimes they put their heads a little below the surface, and look along the bottom until they descry a shell-fish, when in a moment their heels appear above the surface, and diving to the bottom, their prey is secured. The men are said to be far inferior to the women in diving, as they consider it the province of the females to procure fish. The natives are excessively fond of shell-fish. *G. W. Walker.*



THE GRAND PALACE OF THE ESCURIAL, IN SPAIN.

THE GRAND PALACE OF THE ESCURIAL.

THE GRAND PALACE OF THE ESCURIAL.

THE grandest monument raised by the Spanish monarchs at an expense of ten millions of money is the Escorial, near the city of Madrid, which is regarded by the Spaniards as the eighth wonder of the world. But the whole of the palace belongs, in truth, more to the monastery than to that part of the building which is appropriated to the royal residence. It unites regal costliness and splendour with religious gloom: it is an abode fit for a gloomy monk, who wished to withdraw occasionally from the cares of the throne into the solitude of the cloister. Such a king was the founder of this royal monastery, Philip the Second. In the plan, that of a pantheon was included, in pursuance of the will of the emperor Charles the Fifth, in which his remains and those of the empress were deposited, in order that frequent masses might be said over their tombs for the repose of their souls. The edifice was begun in 1563 and finished 1584. It stands on an elevated situation, between two mountains, measuring from north to south 754 feet, and from east to west 500. Its elevation is in due proportion. It is so large and gloomy that it looks like the palace of Death. Cold as the grey eye and granite heart of its founder, this monument of superstition would have been out of keeping amid the flowers and sunshine of a happy valley. It is built chiefly of granite. Its plan is an imitation

THE GRAND PALACE OF THE ESCURIAL

of a *gridiron*, in reference to the torture suffered on utensil by St. Lorenzo, the martyr, to whom it is dedicated. The royal residence forms the handle, and the three towers are designated by the four towers in the corners of the edifice. In the principal front is the general entrance, and over the gate is a statue of St. Lorenzo, holding a book in his left hand, and in his right a *gridiron* of bronze. The whole building consists of the three principal parts: the first comprehends the grand entrance square of the kings, and the temple; the second is the convent; and the third is appropriated to the palace and two colleges. On entering by the great gate, the visitor finds himself in the square of the kings, so called from the six statues of scriptural kings which are in front of the temple. They are at least twice as large as life; and it is a curious circumstance, that the six statues, as well as that of St. Lorenzo, already mentioned, were cut from the same block of stone. It is more curious still, that so much of the block remains as would furnish material for seven more statues equally large. Beneath these statues is the principal entrance to the temple. The interior is a triumph of architecture: it takes away the breath of the beholder from its majestic simplicity. The floor is formed of squares of white and grey marble, alternately arranged. The aspect of the great altar is extremely imposing. It is ascended by nineteen steps of red-veined jasper marble, which elevate it to a majestic height. The temple is

THE GRAND PALACE OF THE ESCURIAL.

ted with forty paintings by different masters. The antheon, where the royal remains are deposited, is a regular vault formed of jasper and other marbles of fine polish, filled with ornaments of gilt bronze. In the sides of the pantheon, to which but a feeble light is admitted, are twenty-six niches, in which are deposited as many pulchral urns of black marble, in which only kings and the mothers of kings are interred; for etiquette in Spain revives the grave. The other queens, together with the princes and princesses, are deposited in another vault, called the Pantheon of the Infantes. From the pantheon we pass to the library. The floor is of white and grey marble, and the ceiling is covered with paintings, corresponding to the nature of the place. In one place, grammar, enthroned in clouds, surrounded by children with books and papers in their hands, presents to them a wreath of flowers to excite emulation. Beneath the cornice, the sons of Noah are seen building the Tower of Babel. Along the middle of the room are ranged seven tables, two of porphyry, and the other five of marble, which sustain terrestrial and celestial globes.

The books are mostly bound in parchment. Upon their edges, which are all gilt, the titles are written; and for this reason they are placed with their edges outwards. The library is not extensive, but contains manuscripts, especially Arabic, that are of great value. The collection of paintings is extensive and magnificent. The grand

A LETTER TO ALL.

kitchen was worthy of 200 monks, who had little but eat! From the kitchen to the royal residence the transition is easy, especially as it is placed in the middle of the gridiron. Here the stupid kings, whose only business was to follow one dull routine, spent six weeks every year, became the real handle of the priests, who had the power of the despot at his first rising and at his last folding his arms to sleep. The gardens are among the finest in the world, but the cost was enormous, for to form them, the ground was levelled and hollowed to admit pipes of fountains, and the soil was brought up from the plains, which required to be constantly renewed, and even then the vegetation was dwarf-like. What a specimen of kingly folly!

A LETTER TO ALL.

CHILDHOOD, I write for thee,
While health and beauty paint thy glowing cheek,
Oh let life's morning consecrated be
To Him of love Divine, of spirit meek,
Who once did die for thee.

Young man, I write for thee,
Just stepping forth on life's uncertain way:
Think what will be thy coming destiny;
Shall it be weal or woe? 'tis thine to say:
Young man, I ask of thee.

A LETTER TO ALL

Maiden, a fear for thee :

“ Thy fond heart dances, while the syren sings.”

Let not the giddy whirl of pleasure be

The charm that lures thee where the serpent stings.

Maiden, this fear for thee.

Mother, a cheer to thee,

Whose anxious heart scarce dares to taste of joy :

Oh “ watch the thousand pitfalls ” carefully,

And pitying Heaven will guard thy darling boy.

Mother, this cheer for thee.

Father, with brow of care,

And stern resolve, in time, “ to do or die ;”

Thine own, thy country’s welfare hangeth there,

Around the rising group before thine eye :

Grudge not thine anxious care.

Teacher, one word for thee,

From out a heart of sympathy and love :

Oh guide thy precious charge in wisdom’s way,

Till all shall meet in the blest world above.

Teacher, this word for thee.

Indulge one anxious thought,

Thou of the feeble frame and silver hair ;

Say, is life’s close with hopes of glory fraught ?

Or is life’s sun declining in despair,

Thou of the silver hair ?

And yet, one parting word :

Be faithful to the trust thy God hath given ;

Walk in the footsteps of thy blessed Lord ;

Then look with joy to thy blest home in heaven.

Regard this parting word.

RUINS OF LEICESTER ABBEY.

RUINS OF LEICESTER ABBEY.

L EICESTER is a very ancient place, as its interesting ruins bear witness to this day. There are remains of Roman idol temples, erected, it is supposed, nearly 1900 years ago, as well as numerous monuments which indicate the same distant period. The history of this town, written with great care by a student—Mr. JAMES THOMPSON, is rich in facts, not only local, but of national interest. Its barons were of great power and influence; its castle was for some time a royal residence, where, for the convenience of the King, parliaments were assembled. From Leicester Richard III. rode out with feudal pomp and fiery intention to Bosworth Field, from whence, being killed, his naked body, tied on the back of a horse, was brought to be cast into a neglected grave. Charles I., when attending with his Parliament, found in the people of Leicester, the most resolute opposition to his foolish and fatal conduct; and it is remarkable that the most serious charge made against the unhappy monarch at his trial was, that after besieging and entering the town he ordered the unresisting inhabitants to be cut down in the streets by his soldiers. We may also mention this very spot where this book is printed every month, as then the town residence of the Earl of Huntingdon.

RUINS OF LEICESTER ABBEY.

that here James I., the father of Charles, was more than once entertained by that nobleman.

Many more historical incidents in the history of Leicester might be mentioned, but we cannot tell them now. Outside the town, on the banks of the little river Soar, about one mile from the market-place, may yet be seen the ruins of an old abbey, a view of the interior of which is given in this picture.



The grounds of the abbey are yet surrounded, excepting the side next the river, by a high stone wall. It must once have been a very pleasant residence for the abbot and his

priestly companions. It was situate about north of the town, with the river gliding between them through a rich valley of pasture lands, whilst west and north of it were gently rising hills then crowned with woods of varied foliage.

The most remarkable fact connected with the history of this abbey is, that it was the death-place of the great Cardinal Wolsey, who died here, Nov. 29th, 1530, not without suspicion of having poisoned himself to escape a

RUINS OF LEICESTER ABBEY.

public execution as a traitor. The life of this man of the most remarkable instances of the vanity of ambition and pride ever recorded for the warning of his kind. He had risen from the middle class of the nobility to the highest step, next to the throne, that a man could reach, when he was suddenly hurled headlong to the dizzy height to which he had climbed. For being brought to the abbey he was a prisoner, arrested by the command of the King, on a charge of high treason.

One of our great poets—some say our greatest—has laid hold of this fact, and makes this once peerless, but now humbled and helpless man express the bitterness of his soul:—

“Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of the world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched

THE STORE-ROOM.

Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again."

"Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?"

"O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

THE STORE-ROOM.

THERE is, in most houses, a little room called the store room, or lumber room. It is the place in which things are put that are not wanted at present. A strange collection of things you see when you go into that room. Near the wall, at one side, stands the tool-board. Under this board stands the nail-box. Near the nail-box stands another box which contains a great variety of things. There are keys and old locks, and bolts, hinges and screws, hooks, and staples, pieces of iron and brass. In one corner of the room are a number of old wooden boxes. On one of the shelves is a lot of empty bottles. Next to the bottles is a basket containing corks and bits

THE STORE-ROOM.

of leather. Behind the door are some board of wood of different sizes. In one corner : shoes. In another is a broken table, and th two or three old chairs. A wonderful varie may be found in that store room. It is not tive, but it is very useful. When anything order about the house, and some lock, or bo wants fixing; or when a piece of board is the kitchen, or a spike or hook in the yard, th room is the place to go to. Whatever it is yo are almost sure to find it there. It is very i have a store room in a house. Yes, and it is tant to keep that room well filled with all sor Whatever you put in there will come into us or other. Some of the things there may remu before you want them, but at last they will things you want.

Now, your mind may be compared to a house. Your memory is the store room. Whatever you learn, or, in other words, all the knowledge you stow away in your memory, just like the things you buy in your store room. Every possible good

THE STORE-ROOM.

something that you learned years before will turn out to be the greatest help and comfort to you. Let me shew you how this sometimes happens.

The church of St. Peter's, at Rome, is one of the most splendid buildings in the world. There is a large open court in front of it, which is filled with beautiful monuments and statuary. One of these is a beautiful obelisk made of Egyptian marble. An obelisk is a column of marble, or other stone, made out of one block, and gradually tapering off from one end to the other, so that the base on which it stands is broader than the top. But the one I am speaking of in front of St. Peter's at Rome, is supposed to be the largest in the world. It is seventy-two feet high, twelve feet square at the base, and eight feet square at the top. It is said to be three thousand years old. It was found among the ruins of an old building in Rome, called the Circus of Nero. There it had lain buried for ages. But it was dug out, and cleaned, and set up among the other beautiful monuments in front of St. Peter's. It was a very difficult job to move it. The obelisk was supposed to weigh about four hundred and seventy tons. Finally, it was removed to the place appointed for it. There, a pedestal of solid stone, thirty feet high, was built for it to stand on. But to get that heavy mass on the top of the pedestal was no easy matter. A skilful architect made all the necessary preparations. He got all the machinery ready, with the windlasses,

THE STORE-ROOM.

blocks, ropes, tackling, and so forth. The day for up the obelisk was a grand holiday in Rome. . . people turned out to witness the sight. The b preserve order, a proclamation was issued that the work was going on, no one, except those empl the work, should speak a loud word, on pain of be in prison. At last the arrangements are all ma the order given to hoist. The wheels go round, th move, the blocks creak, and the obelisk begins . The people watch it with great excitement, but in l less silence. Higher and higher it goes. Even seems to work well ; and still it rises till it is within six inches of the place appointed for it, when su it stops ! What is the matter ? The ropes have str so much that the blocks have come together toc They can't get it any higher. There it hangs da in the air. The people are disappointed. The ar is dreadfully excited. He was just on the point of ing it to be lowered to the ground again, when an lish sailor, in the crowd, who had been watchir operation, sang out, at the top of his voice, " W ropes !—wet the ropes ! " He had learned that whe ropes are wet they always shrink, and become sl This scrap of knowledge was very useful now. architect saw that this would do it. They shru once, and the obelisk was landed in the place int for it. The sailor was put in prison. The next i

"I KNOW JESUS LOVES ME."

was brought up for trial, when he was condemned to receive a large sum of money for the fragment of knowledge which he had gathered up, and which was so very useful in that time of need. Jack took the punishment without a word of complaint, you may depend upon it.

"I KNOW JESUS LOVES ME."

THESE were the words used by a dear boy, twelve years of age, the son of a minister of the gospel in Somersetshire, a short time before his death.

He was always a thoughtful boy, and was fond of reading the Bible and other good books, especially "Pilgrim's Progress."

His illness was painful and of long continuance; and he was naturally of a reserved disposition; but to his relatives he would say, "I love you, but I love Jesus more. O! do come to heaven to me; I hope you will all come to heaven to me." On being asked, "Why do you so fully expect to go to heaven?" his immediate reply was, "I know that Jesus loves me." "How do you know Jesus loves you?" "I feel," said he, with strong emotion, "I love him, and I know he loved me first." The righteousness of Christ was a favourite theme, and verses of hymns on that subject he frequently quoted with ardent delight, especially this—

"I KNOW JESUS LOVES ME."

"Clothed in this robe, how bright I shine,
Angels might envy such a dress;
Angels have not a robe like mine,
The robe of Jesus' righteousness."

In order to ascertain if he thoroughly understood subject, his father asked him, "Do you know, my how a sinner is accepted of God?" "O yes, father," he replied with great animation, "I understand it,

'Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness,'

and if I am clothed in that robe, I must be safe." similar expressions were often reiterated by him to friends.

He frequently referred to the sufferings of Jesus, contrasting the treatment endured by the Saviour, the attentions experienced by himself, he more than exclaimed, "Ah, they gave him vinegar and gall." Indeed the sufferings and sacrifice of Christ were the foundation of that confidence and peace he uniformly enjoyed.

On his younger brother being called to him, he said, "Edward, do you love Jesus?" and then relapsed into his usual quiet: after a few minutes he again opened his eyes, and collecting his powers for another effort, he said, "I should like to ask Henry a question, and on that occasion, a boy of ten, being also called, he addressed him very firmly and with great solemnity, "Henry, I wish to ask you a question; I am going, and I wish to hear:

OVER THERE!

lips before I die—do you love Jesus, Henry?” and exclaiming in a louder voice, “I cannot help loving nature became exhausted; it was his last effort, and after he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

! who can tell the holy joy which filled that father’s when he saw the Good Shepherd take his beloved gently into his arms, and carry him in his bosom heavenly fold.

OVER THERE!

OH, they have reached that sunny shore;
They will never suffer more;
All their pains and griefs are o’er,
Over there!

Oh, they need no lamp for night,
For their Saviour is their light,
And their day is always bright,
Over there!

Oh, the streets are shining gold,
And the glory is untold
Of the blessed Saviour’s fold,
Over there!

Oh, they never shed a tear,
For their Lord is always near,
And with Him in endless cheer,
Over there!

They have done the weary fight;
Jesus saved them by His might,
And they walk with Him in white,
Over there!

THE WORLD OF LIGHT.

THE WORLD OF LIGHT.

SINCE o'er Thy footstool here below,
Such radiant gems are strewn,
Oh ! what magnificence must glow,
My God ! about thy throne !
So brilliant here those drops of light—
There the full ocean rolls, how bright !
If night's blue curtain of the sky
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy,
With glittering diamonds fraught—
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
What splendour at the shrine must dwell !
The dazzling sun at noontide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower—
Till vale and mountain blaze—
But shows, O Lord ! one beam of THINE :
What, then, the day where thou dost shine !
Ah ! how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays,
Or how my spirit so impure,
Upon thy glory gaze ?
Ancient, O Lord ! ancient my sight,
And robe me for that world of light.

Dr. Mull



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SAYING HER A B C.

SAYING HER A B C.

MAGGIE was a merry little creature as ever you saw, as sprightly as a lark, and as fond of play as a young kitten. She was now nearly four years old, and yet she could not tell all her letters. Many times had her sister Polly tried to teach her, but in vain; for no sooner had they done a lesson than away the giddy child would run to her play again, and soon forget all that her sister had taught her. She could remember crooked S, and round O, and cross-sticks X, and they were about all.

But Polly had plenty of patience. Again and again she would ask Maggie to come and say her letters, but as often as she asked her, the playful little thing had some excuse. She would say, "Maggie dont want," or "Maggie dont like letters," or "Maggie can't say them." And then Polly said, "O come and try; Maggie will soon learn them," she would reply, "Maggie dont want to try, Maggie wants to play."

And so it went on for some time. But one day going by a bookseller's shop, Polly saw a nice Easy Book with pictures in it. Now, she thought, I can manage Miss Maggie. So going into the shop she bought one for sixpence, and taking it home, she called to Maggie, who was playing in the garden, to come into the house, for she had got something to show her. "O, what is it?" cried Maggie, "Shew it me! shew it me!" Polly shewed her

trations of the fact, but that it is ever the serpent there is probably not the least even in the imagination of the credulous. We have been told, in good faith, of the power over the serpent tribe, and being substantiated by most reliable authority have secured general might add to these stories some perhaps as any I have ever read, were it not that I leave the matter to the test of careful experiment of which I will give.

Shortly after my first arrival in India, I was called in one day, looking much disturbed and in a bad thing, and asked me if I believed in snake charms. I replied that I did not. He said he had no wish to do so, but he had met with a case which had annoyed him. A snake charmer had just offered to catch any snakes he might find.

THE SNAKE-CHARMERS OF INDIA.

man came directly to his house, and was not left alone ; that a shrewd, intelligent man was constantly at his elbow, and actually witnessed the whole operation, so that there was no possible chance for deception. Whether it was the fact of having lived under the same roof with cobras, or the unsettling of a favourite idea, that most disturbed my good brother, I did not learn, but I determined to investigate the matter for myself whenever an opportunity might offer.

I did not wait long. A few days after, one of the 'profession,' with the usual complement of tame serpents, called on me and offered to catch my snakes. I stipulated that I should go with him, and closely observe the operation, to which he cheerfully assented. To satisfy me that there could be no deception, he removed all his clothing except a small cloth about his loins, and asked me to satisfy myself that there was no possible chance to conceal a serpent about his person. In this almost naked state, with a small flageolet in his hand, he prosecuted the operation. He walked round and round, piping and bowing, and directly stopped before a heap of broken bricks. After piping for a moment, he threw down his flageolet and cried, 'I see a snake,' and sprang and caught it. Though standing by his side and looking at the point indicated, I did not see it until he had seized it. This seemed a little singular, for I was looking at the spot where the snake was caught all the time.

THE SNAKE-CHARMERS OF INDIA.

I then stipulated that he should wait until I had seen the serpent before he made his leap to catch it which he readily assented, and we then started in pursuit of another. It was evident that snakes were not plentiful, for he had to pipe a long time before he found another. At length he stopped before a clump of grass and asked me if I saw that snake. I looked into the place where he pointed. 'Don't you see it?' said he. He sprang and caught it. I saw it distinctly enough the moment he caught it, but not before.

Thus far little progress had been made, only some suspicions were excited. I renewed my injunction for him to wait until I told him to spring. 'Very good,' he started again, but he soon began to show signs of discouragement, and thought we should find no more. I told him he must catch one more, at any rate. He took me round the house and into the garden, and at last pretended to have discovered a third in the grass. He asked me if I was blind that I could not see it. I rubbed my eyes to make them as clear as possible, but they were not clear enough to see the snake. He sprang and as he did so I caught him by the arm. This concerted him and turned him partly round, but he grasped a large cobra, and I saw it before he caught it. It was not, however, on the ground, but in the air, before his hands were upon it.

I now had a clue to the mystery—told him he

THE SNAKE-CHARMERS OF INDIA.

done his work well and should have his pay, but that I wished to investigate a little farther. I felt beneath his scanty cloth and found a cord attached round the waist. To this cord behind was attached a string running downward. I pulled this and drew up from the depths a bag with three divisions, so arranged that each could be made, with a little skill, to yield a serpent at the will of the operator. Here they had been concealed in quarters so snug, and in a locality so secure from observation, that the most careful scrutiny had failed to detect them.

A few weeks ago, and more than twenty years since the first investigation, I had an opportunity to repeat it. The operator was from another section of the country, speaking a different language from the first. I wished to ascertain whether the *practice* in my first case was in accordance with the rules of the profession generally, or whether there might be diversity in the tricks of snake charmers.

In this latter case we had some twenty natives as spectators. The operator proceeded without interruption till he had caught one snake, some three feet long. I then asked the opinion of the spectators in regard to the operation. They gave their views freely. One said he could find snakes where there were none; another that he could make them come out of the ground, or find them anywhere. A third said he was a *snake-man*, and could turn his body into snakes, and so on. I explained the

THE SNAKE-CHARMERS OF INDIA.

operation according to the facts of the previous case, and asked them to watch carefully. He caught two large snakes afterwards, and those who watched closely were able to discover them before his hands were upon them as they were falling from the bag. Yet the management was so clever that he invariably seized them from the ground.

In the various operations of the latter case there was no material difference from the former. I found the same arrangement of strings and bag as already described.

The 'charmers' pretend that there is an understanding between them and the serpent race that those that allow themselves to be charmed shall never be injured, and though these men are constantly engaged, going through the same operation several times a day, they always have about the same number, usually three, four, or five.

The credulous may claim that my observations refer only to a particular branch of snakeology, but to my mind they sufficiently indicate that the whole science of serpent charming is but a very clever and interesting trick.

There is an interesting fact connected with serpentology. Long time ago it was said to the serpent, 'Thou art cursed above every beast of the field. And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head; and thou shalt bruise (or bite) his heel.' The literal significance of this passage, as well as the spiritual, has had a most striking fulfilment. We regard the serpent

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tribe with feelings such as are manifest towards no other animal. We can meet the wild beast, the scorpion, the tarantula, with composure, and calmly plan their destruction; but no sooner does the serpent, however harmless, appear, than the nearest weapon is instinctively grasped to meet it. And every snake in the universe seems to know that every human heel is ready to crush it the moment it shows its head.

This instinctive repugnance on the one part, and fear on the other, may be overcome by long and careful training, so that the serpent may repose in conscious security in his master's bosom, coil itself lovingly about his neck, allow itself to be pushed into his mouth, and have the mouth closed upon it and come out all composed; it will raise itself and bow gracefully at the sound of music; but in the natural state the mutual repugnance and fear are ever predominant. This natural condition would seem to be directly opposed to the fancied process of charming.

O. R. B."

We ought to thank this intelligent missionary for his exposure of one of the tricks of these Hindoo conjurors. Many more of their clever exploits, if closely watched, would no doubt turn out to be of the same character. Let the young reader compare such tricks as these with the miracles of Jesus Christ, and he will soon see the striking contrast which they present.

THE BIBLE COLPORTEUR.



THE BIBLE COLPORTEUR.

COLPORTEUR is a French word, which in plain English signifies one who travels with Bibles, books, or tracts.

In France and some other popish countries this is the only way by which a knowledge of the gospel of Jesus Christ can be spread among the people, many of whom

THE BIBLE COLPORTEUR.

are in great ignorance of the way of salvation by the crucified Saviour, making more of a piece of wood made in the shape of a cross than of Him who died on one to take away our sins, while others pray to and trust in the Virgin Mary instead of the great Saviour of the world.

Even in this England of ours, there are thousands who if they do not despise, yet will they neglect the great salvation. How sad that it should be so in a land where the sabbath may be enjoyed, where the glad tidings are made known in every village, and where the Book of Psalms may be had for a penny, and the New Testament for twopence, and a whole Bible for sixpence! Knowing this, many Colporteurs are now employed to visit not only populous towns and cities, but villages and lone houses; and in London, "Bible Women" are engaged on the same good errand. In this way thousands upon thousands of copies of God's Holy Word have been disposed of to such as might not or would not have given themselves the trouble to go and purchase them.

Italy and Spain were the two countries in which the Bible Colporteur was not allowed to travel. In Italy now, except in and around the city of Rome where the pope is, the Bible may be sold both by Colporteurs and book-sellers, for the people have obtained liberty. But in Spain the common people have never seen or read the Bible, and are as ignorant of what it says as our forefathers were in England 500 years ago. If any good

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man is found reading the Word of God and talking about it in Spain he is sent to prison.

I tell you about these things, for I hope all English boys and girls read and love their bibles, and wish that all other boys and girls all the world over might read and love the bible too. The time will come when this will be the case, for it is written, "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." Men might as well try to prevent the light of the sun from shining as to stop the universal diffusion of God's good Word of light and life.

The employment of these Colporteurs reminds us of another ancient prophecy—"Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased," or as my old black letter Bible gives it, "Many shall goe here and there."

Indeed, about 1000 years ago, this was the only way by which a knowledge of the Word of God could be made known. There were in those days some pious people in the valleys of Savoy, called Waldenses, who having a few copies of the Word of God, taught their children to commit whole chapters from them to memory, and so retained a knowledge of the true religion among themselves from father to son for generations. They were cruelly persecuted by their rulers and the Popes of Rome, but they never would become papists.

This was before printing was invented, and so they had no books such as we have now. But they loved the souls

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of men ; and so they went about into other countries as pedlars, selling clothing and other wares. In their packs they carried also a few written copies of the Gospels. When they had sold any of their goods, they would, if they thought they might safely, offer one of these to their customer, telling her that it contained the true riches, and was of more value than all the silks and rich wares they had offered her. One of our poets has written these lines, descriptive of such an incident of the dark ages of Europe.

“ ‘ Oh ! Lady fair, these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare—
The richest web of the Indian loom,
Which beauty’s queen might wear :
And these pearls are pure as thine own fair neck,
With whose radiant light they vie ;
I have brought them with me a weary way :
Will my gentle Lady buy ?

And the Lady smiled on the worn old man,
Through the dark and clustering curls
Which veil’d her brow, as she bent to view
His silk and glittering pearls.
And she placed their price in the old man’s hand,
And lightly she turned away ;
But she paused—at the wanderer’s earnest call,—
‘ My gentle Lady, stay !

Oh ! Lady fair, I have yet a gem,
Which a purer lustre flings

THE BIBLE COLPORTEUR.

Than the diamond-flash of the jewell'd crown
On the lofty brow of kings ;
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,
Whose virtue shall not decay—
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee,
And a blessing on thy way !

The Lady glanced at the mirroring steel,
Where her form of grace was seen—
Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks
Their clasping pearls between :
'Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller grey and old ;
And name the price of thy precious gem,
And my page shall count thy gold.'

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
As a small and meagre book,
Unchased with gold or gem of cost,
From his folding robe he took ;
'Here, Lady fair, is the pearl of price ;—
May it prove as such to thee !
Nay, keep thy gold !—I ask it not,
For the Word of God is free.'

The hoary traveller went his way—
But the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On that high-born maiden's mind ;
And she hath turned from the pride of sin
To the lowliness of truth,
And given her trustful heart to God
In its beauteous hour of youth."

JOHN WESLEY SAVED FROM THE FIRE.



JOHN WESLEY SAVED FROM THE FIRE.

SAMUEL WESLEY, the father of John, was a clergyman at Epworth, a small market town in Lincolnshire. He was a good man, and tried to do good among the people; but in those days, in a place like that, there were many wicked people who hated good men and their good ways; and it is supposed that some of these men, out of bad will, set the parsonage house on fire on one dark winter night in the year 1709.

SUSANNAH WESLEY, the mother of John, was an excel-

the hours of eleven and twelve, some spar
roof of our house, upon one of the child
feet. She immediately ran to our chamber,
Mr. WESLEY, having heard a cry of fire
started up: (as I was very ill, he lay in a
from me:) and opening his door, found
his own house. He immediately came to
bade me and my two eldest daughters ris
shift for ourselves. Then he ran, and b
nursery door, and called to the maid to
children. The two little ones lay in the
the three others in another bed. She su
youngest and bade the rest follow; which
did. When we were got into the hall, s
rounded with flames, Mr. WESLEY found
keys of the doors above stairs. He ran up
ed them, a minute before the stair-case too

JOHN WESLEY SAVED FROM THE FIRE.

windows; neither could I get to the garden door. I endeavoured three times to force my passage through the street door, but was as often beat back by the fury of the flames. In this distress, I besought our blessed Saviour for help, and then waded through the fire, naked as I was, which did me no further harm, than a little scorching my hands and face.

When Mr. WESLEY had seen the other children safe, he heard the child in the nursery cry. He attempted to go up the stairs, but they were all on fire, and would not bear his weight. Finding it impossible to give any help, he kneeled down in the hall, and recommended the soul of the child to God."

When JOHN WESLEY became a man he made this addition to his mother's narrative:—

"I believe, it was just at that time I waked: for I did not cry as they imagined, unless it was afterwards. I remember all the circumstances as distinctly as though it were but yesterday. Seeing the room was very light, I called to the maid to take me up. But none answering, I put my head out of the curtains, and saw streaks of fire on the top of the room. I got up, and ran to the door, but could get no farther, all the floor beyond it being in a blaze. I then climbed up on a chest, which stood near the window: one in the yard saw me, and proposed running to fetch a ladder. Another answered, 'There will be no time: but I have thought of another expedient.

JOHN WESLEY SAVED FROM

Here, I will fix myself against the wall and set him on my shoulders.' They brought me out at the window. Just then the wind but it fell inward, or we had all been blown out. When they brought me out of the house, he cried out, 'Come neighbours! let us give thanks to God! He has saved eight children: let the house go: I am safe.'

These accounts by John Wesley explain the picture, in which you see the child in his white night-gown dropped into the arms of one man on the stairs. I believe the house was not entirely destroyed, and the building was repaired forty years ago; it looked very old from which John was taken was probably never heard that the old house has been destroyed, I hope it has not. It was a low long building with windows of which might be reached in a moment.

John was about six years old at the time, and throughout all his long and useful life he referred to his escape with lively interest. Under one of his early portraits is a picture of the house in flames, with these words—

"IS NOT THIS A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE BURNING?"
Another time we may tell you more

ONE HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

l the wonderful things God did by him ; and how much
all this was owing to the Lord's blessing on the wise
l pious labours of his excellent mother.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

WHO will walk with active feet
Along the busy crowded street
One hundred years to come?

O who of all the living now,
Old age with pale and wrinkled brow,
Manhood, and youth, and children small,
Will all be gone! what, all? yes, all!

One hundred years to come.

We then within our graves shall sleep
Forgotten. None will for us weep

One hundred years to come.

Then other crowds the streets will fill,
Then other hands the lands will till,
And millions now unborn will stand
Where we do now o'er all the land,

One hundred years to come.

Well: so it was, and so it is;
But shall we be in woe or bliss

One hundred years to come?

Now let my soul on Christ believe,
For he Eternal Life will give
To all who trust his power to save
From death, and darkness, and the grave.
Now may I listen to his voice,
And then in heaven I shall rejoice
For endless years to come!

COMING AND GOING.

COMING AND GOING.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

SUNSHINE and shadow come and go alternately, and with mingled influence checker the scenes of life. The first coming of a child into the household is as the advent of an angel. A divine messenger might surprise us, might excite our wonder and fear, or give food for reflection by his message. But a child comes in as mysterious and strange a land as the unknown sky. What is it? what will it become? how shall we rear it? what is it doing to us and within us? These thoughts come and go, in light and shadow, in hope and fear, in gladness and sorrow, with footfalls as numerous as if a whole host, and not one little babe, were the subject of them. But of the coming of these little ones poets and parents have written abundantly.

What about their going! When they go out to return no more we believe that the door of the Father's house has opened, and that they are safely at home. We weep. But it is not that they are gone, but that we are left. We weep, not because they are inside the gate, but because we are outside, and the door, as yet, is shut upon us.

But there are other goings besides these upward and heavenly ones. Children grow up. It was but yesterday and that lad was playing with tops, a buoyant boy. He

COMING AND GOING.

is a man and gone now! There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. At last the house has not a child in it! There is no more noise in the hall of boys rushing in pell-mell: it is very orderly now. There are no more skates, bats, balls, or strings, left scattered about. Things are neat enough now.

There is no delay of breakfast for sleepy folks; there is no longer any task before you lie down of looking after anybody, and tucking up the bed-clothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaints, no importunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged! There was never such peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet clatter down the front stairs! O for some children's noise!

What used to ail us that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their slamming and banging the doors? We wish our neighbours would only lend us that lad of theirs to make a noise in these premises. A home without children! It is like a lantern and no candle; a garden and no flowers; a vine and no grapes; a brook and no water gurgling and rushing in its channel. We want to be vexed again with their noise and uproar.

During the week days this is enough marked. But it is Sunday that puts our homes to the proof. That is the

COMING AND GOING.

Christian family day. The intervals of public worship are long spaces of peace. The family seems made up on that day. The children are at home. You can lay your hand on their heads. They seem to recognize the greater and the lesser love—to God and to parents. The house is peaceful, but not still. There is a low and melodious trill of children in it. But Sunday comes to stay now. There is a silence that aches in the ear. There is too much room at the table, too much at the hearth. The bedrooms are too orderly. There is too much leisure and too little care.

Alas! what mean these things? Is somebody growing old? Are these signs and tokens? Is life waning?

All summer long the great, full-breasted tree has covered his branches with numberless leaves, and whirled them in the wind for music, and covered the little bird from sight that sung and builded within. It was green and strong and musical. At length a single leaf hangs in the tree with a changed colour. You look at it and sigh, "It is the first I have seen this summer; there will now be more such." To-morrow it falls. Others ripen and follow. Ere long the tree grows thin. Every wind lifts many of them, and sends them down to the ground. Every day there is less sound in the trees; every day more of rustling leaves along the fences. At length, after rain, and a windy buffeting, the tree holds out its bare arms, and there are nowhere leaves upon them.

LOVE'S LINK BROKEN.

Wait, O tree! There are buds and leaves yet. Only
between thee and them is sleep, burial, resurrection.
Winter is come, but spring is coming!

LOVE'S LINK BROKEN.

ON THE DEATH BY DROWNING OF A MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

THE household band is broken!
One jewel rare and bright,

That sparkled in Love's casket

Has faded from our sight.

One much loved form is missing!

There stands one vacant chair!

An ever sad reminder

Of her, the young and fair.

Of her, who in youth's morning,

When life was bright and gay,

When hope, and joy, and sunshine

All sparkled on her way,

So sadly, sadly perished,

With none to help or save;

The sparks of life we cherished

Quench'd in the treacherous wave.

O Death! thou dark destroyer!

How terrible thou art

When thou comest to the youthful,

The blithesome, happy heart!

When suddenly thou minglest

Amidst a chosen band,

And on some sunny spirit

Dost place thy chilling hand.

LOVE'S LINK BROKEN.

There's anguish in the household !
Dark shadows from the tomb
Brood o'er those lonely mourners,
With all their midnight gloom.
A golden link is severed !
Love's chain is shattered now;
And bleeding, broken spirits
Beneath the tempest bow.

They miss her, their lost darling,
Their lovely, cherished flower;
They miss her from their circle,
At every opening hour.
They miss her in the morning;
At noon they yearn to hear
Her gay and blithesome footfall,
Come lightly bounding near.

They miss her when the twilight
Glides gently o'er the earth;
They miss her winning accents,
Her tones of joy and mirth;
They miss her from the "study,"
Where oft she smiling sat;
That once loved spot is silent,
And O, so desolate.

God help them, these sad mourners,
And buoy their spirits up,
As thus they quaff this portion,
This bitter, bitter cup.
Ah ! only those who've felt it,
Their grief and anguish know ;

THE RIGHT SLEEVE PATTERN.

These sad and hopeless yearnings,
This deep and heavy woe.

Thank God! though sorrow bitter,
Endure throughout the night,
Joy, like some angel spirit,
Comes with the morning light.
So, though love's chain be severed,
Upon this earthly shore,
In yonder home united,
'Twill sunder nevermore!

THE RIGHT SLEEVE PATTERN.

M**R****S.** CARTER was making a dress for Lucy. She succeeded very well until she came to the sleeves, and, after turning and turning them up and down, and in and out, and round and round, she declared they didn't look right, and she didn't know how to fix them at all.

"Carrie Weld has got a new dress, mother," said Lucy, "and real pretty sleeves to it; and her mother had a pattern to cut them by. Why can't I go over and borrow it?"

"You can, my dear; I am sure Mrs. Weld will lend it to me, and that will save me a deal of trouble."

The pattern was brought and laid on.

"There, you see," said Mrs. Carter, "where they were wrong. I knew there was a fault somewhere. They are too large here, and too small there. I shall have to cut this off, and get a piece put on the top."

THE RIGHT SLEEVE PATTERN.

"It's nice to have a pattern," said Lucy, "so as to be things just right. I do like to have things just right; don't you, mother?"

"Yes, I do," answered her mother, and as she went away busily, she fell a thinking.

"What are you thinking about, mother? Don't I can't bear to sit still all the time."

"It does us good to think, Lucy. It's far more profitable than to be always jabbering; for, if you never take time for thought, all your talk will be but vain jargon. But I have no objection to tell you what I was thinking about then—it was about *God's patterns*."

"God's patterns! Why, mother, surely he doesn't need patterns, does he?"

"Not for himself, dear. His infinite mind originates everything, and every work of his hands is perfect. But he has patterns for his children's use."

"Why, mother!"

"Don't you remember that when Moses was about to make a tabernacle, God showed him a pattern, and bade him to see that all the things were made according to it? And the prophet Ezekiel, during the captivity, saw a pattern for the rebuilding of the temple. Paul said that he was a pattern for those who should hereafter believe in the Saviour."

"What was he a pattern of?"

"He was a pattern of God's long-suffering."

THE RIGHT SLEEVE PATTERN.

recollect what a wicked man he was, persecuting the Christians, and hating their religion, and how Jesus met him in the way, and converted him. Now he felt that God's mercy and forbearance was so wonderful in his case, that he was a fitting pattern to be held up, so that no one afterwards might despair of forgiveness. And Titus was another pattern."

"What was he a pattern of?"

"Of good works. He was to live in such a holy manner, that others could fashion their own conduct by his. But God gives us a better pattern of good works than any man could be. Jesus Christ's life on earth is given to us, that we may model our own thoughts, feelings, and conduct, after his perfect pattern. The Bible is full of patterns."

"Why, mother, I never thought of that before."

"But you should think how good it is of God to furnish us with such a guide for our daily use. We have only to study it, and we shall find how wonderfully fitted it is for this purpose. We can never be placed in any circumstances where we may not find something in this wise book appropriate to our case. It is a wonderful book. It seems to me, every day I live, more and more marvellous."

"I don't believe I read it as much as I ought, mother. Perhaps I don't understand it."

"Pray, Lucy, that you *may* understand and love it. *Consult it constantly, study it, and live by it.*"

WHAT CAN I DO?

WHAT CAN I DO?

OH, what can little **HANDS** do
To please the King of heaven?
Why little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery,—
Such grace to mine be given!

Oh, what can little **LIPS** do
To please the King of heaven?
Why little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say,—
Such grace to mine be given!

Oh, what can little **EYES** do
To please the King of heaven?
Why little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy book,—
Such grace to mine be given!

Oh, what can little **HEARTS** do
To please the King of heaven?
Why hearts, let God his Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour Friend,—
Such grace to me be given!

Though little is it we can do
To please the King of heaven!
When **HANDS, LIPS, EYES, and HEARTS** unite
To serve the Saviour with delight,
Then it is precious in his sight,—
Such grace to mine be given!

I'M HERE.

I'M HERE.

IT WAS when its glory o'er the sea
September's sunshine threw,
And lighted up ten thousand waves
Upon its bosom blue,—
A father and a joyous child
Unfurled the snowy sail,
And o'er the rippling waters sped
Before the gentle gale.
Loud laugh'd the happy boy, as soon
They near'd a lovely isle:
"Oh! father, father, let me stay
And wander there awhile.
Strange sea-weeds on the pebbly beach,
Fresh shells and flowers I see!
Oh! leave me there—then onward sail,
And come again for me."
The father to the child's request
A favouring answer gave,
And bade him watch his swift return
Across the dark blue wave.
Then forward rode the white-wing'd bark
Upon the heaving main,
Still lessening, till a speck it seem'd
Upon the watery plain.
But suddenly the sky grew dark,
The waves were bright no more;
As dense a mist as ever rose
Hung over sea and shore.
The father thought upon his child,
And hasted to return;

I'M HERE.

But of that lovely isle, alas!
No trace cou'd he discern.

Anxious, and sad, and sore perplexed,
He wander'd here and there,
Till childish accents clear and sweet
Rang through the thicken'd air.

It was his darling's well-known voice,
Exclaiming, "Father dear,
You cannot see me through the mist;
But steer straight on! I'm here!"

The parent to his joyful heart
Hath press'd his child once more,
And safely through the blinding fog
Their bark has reach'd the shore.

But in a fortnight from that day,
Tears, briny tears, were shed;
The mourners went about the streets;
The fair young boy was dead.

They laid the little lifeless form
Beneath the verdant sod,
And thought upon the darling one
Gone home to dwell with God.

But when that mourning parent stands
Beside the tiny grave,
He hears those accents silver-sweet
Once heard across the wave.

From heaven above they seem to fall;—
"Oh! father, father dear!
Earth's mists obscure me from thy sight;
But steer straight on! I'm here!"

THE AUSTRALIAN DOG.



THE AUSTRALIAN DOG.

MANY books might be written about dogs. Go where we may over the face of the whole earth we find dogs. Wherever men are found, and in some parts where he is not, dogs may be found, to please and help him or to vex and hinder him.

Here in England we have a great variety—the mastiff, the bull-dog, the fox-hound, the hare-hound, the spaniel,

THE AUSTRALIAN DOG.

the terrier, and the very useful sheep-dog, beside many more from other countries.

Some countries may not have such a variety as we have, but they have what might be called a dog of their own. There is the noble Newfoundland water-dog; the sled drawing dog of the Esquimaux; the howling half-wolf dog of the East, the scavenger of their dirty cities; and many more, as the saying is, "too numerous to mention."

Here you have a picture of an Australian dog called the Dingo. He is a strong fellow, as strong as a wolf, they say, and as wild. These dogs, like wolves, were found to hunt for their prey in packs. The first settlers found them very troublesome sheep stealers, and, like other thieves, very cunning and dexterous in their movements. They are very tenacious of life, for when one has been knocked over by the shepherds, and beaten until they supposed he was quite dead, on going away they would see the sly rogue jump up and scamper off into the bushes again. Whether these dogs can ever be made useful is a question. We hope the shepherds in Australia will try to teach Dingo better manners, by taking care of him while young and feeding him and treating him kindly, for like some two-legged animals in our own country seems to want teaching how to get his living honestly. We believe it is quite possible; and we should be glad to hear that this fine dog had become as active in guarding the sheep as he once was in destroying them.

TOOKARAM.

TOOKARAM.

the valley of the Godavery, in India, there lived a little heathen boy named Tookaram. His father and mother were dead, and they left him to a poor widow, who took pity on him, and called him her son. This boy was a devotee. A devotee is one who thinks the performance of heathen rites and ceremonies will save his soul. She spent her time in visiting holy places, going to a great many idols, and lived by begging. Hindus are fond of giving to such beggars, because they expect to be repaid in prayers. Little Tookaram lived with his mother, and was quite a religious little fellow in his way.

A missionary one day met Tookaram and asked him to come to his school and learn to read. That pleased the little fellow very much, for he wanted to learn to read. Early the next morning, for it was some distance, he started off for the missionary school. On his way he came to the bank of a river, where many people were crowded, and they seemed to be in great trouble.

What was the matter? Had somebody that could not swim fallen in? Was anybody drowned? The river was swollen by a night's rain, and was very high and rapid. One of their gods had tumbled in, and he could not swim any better than a stone; so half the village had gathered out to fish him up! They had got a rope round

TOOKARAM.

his neck, and were pulling and shouting with all their might; but to no purpose. They could not save him any more than he could save them. They must leave him to his fate, or wait till the water went down and then drag him out with oxen.

Little Tookaram stopped and looked at this strange sight with wonder. He then stripped off his clothes, piled them on his head, plunged boldly into the stream, and swam to the other side, where the missionary school was. How much more power he had in the water than the god! The little stranger was kindly welcomed at the school. After his bashfulness wore off, and he became acquainted with the scholars, he told them about the drowned god.

"Oh," said the boys, "he is not a god; he is an idol. He is a *made god*; he has eyes, but he sees not; he has ears, but he hears not; he has a mouth, but he speaks not; he knows nothing, and he can't help those who pray to him any better than he can help himself; he is a *dead god*. He is not *our God*; our God is the *living God*;" for the Hindu children of the missionary school had learned to worship the Christians' God, the Lord of heaven and earth.

"Who is your God?" asked little Tookaram.

"Our God," answered the children, "is the Maker everything."

"Where does he live?" asked Tookaram.

TOOKARAM.

"He is a Spirit," answered the children; "he lives everywhere, he sees everybody, he knows everything."

Little Tookaram was filled with amazement. A drowned god did not indeed seem to be worth worshipping and praying too. His poor little brain was full of puzzling ideas; but a great new thought was lodged there—the thought of a *living* God instead of the dead gods, idols of wood and stone.

Then he learned that God so loved the world that he sent his Son to save us from our sins, and that he died on the cross for our sakes.

Tookaram tore the beads from his neck, and declared himself a Christian. He began to pray to God; the Holy Spirit enlightened his mind and softened his heart; he became a heartfelt believer in Bible truth.

By and by his adopted mother hears of it, and comes to the school very angry. She is determined to take Tookaram away; but the lovely Christian spirit of the missionary and his household quiets her. The tale of her little son, too, has a strange pleasantness in it. It is Tookaram and it is not Tookaram. Christian Tookaram is not heathen Tookaram. She stays and stays to hear more, and the Holy Spirit, little by little, opens her blinded eyes to see the blessed truth; and at last she finds in Jesus Christ all she has been ever seeking for among the idols of her own land—the burden of her sins rolled away, pardon and peace came to her poor soul.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

Some months after this, Tookaram and his mother, with five others, in a small Christian congregation in India, publicly confessed their faith in Jesus Christ.

Tookaram is still living, and delights to employ himself in telling his countrymen of that Saviour whom he has found.

Have you found that Saviour? and is it your joy to speak about him to others?

THE ORPHAN BOY.

HE is alone amid the crowd of happy laughing boys ;
He keeps apart and far away from all their mirth and noise ;
He trembles in the lonely night ; and in the busy day
He cannot be as blithe and gay, or frolicsome as they.
For his young heart is burdened sore with painful memories ;
He sees again in saddest thought his father's closing eyes ;
He hears his mother's parting words, and life has little joy—
So early overcast with gloom—for the little orphan boy.
He knows not how the Father of the fatherless is near ;
And how with unseen hand he will wipe off each falling tear ;
What human hearts will pity him and aid him in the strife
Which will gather round about him as he passes on through life.
But the teacher is the orphan's friend ; and he will make him know
How the Saviour loves the little ones and cares for them below ;
Will tell him of the better land, where parted loved ones meet ;
And bring the orphan boy in prayer to the blessed Saviour's feet.

M. F.

THE PRINCE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

THE PRINCE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

SOME very interesting facts connected with the last illness and death of the late Prince Albert, the lamented husband of the Queen, were mentioned soon after in a letter from one who is now abroad, but who, at the time, was a member of the Queen's household. The writer said :—

“How I shall miss his conversation about the children ! He used often to come into the schoolroom to speak about the education of the children, and he never left me without my feeling that he had strengthened my hands, and raised the standard I was aiming at. Nothing mean or frivolous could exist in the atmosphere that surrounded him ; the conversation could not be trifling if he was in the room. I dread the return of spring for my dear Lady. It was his favourite time of the year—the opening leaves, the early flowers, and fresh green were such a delight to him ; and he so loved to point out their beauties to his children, that it will be terrible to see them without him. The children kept his table supplied with primroses, which he especially loved. The last Sunday he passed on earth was a very blessed one for the Princess Alice to look back upon. He was very ill and very weak, and she spent the afternoon alone with him, whilst the others were in church. He begged to have his sofa drawn to the window, that he might see the sky and the

THE PRINCE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

clouds sailing past. He then asked her to play to him and she went through several of his favourite hymns and chorals. After she had played some time, she looked round and saw him lying back, his hands folded as if in prayer, and his eyes shut. He lay so long without moving that she thought he had fallen asleep. Presently he looked up and smiled. She said, 'Were you asleep, dear papa?' 'Oh no,' he answered, 'only I have such sweet thoughts.'

During his illness, his hands were often folded in prayer; and, when he did not speak, his serene face showed that the 'happy thoughts' were with him to the end. The Princess Alice's fortitude has amazed us all. She saw from the first that both her father and mother's firmness depended on her firmness, and she set herself to the duty. He loved to speak openly of his condition and had many wishes to express. He loved to hear hymns and prayers. He could not speak to the Queen of himself, for she could not bear to listen, and shut her eyes to the danger. His daughter saw that she must speak differently, and she never let her voice falter, or shed a single tear in his presence. She sat by him,—listened all he said—repeated hymns; and then, when she could bear it no longer, would walk calmly to the door, and rush away to her room, returning soon with the same calm and pale face, without any appearance of the agitation she had gone through.

THE PRINCE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

I have had several interviews with the poor Queen since. The first time she said, 'You can feel for me, for you have gone through this trial.' Another time she said how strange it seemed, when she looked back, to see how much for the last six months the Prince's mind had dwelt upon death and the future state; their conversation had so often turned upon these subjects, and they had read together a book called 'Heaven our Home,' which had interested him very much. He once said to her 'We don't know in what state we shall meet again; but that we shall recognise each other and be together in eternity I am perfectly certain.' It seemed as if it had been intended to prepare her mind and comfort her—though, of course, it did not strike her then. She said she was a wonder to herself, and she was sure it was in answer to the prayers of her people that she was so sustained. She feared it would not last, and that times of agony were before her. She said, 'There's not the bitterness in this trial that I felt when I lost my mother; I was so rebellious then; but now I can see the mercy and love that are mixed in my trial.' Her whole thought is now to walk worthy of him, and her greatest comfort to think that his spirit is always near her, and knows all that she is doing."

How pleasing is the fact that the comforts of the Gospel may be enjoyed in both the cottage and the palace!

THE OLD STAGE-WAGGON.



THE OLD STAGE-WAGGON.

YOUNG people who have been born since our great railways have been laid down may be surprised when we tell them what trouble our forefathers had to get from one part of the country to another; the public roads were in such a wretched state. Five hundred years ago there was not one good road in all England, not even round London itself. About that time "Willis Phelippe, the hermit," made a road called the "Holk Way," reaching a few miles north of London to Higgate; for doing which the King allowed him to set up a toll-bar, which was the first ever known in England.

THE OLD STAGE-WAGGON.

Three hundred years ago an Act of Parliament was passed to compel parishes to repair their own roads, which, the Act said, were "very noisome, and tedious to travel on, and dangerous to carriages and passengers."

Just two hundred years ago, Cowley the poet, who lived at Chertsey, twenty-two miles from London, when inviting Dr. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, to come and see him, in order to persuade the little bishop to come, reminded him that he might stop at Hampton all night on the way.

Indeed for a long time the roads were not passable for carriages of any kind. King George II. and Queen Caroline coming one night from Kew, only a few miles from London, in their carriage, were upset together into the mud! And it is said that the royal coachman would often be two hours driving their Majesties from Kensington palace to their palace in London, little more than two miles! And these, be it remembered, were "royal roads."

Perhaps you would wish to know how goods were conveyed up and down the country before better roads were made for carriages. They were carried on the backs of horses in large packs hanging down on each side of the horse. This was the pack-horse period. The horses marched in long files, the first horse always carrying a bell. The drivers followed tracks of their own. Some of these tracks or roads are still well known in Wiltshire,

THE OLD STAGE-WAGGON.

at least to drivers of sheep and persons in charge of large numbers of horses. By following the "pack-horse lanes," they save the heavy tolls on the turnpike-roads, and enjoy a perfectly convenient and unobstructed route. In this way the woollen manufactures of the northern counties used to be sent to great distances; indeed, trains of pack-horses departed from all counties, bearing their produce, and they carried back other produce in exchange. In this way a vast amount of business was transacted, and great fortunes were made. These carriers often headed their own caravans, returned home with many a rich freight of guineas in their saddle-bags, and were well prepared to defend what they had earned against the light cavalry of highwaymen that beset, but dared not dispute, their path.

When at length the public turnpike roads, as they were called, were made, they were often impassable or in such a very bad state that it took a very long time to move over them. Stage-waggon, for the conveyance of goods and passengers, drawn by four or six horses, then came into use. But gentlemen's carriages often broke down. Mrs. Pendarves, writing to Ann Granville relating to a journey from Oxford to London, in 1728 says.—"At the end of the town some part of the coach broke, and we were obliged to get out, and took shelter at an ale-house. In half an hour we jogged on, and about half an hour after that, stop we went into a slow

THE OLD STAGE-WAGGON.

not overturned, but stuck. Well, out we were hauled again, and the coach, with much difficulty, was heaved out. We then once more set forward."

No wonder that Members of Parliament continued, as their forefathers had always done, to ride to London on horseback—Lords often taking their Ladies behind them on a pillion-seat.

But those who had not horses or carriages of their own were glad to avail themselves of the stage-waggon. Dean Swift, when a lad, travelled by one to pay a visit to his mother. Sometimes accidents took place. An accident, indeed, to a passenger by a slow broad-wheeled waggon, seems almost an impossibility, but here is a sample of many fatal mishaps by these vehicles. "The newspapers, I suppose," writes Mrs. Pendarves, in 1739, "informed you of the unhappy end of one of the Duchess of Portland's maids, who was thrown out of the waggon. The wheels ran over her, and she lived three hours in exquisite misery. This melancholy accident damped all our spirits extremely."

In those days the waggoner was lord of the road—"his right there was none to dispute." And when at last stage-coaches here and there began to move, he treated them with contempt, and called the coachman a mushroom, an upstart, an interloper, who would soon break down with a smash, kill his passengers, and be ruined himself. These waggoners hated the new roads.

THE OLD STAGE-WAGGON.

"Roads has but one object," said the Blandford waggoner to a Dorsetshire magistrate, "and that's waggo driving! Roads forty feet wide? What's the woe coming to? Why, it's as good as stealing so much corn, which you can't grow, out of people's mouths. Forty feet, indeed! All I wants be five feet width in lane! As for the gentry, let 'em bide at home, and be hanged to 'em, and not run gossiping up and down the country! We'll soon settle them, an' they dont! All these fellows and I ha' taken our oaths since the new Act, how we'll run our wheels into the coach. No, no! I wants no turnpikes in this free country! Improvement o' roads? Let the roads be, I say. Why should I disturb them?" Such were the comments of this Nest of roads, given at a time when neither turnpike-road nor waggon-track was more than barely passable, and whether you take which way you would, you would be sorry, after a mile or two, that you had not taken the other.

What the Blandford waggoner said touching the growth of corn being affected by the widening of the roads and the convenience of travellers, was only an echo of the opinions of greater but equally sensible men. Cottle, in his work on the *Malvern Hills*, notices a political economist of that day, named Chapple, who predicted that the consequences which would inevitably arise from turnpike-roads would be "a rise in the price of oats, and a reacting fall in the price of wheat."

THE OLD STAGE-WAGGON.

Near to many of our present broad turnpike-roads may still be seen traces of the old narrow "waggon-tracks," which in wet weather were full of deep ruts. And these, one hundred years ago, when nearer and better roads were made and stage-coaches began to run, were often preferred by the drivers of waggons and coaches to "the new-fangled roads"—who stuck to them, though they often stuck in them. In 1752 complaint was made by travellers that the driver of the Marlborough stage-coach resolutely refused to drive over the new turnpike-road, by which he could have gone forty miles in seven or eight hours. "This fellow," said the helpless travellers, "will cling to the old waggon-track, called Ramsbury." Passengers remonstrated with him, urging the value of the difference in time which would accrue by using the new road; but to all remonstrance he had the same reply:—"I am an old man," he cried, "and relish not these new ways. My father and my grandfather used to drive along the Ramsbury road afore I was born, and, for my part, I'll e'en do as they did, and will drive along the same road till I die!"

Whether he did or not we are not told; but I will tell you another time what I myself remember of the old stage-waggons and stage-coaches when I was a boy, sixty years ago. If I should seem to forget, perhaps some of you will write and remind me of my promise.



THE YOUNG TRAVELLERS.

THE YOUNG TRAVELLERS.

THIS picture is a parable. Let us try if we can make out what it may teach us.

First, it teaches us that we are all travellers. When very young we were led by the hand by our parents, and we mostly went right when we did as they told us; but when, like these boys, we were old enough to travel ourselves, we then had to take notice of the guideposts.

Next it should remind us that we are all travelling to—where? **ETERNITY**. And so when we are old enough to read the guidepost which tells us which way is Safe and which is Unsafe, we should follow its directions.

For there are two ways, along one of which every one of us is travelling. Jesus Christ said that one of these ways was broad leading to destruction, and the other narrow leading to life, and what he said **must be true**.

The Bible is the guidepost which the great and good God has set up to direct us in the way to Eternal Life. You can read it. Look at it. These young travellers would have done wrong if they had gone on and not looked up to read the words on that guidepost which told them which road was safe and which was unsafe; but you will do far greater wrong if you do not read the only guidepost that can tell you which is the way to life and which the way to death.

THE TWO PATHS.

THE TWO PATHS.

TWO paths before us lie,
And each his choice must make ;
One upward to the sky,
One downward to the lake.
Will any choose the lake of woe ?
Each heart must answer, Yes, or No.

'Tis only to delay
A little, little more,
And put the thought away
As we have done before ;
Forget to pray, consent to sin—
The downward path will thus begin.

Then further, faster on,
The sliding foot descends ;
A tender conscience gone,
Or heed of warning friends ;
Then pleasure sought on sabbath days,
Words bad and bold, in wanton ways.

Thus very smooth and broad,
The dreadful way is found ;
It is a dangerous road,
And very slippery ground.
And shall we venture thus to go
One step towards the lake of woe ?

No: there's a narrow way,
Straight up from death and sin ;
And those who seek it, may
Be safely led therein.

COUSIN KATE AND HER TWO SCHOOL COMPANIONS.

Honour and life that path attend,
CHRIST is the door, and heaven the end.

Oh! let us each apply,
That better path to choose,
And travel to the sky,
Whoever may refuse.
Help, gracious SAVIOUR, help bestow,
And keep us from the lake of woe!

COUSIN KATE AND HER TWO SCHOOL
COMPANIONS.

“**W**HEN shall we lose you, Minnie?” said Cousin
V Kate, one evening after tea.

Minnie was going to a boarding school very soon, and though she had long looked forward to it, it was a trial to leave home and her dear friends, so she answered very sadly, “Next Wednesday; but O, Kate, I dread to think of it!”

“Why, dear?” said Cousin Kate.

“Why there is this loved home to tear myself from, and you, Kate, and then my little class at Sabbath school. It has been so sweet to work for Jesus there, and now I must leave all;” and Minnie’s eyes filled with tears, and her lips trembled.

“Minnie, you can work for Jesus at boarding school.”

“But how?”

COUSIN KATE AND HER TWO SCHOOL COMPANIONS

"By setting a beautiful example, and telling how good a thing religion is."

Minnie sat silently a minute, then she said, "Kate, you promised to tell me about your two fellows who died soon after you left school; will you?"

"Yes, dear; I will. When I first entered the room I was much struck by the appearance of our girls; she was about sixteen, with rich brown curls and a deeply interesting countenance. I soon found she possessed a decided character; and though she was making friends, she was faithful in all her attachments. To those who did not know her well she sometimes seemed cool, but beneath this there was a strong passion. She had made no great progress in her education, for her health had always been delicate; she possessed decided talent, and a perseverance in what she attempted more valuable than even talent. She would always take the part of any one she considered unjustly used, and was loved more or less by all."

Now you can picture to yourself my friend Ellen. When I came to know her well I found she was very inclined, but still she knew not Christ. I yearned to speak to her, but my timidity kept me back. I felt I must say something about Jesus to her, for my days were fast approaching. We were returning from a walk. I knew not how to begin, so I said, 'Ellen, I wish you were my sister.'

COUSIN KATE AND HER TWO SCHOOL COMPANIONS.

‘Why, Kate?’ she said, smiling.

‘My sister in Jesus, I mean,’ I added; and the words so feebly spoken touched her heart.

After the holidays were over we became more intimate. I soon found God had opened her heart, and she was earnestly seeking Jesus. She confided her feelings to me. Precious, indeed, was that love—that trust. Sometimes, when we walked in the country, we would get away from the other girls, and talk of the things of heaven; but dear Ellen could get no peace. How I wished some more experienced Christian would guide her; but when I entreated her to open her heart to her pious mother, she would say, ‘No, Kate, she will want me to speak to our minister, and they will want me to join the church, and I am not fit; and oh! I fear I should go back and bring dishonour on Christ. I cannot bear the thought.’

Weeks passed away like this, and months. I shall never forget how, one Sabbath evening, after a most earnest sermon from ‘My son, give me thine heart,’ Ellen came into my room, and threw her arms round my neck, saying with much emotion, ‘You know, dear Kate, I *want* to give God my heart.’ She seemed afraid to believe herself saved. Some years before she had thought herself a Christian, and now she feared to deceive herself. She trembled at the footstool of mercy, and feared to venture wholly on Jesus. Her conscience became very tender. There had been for a long time a kind of

COUSIN KATE AND HER TWO SCHOOL COMPAN

quarrel between her and one of the day scholars, but she tried to show her all the kindness she could.

At last the time for parting came again. Ellen was still unhappy. I wrote to her in the holidays. I asked for God's help, and words were given me to write. I tried to describe what I felt. It seemed as if that letter was blessed. The Spirit had never been felt so near to me.

Soon I heard from my Ellen. The letter had helped her to find Christ. Satan was assaulting her frequently, but Jesus was hers; she rejoiced in his love. Her letter concluded by telling me she was unwell, and about to go out for a change. Poor girl! it soon became evident that she was in a consumption; but, though she was fading away, she gave sweet evidence that her soul was ripening for glory. She lingered a few months, suffering much from acute pain and extreme weakness, and without the sweet enjoyment of Jesus' presence. She had accepted of death, but now she said, 'It seems like a little river. Jesus is waiting on the other side to take me in his arms.' I could not be with her, for I had left when she died; but I was told it was delightful to be near the room, her joy was so great.

Her last letter was written with a very tremulous hand. In it she said I had been the instrument of her conversion. Ah, Minnie, I cannot tell you how my heart was full of joy, yet I felt overpowered by the condescension in deigning to use for such a glor

COUSIN KATE AND HER TWO SCHOOL COMPANIONS.

such an unworthy servant. Trust in God's help, my Minnie, and he will bless you, and make you useful.

But I will tell you of my other friend; that is a sad story. I was impressed at first sight, very favourably, by Ada Green. Minnie, dear, don't choose your friends by first appearances. Alas! I suffered for my folly; and yet one could not but like Ada. Her face was not beautiful, but it was pleasing. Her movements were really elegant, and there was much grace in her manners, combined with a charming simplicity. Her sweet soft voice attracted me too, and I fancied she loved nature and poetry; and with such congenial tastes I thought I should indeed be happy if I could gain her friendship. Only one thing she seemed to lack—true piety. One night, soon after I came to school, I dreamed that she was dead, and I was plunged in bitter grief, for I had made no effort for her conversion. I awoke, feeling that I would, God helping me, strive to win her to Christ.

A few evenings afterwards we were alone in my room, and while I spoke to her of Christ she trembled all over, and her tears fell fast. We knelt in prayer—the Spirit was present striving with her; but the opportunity passed, and the next day I was grieved and disappointed to see her as thoughtless as ever.

The next half-year we occupied the same room. I was delighted to have her with me; but as I grew to know her better I found I had misjudged her much. I was

COUSIN KATE AND HER TWO SCHOOL COMPANIONS

bitterly disappointed, she seemed so thoroughly selfish my love was chilled; a coolness sprang up between us we were estranged at heart. I strove against the feeling of dislike—I prayed against it; but it still remained. Outwardly we were friendly and polite, but there was a great gulf between our hearts. O that I had been more in earnest to subdue that evil feeling! What if she had faults! Was I faultless? O that I had sought by constant kindness to win her to Jesus!

She left school before me. I well remember the last walk we had together. I tried then to speak to her of Jesus, but I thought how often I had been unamiable to her, and that thought well-nigh closed my mouth. I did not think as I left her in the railway carriage that I never more should I look into those blue eyes, never more grasp that hand. A few weeks afterwards I wrote entreating her not to judge of religion by me, but to come to Jesus for herself. She gave me no reply. Within a few months she caught a severe cold, which resulted in a fever, and she died. Yes, Ada died. From what I heard of her I had some slight hope, but it could not satisfy me. And when I knelt at God's throne to ask forgiveness, it seemed as if I hardly ought to be forgiven.

O, Minnie, be faithful to the companions you now have; and though you will not love all alike, yet seek to win all to Jesus by a lovely Christ-like life." M.R.V.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL.



THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

†T was a happy thought which came into the mind of Robert Raikes when, fourscore and four years ago, he resolved to open his first sabbath school.

And that was a happy thought which came into the mind of some one to open an infant sabbath school.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

And yet more happy was the thought that it was a good thing to gather poor ragged children into schools on the sabbath day.

All these good thoughts about doing good come doubt, from heaven.

Ragged schools! what a curious sound the word and yet what a blessing! Thousands of wretched children, so ragged and dirty that they would have been ashamed to go where decent children were, have gathered into schools where they are all ragged and dirty alike.

Ragged schools have now been opened in nearly all large towns and cities in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Public meetings are held to support them, a Ragged School Union has been formed, a Ragged School Magazine published, and a History of Ragged Schools has been written.

The teachers of these schools have hard work to keep such children in order, for some of the boys take delight in playing all kinds of mischievous tricks. But the love and patience of the teachers is wonderful, and as is always the case, God has blessed their untiring efforts to do good both to the scholars and their parents. I will tell you some things you would wonder at about these ragged scholars. Perhaps I shall do so some day. You will be glad to read them I am sure, they are so pleasing and encouraging.

"AND WHAT SHALL WE DO?"

"AND WHAT SHALL WE DO?"

ONE sabbath afternoon a teacher and his class of boys were reading the third chapter of Luke. When they had gone through it the teacher, as his good custom was, began to explain it. He reminded them how the people, and the publicans, and the soldiers, came to John the Baptist on the banks of the river Jordan, asking him this question, "And what shall we do?" John told them what they should do. "Now," said the teacher, "suppose you were to ask me this question, I should say, 'You can be useful; that is you can do some good if you try. If you cannot do some great thing, you can do a little thing, and that would be something.'"

The boys said nothing, but the teacher saw by their looks that they thought he was mistaken. Clearly, they did not believe they could be of any use, so he added: "Well, only try."

"How shall we try?" asked one of the boys, timidly.

"Keep your eyes open and your hands ready all this week, and tell me next Sunday if you have not managed to be useful in some way or other," said the teacher.

"We will," replied the boys.

The next sabbath those boys gathered round their teacher with smiling faces and eyes so full of life they brightly twinkled. He smiled, and said, "Ah, I see by your looks that you all have something to tell me."

"AND WHAT SHALL WE DO?"

"We have, sir. We have," replied the boys in a chorus. Then each one told his story.

"I," said one, "thought I would go to the well every morning, to save my mother's time. She thanked me so much and was so pleased that I mean to keep on doing it for her."

"And I," said another, "thought of a poor old lady whose eyes were too dim to read. I went to her every night, and read a chapter to her from the Bible. It seemed to give the old lady a good deal of comfort. I can't tell you how much she thanked me."

The third said:—"I went walking along the street wondering what I could do. A gentleman called and asked me to hold his horse. I did. He gave me a penny. I have brought it with me to put into the collection-box."

"I was walking with my eyes open and my ears ready, as you told us," said the fourth, "when I saw a little boy crying because he had lost a penny in the gutter. I told him not to cry, for I would help him find the money. I did find it, and the little chap dried his tears, and ran off feeling very happy."

The fifth said:—"I saw my mother was very tired today. The baby was cross, and mother looked tired and sad. I asked her to put the baby into my little bed. She did, and I gave him a grand ride round the garden. If you had heard him crow, and seen him clap his

THE DEW-DROP.

er, it would have done you good ; and O, how much
er my mother looked when I took the baby in-doors
!"

much for these lads. Their teacher was more
d than I can tell you to find that the boys were
ng so quickly and well how to be useful, for he felt
hat having tasted how good it is to do good they
, as they grew up, go on doing good, and who could
ow much, for God always helps and blesses those
ry to do what Jesus Christ did, for he always "went
doing good."

w, my young reader, ask yourself the question,
l what can I do?"

THE DEW-DROP.

A DEW-DROP of the morning
Hung on a blade of grass ;
A simple bead of water :

A thousand you might pass.
But when the slanting sunbeam
Came down in morning pride,
Then you might see the dew-drop
Transfigured, glorified.

I looked : it shone—a diamond,
Bright, sparkling, clear and keen.
I looked again : an emerald
Hung pure in vivid green.

THE DEW-DROP.

Again it gleamed out golden,
A topaz to the view ;
Then flamed a ruby, fiery red :
Then sapphire, summer blue.

I saw thus how a dew-drop
Is kin to all things fair ;
Can give us bright and beauteous hues
As arching rainbows wear ;
Can shine with light as radiant,
And show as varied gem
As the city, fresh from glory,
The new Jerusalem.

And I thought how many an action,
Of simple, lowly guise,
May yet beneath the beam of heaven
Shine lovely in all eyes ;
May show such beauteous motives
As angels will applaud :
Truth, mercy, honour, virtue,
And love of men and God.

Two mites, that make a farthing,
Insured the widow's fame :
A single cup of water
Can bring a deathless name.
The humblest work for Jesus,
The gentle word or look,
The soothing sigh, the cheering smile,
Is written in His book.

Fear not, then, youthful Christian ;
Though in the shade thou dwell,

NOT NOW, MY CHILD.

The Lord will mark thy faithfulness,
He will requite thee well.
As dew that waits the rising sun
To glitter in his ray,
So bright shall shine thy jewel crown,
When Christ shall bring the day.

NOT NOW, MY CHILD.

VERY often, when a happy young convert has been brought to Christ in early life, has he wished to go once to be with him in heaven. To such an one the viour might be supposed to say, "Not now: I have led thee in thy youth that I may employ thee in my vice. Much wants doing in the naughty world where thou now livest. Work first for me, and then, if faithful to death, I will give thee a crown of life, and thou shalt be with me to behold my glory for ever!

Not *now* my child—a little more rough tossing—
A little longer on the billows' foam,—
A few more journeys in the desert dreary,
And *then* the sunshine of thy Father's Home!

Not *now*,—for there are weary wanderers lonely,
And thou must call them in with patient love;
Not *now*,—for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

NOT NOW, MY CHILD.

Not *now*,—for I have loved ones sad and weary ;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile ?
Sick ones, who need thee in their silent sorrow ;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while ?

Not *now*,—for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach the widows heart to sing ;
Not *now*,—for orphan tears are thickly falling ;
They must be gather'd 'neath some sheltering wing.

Not *now*,—for many a hungry one is pining ;
Thy willing hand must be outstretch'd and free ;
Thy Father hears their doleful cry of anguish,
And sends his answer unto them by thee.

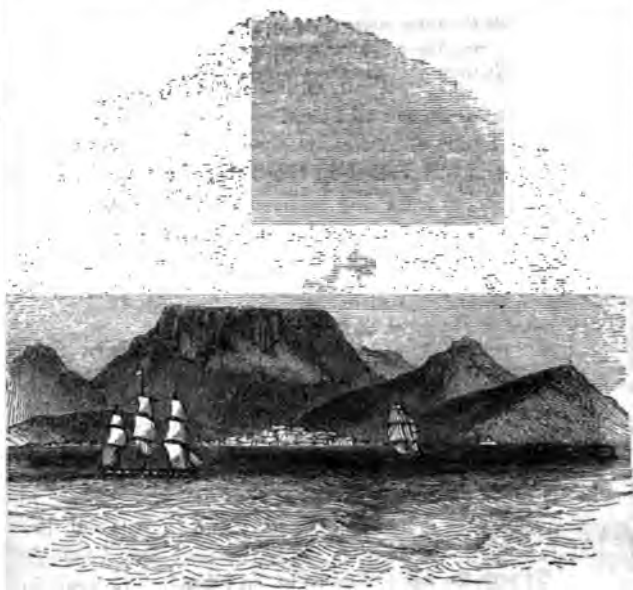
Not *now*,—for dungeon walls look stern and gloomy,
And sighs sound sadly on the prison breeze—
Man's captives, but thy Saviour's noble free-men ;
Hast thou no ministry of love for these?—

Not *now*,—for yet the awful gulf is yawning,
And souls are perishing in hopeless sin ;
Jerusalem's bright gates are standing open,—
Go to the banish'd ones, and fetch them in !—

Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power ;
Why should thy warm heart e'er grow cold and w
Canst thou not *watch with me* one little hour ?

One little hour !—and *then* the glorious crownin
The golden harp-strings and the victor's palm
One little hour !—and *then* the Hallelujah !
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm !

CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN.



CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN.

AFRICA, as all our young readers know who have looked at a map of the world, is one of the four quarters of the globe. It is nearly in the shape of a heart; more than 4000 miles long, and in one part

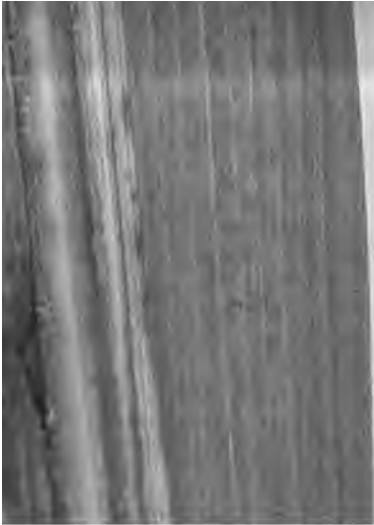
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CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN.

wild race of black men called Hottentots, whom they made their slaves. Since the English have had possession slavery has been abolished, and many missionaries are engaged both at the Cape and in the regions beyond, teaching the ignorant Bushmen the knowledge of God and of Christ. And so it is, that in all parts of the earth, where our people go and settle down, they take the Bible and its gospel of glad tidings of great joy with them, to bless the nations which long sat in darkness with the light of life and the hope of salvation by Jesus Christ.

The picture represents ships in full sail on their way to Cape Town, which lies on the shore at the foot of the mountains. It was built by the Dutch in their own style, with canals in the chief streets, and rows of trees on their banks. The English have greatly improved the town, which is now the seat of Government for the Cape colony, and contains nearly 30,000 inhabitants. Sailing vessels, on their way to India and Australia, will now often call at the Cape for a few days, to obtain water, fruits, and vegetables, if the weather permits, for it is often stormy.

The large mountain with a flat top is called Table Mountain because of its supposed resemblance to a table. It is 3850 feet high; and as frequently, when seen from the sea, it is covered with a misty white cloud, the sailors have called the cloud its table-cloth.



South America, on returning a great variety of specimens well when he was a boy, for door neighbours, and many were he and a boy of my own party of the buildings, as well as grew near the wall. My day reached his teens, but Henry of adventure, and on his return lished a large volume describing splendid illustrations.

Writing for "Good Words" he saw of animal life in the the world—so extensive that monkeys might travel over it not for rivers, 2,000 miles once touching the ground.

Mr. Bates took up his abode

FOREST LIFE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

"At the top of the grassy slope on which the town is built, rises a compact wall of foliage, with a small narrow gap in its midst: the leafy barrier is the frontier line of the forest, kept from encroaching on the few acres of cleared space only by the inhabitants doing constant battle with the powers of vegetation, and the gap is the entrance to the only road by land that the townspeople possess. A few minutes walk under the shady arcade, and the traveller finds himself in the heart of the solitude. The crowns of the tall trees on both sides meet overhead, and admit the rays of the sun only at rare intervals, where some forest monarch has been uprooted by the storm. The path leads to a few small plantations belonging to the poorer inhabitants, and at the distance of about a mile dwindles into a mere hunter's track which none but a native can follow. Beyond this point all traces of the presence of man cease,—the land untrodden and unowned,—and so it continues for hundreds of miles.

To enable my readers to form some idea of the animal life harboured in the warm and teeming shades of this great wilderness, I will invite them to accompany me, in imagination, on an excursion into the untrodden solitudes lying beyond the mouth of the Tefé. Let us accept the invitation kindly offered by an old friend of ours—an experienced woodsman, named Lauriano—who is about to start on a journey to collect sarsaparilla in the retired channels leading to the river Jurua, some thirty miles to

the west of Ega, and say pany. We are but humble of supporting an establish even if they were willing would not be, as they pro our friend, who has canoe plenty of excitement of the —journeys months long, and the labour of paddling. It is a small contribution towards

Lauriano is a half-cast accompanies us, is a pure European face, regular features; on her we may rely served meals. They have two young nephews, who going to the expedition, have previously to the place fixed the first encampment. The taciturn old Indian woman the whole of Lauriano's party us only our Indian servants young savage, recently brought his tribe, who will be a useful Two small chests, one containing coffee, sugar, biscuits, and materials for preserving specimens

FOREST LIFE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

bundle containing our hammocks and mosquito tents ; and, lastly, a canvas bag with change of clothing, constitute the whole of our baggage. We remain at home during the afternoon of a sultry January day to pack up and get ready, so as to embark in the cool of the evening.

The glowing sun has set behind the dark-green wall of forest ; the short twilight is past ; the last flock of squalling parrots has crossed over the village in going from their feeding to their roosting places ; the howling monkeys have vented their last bellow for the evening, and we sit at the door of our cottage waiting for the summons to embark. But we wait in vain, and are becoming tired of listening to the melancholy hooting of owls, and the duets of night-jars, stationed at a distance from each other on the borders of the forest : so we proceed to the house of our friend to ascertain the cause of the delay. On approaching the dwelling, we perceive lights gleaming from the windows in the pitchy darkness of the night, and hear sounds of music and merriment within. Lauriano, with the usual easy-going habits of his class, seems to have forgotten all about the voyage. We find the large mud-floored chamber full of company, a couple of wire guitars tingling in a corner, and a sort of ball going forward, Lauriano himself being in the act of dancing a fandango, with his wife as partner, in the centre of the room. A number of people, women and men, are squatted around, smoking out of long wooden pipes, and

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waiting their turns to stand up in the jig. It is useless remonstrating with the good-natured folks for their want of punctuality, for it is the habit of the country to postpone business to pleasure, so the best thing to do is take the proffered cup of coffee, trust in the assurance that we shall start in the morning, and go home, re-slit the hammock, and have a good night's rest.

Just as day is beginning to dawn, a rap at the door arouses us, and two strong lads are soon carrying our heavy boxes down to the beach. We sling our gun, net and game-sacks over our shoulders, hand the shot-belt and a bag full of small boxes and miscellanea to our dusky little follower, and are quickly at the water-side. The canoe, a large and stout-built boat, with mast and triangular awnings of wicker-work thatched with palm leaves is pushed off, and the Indians, with their battle-drum shaped paddles, begin to propel us quickly along. Lauria and his wife seem sleepy after their night's revelry, and do not interrupt our quiet enjoyment of the noble river scenery amidst which we are travelling.

We glide along close to the banks, and note the infinite diversity of foliage of the lower trees and the variety of creeping plants which drape the water-frontage of the forest as with a mantle. We hear scarcely any sounds of animals. A loud splash in the water under the shade of overhanging trees occasionally startles us. This is produced either by large fishes rising to seize fruits that

FOREST LIFE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

from above, or by heavy lizards or snakes suddenly dropping in alarm from the boughs as we brush past. A faint chorus of singing birds, at times, reaches the ear from a distance, but as the morning is fine and calm, the travelling flocks pass at so great an elevation that the sounds are scarcely perceptible.

Although animal life does not make itself very obtrusive by its noises, nor disturb the feeling of intense calm and solitude which soothingly creeps over the mind, there is no lack of signs of its presence to the sight. What are those strange figures, like human head and shoulders, which suddenly pop up here and there above the glassy surface of a quiet bay as we round a wooded point? They stare for a few moments at the approaching canoe, and then quickly disappear again under the water. These are otters, of a peculiar large dark-brown species which tenants all the still by-streams of the Amazonian rivers. They are so shy that it is almost impossible to get within gunshot of them, and we very rarely see a skin in the possession of the natives, although the animals are extremely common. We pass also, throughout the day, a continual succession of huge alligators, never very closely, however, for they are exceedingly wary. A huge scabby carcase, or rather a double lump—the top of the head and back—is seen at a distance, resting like a floating log on the water. You may rely upon it the monster is eyeing us very closely, for, if the prow of the canoe is turned

THE KING AND THE SPIDER.

but for a moment in his direction, a little movement perceived towards the tail part of the animal, and the beast is gone from the surface."

More about the curious birds and animals another time



THE KING AND THE SPIDER.

KING BRUCE of Scotland flung himself down
In a lonely mood to think ;

'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad,
He had tried, and tried, but couldn't succeed,
And so he became quite sad.

THE KING AND THE SPIDER.

He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be ;
And after a while as he ponder'd there,
" I'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at the moment a spider dropp'd,
With its silken cobweb clue,
And the King in the midst of his thinking stopp'd
To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the top of the dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home,
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavour,
But down it came with a slippery sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it staid,
To utter the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower, and there delayed,
For dizzy it was, and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And travell'd a half-yard higher ;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
But again it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

He's only a foot from l
Oh ! say, will he los

Steadily, steadily, inch
Higher and higher l
And a bold little run a
Put him into his na

"Bravo, bravo !" the l
"All honour to the
The spider up there d
He conquer'd, and

And Bruce of Scotlan
And gossips tell the
That he tried once m
And that time did r

Pay goodly heed, all y
And beware of sayi
'Tis a cowardly word,
To Idleness, Folly,

THE TWO ROADS.

THE TWO ROADS.

†T was New Year's night. An aged man was standing
† at a window. He raised his mournful eyes towards the deep blue sky, where the stars were like white lilies floating on the surface of a clear calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now moved towards their certain goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but regret. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading to a peaceful sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked towards the sky, and cried out in his agony: “O youth return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!”

But the days of his youth, and his father had both passed away. He saw wandering lights floating far away over dark marshes, and then disappear—these were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem of himself;

THE TWO ROADS.

and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of piety and virtue, were now happy and honoured on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look towards that heaven to which his father had gone; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back. my early days! come back!"

And his youth *did* return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own, that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain—"O youth return! O give me back my early days!"

So, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

TALK TO ME OF HEAVEN.

TALK TO ME OF HEAVEN.

O H ! talk to me of heaven : I love
To hear about my home above ;
For there doth many a loved one dwell,
In light and joy ineffable.
Oh ! tell me how they shine and sing,
While every harp rings echoing ;
And every glad and tearless eye
Beams, like the bright sun, gloriously ;
Tell me of that victorious palm
Each hand in glory beareth ;
Tell me of that celestial charm
Each face in glory weareth.

Oh ! happy, happy country, where
There entereth not a sin ;
And death, through its bright portals fair,
May never once come in.
No change can turn their day to night ;
The glory of that land is light.
Sorrow and sighing have been sent,
Far thence to endless banishment ;
And never more may one dark tear
Bedim their burning eye ;
For God shall wipe away all tears,
And make all glad through endless years.

Oh ! happy, happy land, in thee
I shall my Lord and Saviour see !
And those blest souls whom death did sever,
Here meet to mingle joys for ever.
Oh ! when will heaven unfold to me ?
Oh ! when shall I its glories see,
And my faint, weary spirit stand,
Within that happy, happy land ?



THE WIDOW AND HER SICK CHILD.

MINISTERING CHILDREN.

MINISTERING CHILDREN.

THIS is the name of a book,* written by a Lady, for the purpose of teaching children how to do good, more than eighty thousand copies of which, we are glad to see, have already been sold. It is full of good tales about good children trying to do good. I will tell you one of them.

But first let me tell you that the word "ministering" means serving. And so the Queen's great officers of state are called "ministers" because they serve Her Majesty and the nation; and so the preachers of the gospel are called "ministers" because they serve the Lord Jesus Christ and the people; and Jesus himself was a "minister," for did he not say, "I am among you as he that serveth;" and again, "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." And so, as I have said, this book is to teach children how to be ministers of good to others, by doing, so far as they can, as the Saviour did, who "went about doing good."

The tale I will tell you from the book is about two poor little girls, each of whom had lost her father. One called Ruth went to school, where her kind teacher, Miss Wilson, had told her all about Jesus, and how good it

* London : Seeley & Co.

MINISTERING CHILDREN.

was for us to try to be like him in being good and doing good. The other was very ill and likely to die, and so Ruth felt very sorry for her, and wished to do her good.

One evening, when Ruth went to see the sick girl, she found her very restless; so to soothe her she sung in a low voice one of her school hymns, which begins—

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;”

the singing made her more quiet, and she asked, “Is that about Jesus you are singing?”

“Yes,” replied Ruth, “that’s Jesus our Saviour. I can sing you something else about him if you like.”

“Yes, do,” said the poor child. And Ruth sang—

“We read within the Holy Word
Of how our Saviour died,
And those great drops of falling blood
He shed at eventide.”

When she stopped the sick child said, “I can’t read; I never went to school long enough to learn.”

“What, can’t you read the Bible?” asked Ruth.

“No, I can’t read any thing; I don’t know any thing about the Bible.”

“I can tell you all about it,” said Ruth. “I know such a number of stories out of the Bible! Miss Wilson tells them to us, and sometimes we tell them to her.”

“What does she tell you?”

“She tells us about Jesus our Saviour, who will be

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us up safe in his arms, and carry us to heaven when we die, and then we shall be so happy there!"

"Will he carry me?"

"Yes, he will if you pray to him."

"I don't know how to pray."

"I will teach you my prayer"—

'O God, my Heavenly Father, give me thy Holy Spirit to teach me to know and love thee. Wash me from all my sins in my Saviour's precious blood. Keep me from all evil, and make me ready to live with thee for ever in heaven. For the sake of Jesus my Saviour. Amen.'

"That is one of my prayers, and I can teach it to you. I have taught it to our Mary, and she can't read yet."

The sick child tried to learn it, but she could not remember the words; still it seemed to soothe her to hear Ruth repeating them; at last she said, "Wash me from all my sins! What are sins?"

"That is when we do wrong; we can't go with our bad sins to heaven, but our Saviour can wash them all away in his blood."

As Ruth was coming home from school on the last of those bright September days, she saw a poor woman sitting on a door-step with a basket full of small penny nosegays of autumn flowers. Ruth stood still before the basket to look and admire. She had never known what it was to hunt over the meadow banks in spring for violets and primroses, or gather the yellow daffodil and

MINISTERING CHILDREN.

beautiful anemone from the woods, or the sweet and frail wild rose from its thorny stem in the hedge; she had sometimes plucked a daisy from the grass, but this was about the only flower that Ruth had ever gathered. And now she stood to look upon the woman's basket full of nosegays of garden flowers. While she stood looking, a mother with her little girl passed by.

"O, mother," said the little girl, "look at these flowers!"

"A penny a nosegay, ma'am; only a penny a nosegay," said the poor woman, holding out some of her flowers.

"Do you wish for a nosegay, Jane?" asked the mother of her little girl.

"Yes, if you please, mother."

Ruth thought how happy that little girl was to have a nosegay of her own! she watched her take it; and then the mother with her little girl went on, and Ruth slowly turned away to her home. But as soon as the little girl had left the basket of flowers, she said, "Mother, did you see that poor child who looked so at the flowers?"

"Yes, Jane, do you think she wanted a nosegay?"

"O, mother! will you buy her one?"

"I have not another penny with me, or I would."

"Do you think she would like me to give her mine then, mother?"

"Yes, suppose you do; I dare say she very seldom has a flower."

MINISTERING CHILDREN.

"Then I will, mother; shall we go after her?" The little girl looked back, and saw Ruth walking slowly away.

"O mother, she will be gone!"

Little Jane did not like to leave her mother's side, so they walked quickly back together, till they overtook Ruth, and then Jane gave her the flowers; the bright colour came into the cheeks of little Ruth as she curtsied and took the flowers, and then she set off to run with them home. And so that ministering child parted with her nosegay for the little girl, who, perhaps, had never gathered any flower but a daisy.

Ruth soon reached home with her flowers. First she went to the poor sick child, and said, "See what beautiful flowers I have got! A lady bought them in the street, and her little girl gave them all to me! I will give you that beauty!" And Ruth pulled out the only rose from the nosegay, and put it into the little thin hand of the dying child. "O how sweet it smells!" said the sick child, as she lay on her pillow with the rose in her hand—the only gift she had received to gladden her, except food, since she had been ill in her bed.

"Jesus, our Saviour, made the flowers," said Ruth. "Miss Wilson says it was Jesus made every flower to grow out of the ground."

"How kind he must be!" said the dying child.

Then Ruth took the rest of the flowers up to her mother, and they were put in water to live many days.

MINISTERING CHILDREN.

Ruth used to go in often to see the poor sick child tell her stories from the Bible, and sing her hymns; she had the baby with her. But one cold November day, when she came into the house from school, the child's mother came crying from the room, and said to her, "Oh, I am so glad you are come! I thought I should have come after you; my poor child is dying, and keeps asking for you!" Ruth went in and stood by the bed, and the dying child said, "O Ruth, I am so happy! I love you very much; and I want you to tell me that about—'Those great drops of blood Jesus shed for me, eventide.'" Ruth sang it as well as she could, but she was ready to cry.

"I want you to sing it over and over, as you do to the baby," said the dying child.

Ruth sang it two or three times, and then she stopped; the poor child had shut her eyes and seemed asleep. She soon opened them again, and said, "Oh do tell me that about—'Jesus, let me to thy bosom fly!'" and Ruth sang, and the mother stood weeping by, the child fell asleep—she died. Ruth cried for her friend, and missed her very much. But now the mother said she wanted Ruth to comfort her, as she had done her dying child; and she begged Ruth to come to her, and tell her those beautiful stories out of the Bible, for she could not read herself. And so Ruth came a ministering child to the poor childless widow.

LITTLE STREAMS.

LITTLE STREAMS.

† LITTLE streams in light and shadow,
‡ Flowing through the pasture meadow,
Flowing by the green wayside,
Through the forest dim and wide,
Through the hamlet still and small—
By the cottage, by the hall,
By the ruined abbey still;
Turning here and there a mill,
Bearing tribute to the river—
Little streams, I love you ever.

Summer music is there flowing—
Flowering plants in them are growing;
Happy life is in them all,
Creatures innocent and small;
Little birds come down to drink,
Fearless of their leafy brink;
Noble trees beside them grow,
Glooming them with branches low;
And between, the sunshine glancing,
In their little waves is dancing.

Little streams, their voices cheery,
Sound forth welcomes to the weary;
Flowing on from day to day,
Without stint and without stay;
Here, upon their flowery bank,
In the old times pilgrims drank—
Here have seen, as now, pass by,
Kingfisher and Dragonfly;
Those bright things that have their dwelling,
Where the little streams are welling.

"ME, TOO!"

Down in valleys green and lowly,
Murmuring on and gliding slowly;
Through the hamlet, where all day
In their waves the children play;
Running west, or running east,
Doing good to man and beast—
Always giving, weary never,
Little streams, I love you ever!

M. I

"ME TOO!"

“W E’LL seek for flowers in the woods,”
I heard a mother say;
“For in their shady solitudes
My children love to play.
Come, Willie, call the other boys,
Ere falls the evening dew;
And then another little voice,
Soft pleading said, “Me too!”

O childish heart, that could not bear
Her name should be forgot!
O childish love, that longed to share
With all the common lot!
Such tone should ne’er be heard in vain,
So tremulous and true;
A link in that sweet household chain,
She claimed her right—“Me, too!”

But not alone in childhood’s years
The heart gives out this cry;

" ME, TOO !"

'Tis heard amid the silent tears
Of life's deep agony.
The lonely soul, athirst for love,
Will cry as infants do ;
And lift, all other tones above,
Its passionate " Me, too !"

Formed by one hand, we live and die ;
Before one Throne we kneel ;
The longings of humanity
Send up one deep appeal.
Our nature's tendrils intertwine,
Fed by one common dew ;
None seek in solitude to pine,
Each heart-throb says, " Me, too !"

God teach us then in rank to stand
Firm as brave spirits should ;
Joined heart to heart, and hand to hand,
In holy brotherhood ;
And casting off the ice of pride,
Wear warm hearts mild and true,
Nor from the weakest turn aside,
Who feebly cries, " Me, too !"

And baby, too, shall sweetly plead
With love learnt long ere speech,
Lift up thy little golden head,
To hopes thou yet shalt reach ;
For when His angels gather kind
His holy ones and true,
In that fair garner thou shalt find
A place for thee there too !

N. Y. E. .

THE CAUSE OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.



THE CAUSE OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS

† IT has been truly said, that the sun is always
† on some part of Her Majesty's dominions, in
Europe, Asia, Africa, or America—the four great
of the globe.

And what has made England so powerful and
among the nations? Just before the advent
Redeemer, Julius Cæsar had conquered the re

THE CAUSE OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.

tants of these islands, whose ancestors, for many ages, had been dark and cruel idolaters, sacrificing their children to idols at the command of the Druid priests. For hundreds of years after the Romans retired, our shores were invaded by savage robbers "from over the sea;" and for hundreds of years after that the princes and nobles were always "fighting for the crown." All this time there were no bibles for the people, who could not have read them if there had.

When at last the Bible was printed in English, and the people could read it for themselves, they soon found that the religion which the Romish priests had taught their fathers was not the religion of the book of God. They had a long and hard struggle to keep their bibles, for popish priests and princes did all they could to destroy them. But having once read them, many an English man and English woman too, died by being roasted to death in a slow fire made of faggots of wood, sooner than give them up. This was the dreadful price our forefathers had to pay that they might secure the Word of God for their children and their children's children. These men and women were the noble army of English Martyrs.

At length by faithful and patient perseverance the people of England obtained both civil and religious liberty; and ever since then we have gone on, until we have become one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest nation of the earth.

SORROWS OF IDOLATRY.

is kept up for many years. One man, who had apparently come from a distance, the writer saw near Barsee, making the journey by prostrations, measuring his length upon the ground. It was under the burning sun of noonday ; and, hardly able to proceed, he seemed the very picture of despair. But a case still more remarkable was that of a man performing the journey by rolling on the ground. We came up with him two miles east of Wairag, and asked him where he was going, and why he was thus torturing himself? He at first did not seem to hear, but at length stopping, he lay exhausted upon the ground, and answered in a faint voice that he was going to Punderpoor. After some further questions, as the writer remonstrated with him upon the folly of such a course, he raised his head from the ground, and half reclining, said that he had come so far already that he could not desist now. He stated that his village was near Chandrapoor, four hundred and fifty miles from there, that he had spent fifteen months on the way thus far, and that it was forty miles more, and he wished to complete the pilgrimage. He was accustomed to go about a mile each day. He would then note the place where he had stopped, and walking back to the nearest village, would remain until the next day, receiving his food from the villagers. Then he would return, and from the place left the previous day, would begin again his toilsome pilgrimage. If he came to a river that could not be passed in this manner, he

AUSTRALIAN STORMS AT SEA.

would go back a distance equal to this space, and retrace the ground a second time. He had for clothing a coarse cloth bound tightly about his loins and about his head, and thus almost naked, over a very rough and stony, and exposed to heat and sometimes drenched with rain or covered with mud for a year and three months this poor man had been pushing himself along towards the shrine of Vithoba.

It was not a sense of sin or a desire for pardon that induced him to undertake this painful journey. But it was evident, upon further conversation, that he was urged by no higher motive than a selfish pride. He sought reputation for holiness.

So true have been, are now, and ever will be, the awful words of the Lord—"Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god."—"Many shall be to the wicked; but he that trusteth in the mercy shall compass him about."

AUSTRALIAN STORMS AT SEA.

G. W. WALKER describes one of these, which was a voyage from Norfolk Island to Sydney. He says:—

"In the fore part of the day there was a fine breeze; but about three o'clock a dense mass of clouds began to rise from the south, and in one short hour

AUSTRALIAN STORMS AT SEA.

a clear blue sky, the whole hemisphere became overspread as with a black curtain, portending, as it approached, a fearful storm. The blast soon followed, bringing with it torrents of rain. The lightning extended in sheets of crimson, from side to side of the horizon, while a streak of white, forked lightning, occasionally darting through the brilliant mass, rendered it doubly awful and resplendent. Each flash was accompanied by peals of thunder, which at last became so loud that the man at the wheel started. The storm, though awfully portentous, lasted however but a few hours, and at ten o'clock, when I retired to my berth, the heavens were again beautifully serene, the moon shone brightly, and there was not sufficient wind to fill the sails, or keep the vessel steady in the swell."

Mr. W. also relates the following escape from drowning at sea:—

"The young man whose deliverance from drowning is here related, was one of a family who sometimes came eleven miles by water to attend the Friends' meetings at Sydney. Thomas Parker, about one and twenty years of age, was coming from North Harbour to Sydney in a boat belonging to a man who had been collecting shells to burn for lime, and who was also in the boat. When in the midst of Port Jackson, the boat was upset by a squall; no help was near, and the two men were a mile and a half from Middle Head, the nearest point of land;

AUSTRALIAN STORMS AT SEA.

they had therefore no alternative for saving their lives but by swimming. The shell-gatherer was esteemed a better swimmer of the two. They swam in company about a quarter of a mile, when the owner of the boat called to Thomas Parker to pray for him, that his resolution might not fail, for he began to despair of saving his life. Presently he sank in deep water to rise no more. Thomas, not a little discouraged, continued however to gain upon the shore. He says that if he had been as before the accident occurred if he could swim half a mile he should at once have answered, No. However on that occasion his resolution held out, his mind being early in prayer to the Almighty to strengthen him. As he was thus looking to the Lord, and drew near to a bluff called the Middle Head, he remembered having heard the remark made, that only one person of many who had attempted to land there had been saved, the violence of the surf having proved their destruction. He accordingly did not attempt the shore in that direction; but though very nearly exhausted, was strengthened to round the point, and to reach the lee shore in smooth water, so as to land with ease. He was, however, obliged to lie for a long time on the beach before he sufficiently recovered to walk to a house, where he received assistance and spent the night. I hope the effect of this hair-breadth escape will not be lost upon the young man's mind; it was a very providential one."



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A SHIPWRECK ON A SAVAGE ISLAND.

SHIPWRECKS ON SAVAGE ISLANDS.

SHIPWRECKS ON SAVAGE ISLANDS.

WE have told you about the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope in 1493. A few months earlier, on Friday, October 12, 1492, Columbus discovered America. Spain and Portugal made these important discoveries. The Dutch and the English were not slow to follow them. Bold and fearless seamen, at the risk of their lives, sailed round the world, proving at last that it was a round globe. They crossed and recrossed the two great oceans, discovering the largest island in the world, now called Australia, and thousands of smaller ones, most of them inhabited by savages, in one of which Captain Cook, less than one hundred years ago, was murdered. In those days it was a sad thing for a vessel to be wrecked on one of these savage islands, as they were called. The sailors might reach the shore, and there, for a time, shelter themselves under a tent; but often, as you see in the picture, the savages would come down upon them and murder them all! To be shipwrecked anywhere is fearful, but to be cast ashore on a savage island is dreadful.

But a great change has taken place among the inhabitants of many of these islands within the past fifty years. Shipwrecks take place now. They do round England, and they do there. Some shipwrecked sailors, about a year ago, reached one of these islands in a punt or boat which they had made when their vessel was in a sinking

SHIPWRECKS ON SAVAGE ISLANDS.

state. The mention of *one word* made the people of the island treat them kindly. You will find what that word was on reading this sad tale told by one of the survivors.

The *All Serene*, timber-laden, sailed from Victoria Vancouver's Island, for Sydney, in November, 1863. Her cargo was ill-stowed, and the voyage was from the first perilous. The weather was stormy, and after a succession of mishaps, the vessel capsized. She went over however, so gently, that all, except the captain's wife and two children, who were drowned in the cabin, had time to get on her upper side, and every one was clinging to what they could. Presently the vessel righted so as to enable them to get on deck, which now presented a dismal scene. Here they remained for several days and nights with neither food nor fresh water. Terrible was their thirst:—

"But," says the writer, "the eye of God was upon us and his watchful providence was made manifest to us one evening in a plenteous shower of rain, which he sent to relieve us in this dark hour, when despair was clouding our hearts. We caught the sweet cooling water in oil skin jackets, and in small pieces of canvas; we drank it as fast as it was caught, and we saved none, as the rain ceased before our inordinate cravings were satisfied. I ought to have mentioned that the sharks had become bold and numerous around the wreck, and that we had caught one on the previous day. We hauled it on deck, but a

SHIPWRECKS ON SAVAGE ISLANDS.

we had no means of making a fire to cook it by, it tasted so nauseous that none of us could eat more than a mouthful."

Afterwards they discovered five small bags of flour, of which they agreed to allow about two ounces a day to each man, mixing the flour with salt water, and so drinking it. Eight of the men now set themselves to construct a punt.

"There we lay, in a helpless condition, far from all human aid, on a shattered and rapidly-weakening wreck, the only thing between us and eternity likely to be destroyed by the first commotion of the elements. Yet even in this extremity some were found willing to risk their never-dying souls for the transient possession of paltry gold; and we felt that such depravity might grieve the Spirit of God away, and that he might now abandon us to our justly-merited fate."

At length the rudely-constructed punt was completed—only just in time for the breaking up of the wrecked vessel. With much difficulty, all—thirty-one in number—were got on board the frail bark, floating almost helpless on the pathless ocean, without any nautical instrument or a single drop of fresh water, entirely dependent on the changing of the wind, as the punt would run no other way except right before it, its wake marked by hungry sharks. Space would fail us to give the full detail of the sufferings of nearly twenty days' exposure.

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Some of the men became insane, several died, and the bodily sufferings of others were terrible."

Passing over several pages of these heartrending details, we draw towards the close of the narrative :—

"All was silence now ; hours would pass by without word being exchanged between any of us ; but Monday morning dawned, and brought us a renewal of life and hope ; rain again descended in refreshing showers. It was a piteous sight to see swollen and burning tongues stretched out to catch the first cooling drops. But the rain had nearly proved fatal to us all, as in our eagerness to drink, the baling of the boat was neglected, all order was lost, and we were in imminent danger of being swamped. On this day we caught another small shark. This appeased the gnawing pangs of our hunger, and again our hearts were filled with gratitude to our Almighty Preserver.

It now became the general impression that we were keeping too far to the north, and it was resolved that should we not see land in one day more we should alter our course, and try to keep more to the west. The weather continued gloomy, no land was seen, and we kept off a little more to the west ; but in the course of the afternoon the clouds, which during the preceding days had enveloped the whole face of the sky, rolled away, and there, in bold relief, and in the very direction from which we were trying to turn away, stood a majes-

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mountain, clothed in deepest green. Land! land! welcome, welcome sound; our hearts bounded with joy!

But this gladdening prospect of deliverance elicited not the noisy demonstration which it would have done had it occurred during an earlier stage of our sufferings. No shouting was heard; scarcely a word was spoken; each heart was in communion with God, and our hands were clasped in the fervency of prayer.

This was a bright and lovely evening. The moon, which nearly approached the entrance of her third quarter, and seen by us for the first time, shone in unclouded splendour.

The morning dawned, and again our gladdened eyes could feast on the emerald beauties of the island to which, borne by a gentle breeze, we were gradually approaching. The day was particularly fine. Already we could fancy ourselves reposing beneath the lofty cocoa-nut and spreading banana trees, eating of their delicious fruits, and drinking at our pleasure—without even moving from our recumbent position—from the crystal streamlet that murmured at our feet. And new joys seemed already returning to our exhausted hearts.

On this day the captain died; he had lingered long in pain, and suffered greatly. He seemed to be broken-hearted from the first, as ever since the wreck he had evinced no desire to save his life; indeed he was several times heard to say that he had no longer any wish to live.

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He overheard us speaking of the land, and raised himself to gaze in the direction of the shore, but the film of death was on his eyes, and he could not see it.

As the day wore away, we came nearer and nearer to the desired haven. And now the tracery of the luxuriant vegetation on the shores became distinctly visible; but it was evident that we could not reach the land in the light of day. Already the shades of night were falling, but as on the previous night the sky was without a cloud, and the cheering moon relieved us from the dread of darkness.

We could see the white surf as it glistened in the moonbeams, and heard its angry roar as the sea broke over the reefs of coral which environed the shore, and which seemed to threaten us with destruction should we attempt to pass. But we determined to run ashore at all hazards, as we knew that death in a worse shape would speedily overtake us if we now turned back. We succeeded in wearing the punt round a steep rocky promontory, and gained the mouth of a small bay, at the head of which we could discern a faint flickering light. We tried hard to pull the punt up this bay, but the current was too strong for us, and we drifted to leeward, straight on to the reef. Fortunately for us there was little or no wind at the time; if there had we must inevitably have died here, as none of us had sufficient strength remaining to swim ashore. As soon as the punt struck on the reef we all left it; but many fell down at the first step they

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took on the uneven surface of the coral. We were only about three hundred yards from the beach, but a terrible trial lay between to be passed in our exhausted state; and while I write, the remembrance of that passage makes me shudder with horror. The sharp lacerating coral pierced our unprotected feet. Everything seemed running around before the eye in one giddy whirlpool; we kept falling at almost every step; some tried to crawl on their hands and knees, but they were continually getting into deep holes, from which with difficulty they extricated themselves. But in the midst of this trying scene there was one touching instance of kindness occurred which must not be allowed to be forgotten. It was where three of our number, although nearly exhausted and in the last extremity of suffering themselves, still toiled, and were successful in their endeavours, to save another that was more helpless than they; and the remembrance of this generous action will leave a bright spot in their memories not to be erased by death.

At last we all stood on the dry sandy shore. We were saved from the very jaws of death; and only those who have been in such peril, and preserved as if by a miracle, can fully understand what were then our feelings. Tears of gratitude filled our eyes. Ah! it is at such a time as this that the human heart is full of love to God. Twelve had died in the punt, nineteen were spared to reach the shore, but the young man who had got on shore

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with such difficulty died two days afterwards. Six or eight of the strongest now went up the beach in the hopes of meeting with some natives. We knew not what island we were, nor whether the natives were civilised or savage, but our urgent necessities forced us to seek them, although we knew that if they were in a savage state we could offer no resistance. All our doubts were soon dispelled. After we had gone about a mile we came to a native house. The inmates seemed very shy at first, and gave no answer to our repeated calls, but we afterwards discovered that their timidity arose from suspicion that we were slavers. At last we succeeded in attracting the attention of one of them as he was leaving the house by the back door. He saw our helpless condition at a glance, and in a few minutes many more came from their places of concealment and gathered around us. None of us could speak a word of their language, neither could we understand anything they said, *with the exception of one word—it was the word 'missionary,' but this word made us feel perfectly safe.* They conducted us to a small village, leading and supporting us all the way, as if seeming to vie with each other in their unremitting attentions to us. The kindness of these natives was remarkable. They took us into their houses, and they seemed to anticipate our every wish; and evinced the greatest delight in being allowed to minister to our wants, holding the reviving cup to our lips, and supplying us with

SHIPWRECKS ON SAVAGE ISLANDS.

abundance of food. We succeeded in making them understand that there were more of our comrades still on the beach, and many of them went with torches, as the moon had now gone down, and brought them to the village.

On the following morning some of the natives went to inform Mr. Nettleton, a gentleman belonging to the Wesleyan Mission, and residing twelve miles from the village. He came to see us on the next day. This was a happy meeting; he prayed with us, and we cried like children. We learned from him that we were on the island of Kandavu, one of the Fiji group, and that we must have come between four hundred and five hundred miles in the punt. He also told us that had we not made this island we must have perished, as this is the outer island of the group, and we had struck on the most southern point of it. The natives showed great reluctance to part with us, but Mr. Nettleton took us all away in boats to the mission stations, and afterwards sent them presents in return for their kindness to us. He left half of our number with his brother missionary, Mr. William Fletcher, about eight miles from where we had landed, and took the others to his own place.

We remained nearly two months under the care of these gentlemen. Would that I could speak in terms of praise equal to the merits of these two gentlemen and their amiable ladies! All I can say is this—they admin-

CHILDREN OF THE DESERT.

istered solace to our wearied spirits ; they supplied with many temporal comforts ; they clothed our nakedness and healed our wounds. It is but justice to the few other white inhabitants of those islands to say that they treated us with uniform kindness. May God bless them all !”

CHILDREN OF THE DESERT.



WHEN telling you about the Cape of Good Hope, we mentioned the ignorant Bushmen of the regions beyond the colony. The wandering tribes have been called the “Children of the Desert ;” and they are, having no certain dwelling place, seeking

“to go into the clefts of the rocks, and into the tops of the ragged rocks,” to hide themselves ; or making the sleeping place at night among the branches of high trees

CHILDREN OF THE DESERT.

or lying down at noon on the side of a bank under their shade; living on roots or fruits, or on the flesh of any fish or fowl or beast they can by any means secure; their scanty clothing the skins of beasts, with which they only partly cover their naked bodies; and enduring all this in a country where the heat is scorching hot by day, and the frost is biting cold by night. They are a poor puny race, very meagre and sickly in their aspect, and seem to have no idea of working at all, and no disposition to do anything except they are forced to action by the demands of appetite; when, if they find enough, they will devour large quantities, and then lie down again in sleep or inaction, until again compelled by hunger to make new efforts to obtain food. And worse than all I have told you, they sometimes kill and devour their enemies, like the wild beasts around them!

To these poor, helpless, wretched, wandering outcasts, missionaries have gone. It was almost a hopeless task; but pains, and prayer, and faith in Christ, can do anything. They first gathered a few of them together, and taught them, as well as they could, what to do and what not to do. One of the first things they taught them was how to obtain food without killing one another, for when famished they would resort to this horrid way of satisfying their hunger. Many of these, who were once cannibals, are now settled down peaceably at the missionary stations. But some of them were at first very unwilling

CHILDREN OF THE DESERT.

to refrain. "One old man called his children about him and addressing himself to them and others of the people then suffering from extreme hunger, he said, 'To eat the flesh of my fellow-creatures is wrong, even though impelled by hunger. You are young, and your lives are of value to you. I am an old man, and according to the course of nature my days are nearly ended. I will not prolong my life by such means; I prefer to die.' From that period he resisted all solicitation to break his determination, and submitted to starvation."

How true that the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty until this day! Which of our young readers can be unwilling to help in sending the Gospel, with all its blessings, to such lost and miserable creatures? Surely not one will refuse to do what he can

"Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?"

O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals, long enslaved, become
The freed men of the Lord?

When shall the untutored heathen tribes,
A dark bewildered race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?"

PRANKS OF APES AND MONKEYS.



THESE animals have got a bad character for playing mischievous tricks. But it may be questioned whether all the pranks they play are done from the love of mischief; for I have sometimes thought, when I have stood and looked at a cage full of them leaping and climbing and tumbling one over another, without fighting, whether much of what they do of that kind is not done out of mere fun and frolic. Indeed I think some boys might learn a lesson from even apes and monkeys: I mean those boys who are so ill-tempered



that they take offence and fall out with their companions when they indulge in a little playful humour. We should

not be surprised to see apes and fight with each other, for they know who can talk and reason with ease, and are not ashamed of doing so. There ought to be no fight when none is intended.

It is almost wonderful to see these animals. They are very quick and soon imitate what they see other animals do. Something funny or humorous, and humour seems to be natural to them. A traveller, when passing up one of the rivers between India and China, tells a story of a man who was indulging their natural love of crocodiles. He says:—

“Crocodiles were numerous in the river. I saw them throw themselves from the bank into the water; and it has frequently happened that fishers, or persons who have been on the shore, have become their prey. I have died of the wounds inflicted by them. It happened twice during my stay in the river, however—for one is interested in the habits of animals all over the world—to see these creatures catch the apes, with their own fancy to play with them. On the other hand, they are ready to seize anything that may come within their sight of apes catch sight of him, and

PRANKS OF APES AND MONKEYS.

approach little by little, and commence their frolics. One of the most active or most impudent jumps from branch to branch till within a respectful distance of the crocodile, when, hanging by one claw, and with the dexterity peculiar to these animals, he advances and retires, now giving his enemy a blow with his paw, at another time only pretending to do so. The other apes, enjoying the fun, evidently wish to take a part in it ; but, the other branches being too high, they form a sort of chain by laying hold of each other's paws, and thus swing backwards and forwards, while any one of them who comes within reach of the crocodile torments him to the best of his ability. Sometimes the terrible jaws suddenly close, but not upon the audacious ape, who just escapes ; then there are cries of exultation from the tormentors, who gambol about joyfully. Occasionally, however, the claw is entrapped, and the victim dragged with rapidity beneath the water, when the whole troop disperse, groaning and shrieking. The misadventure does not, however, prevent their recommencing the game a few days afterwards."

And so, must I tell you again, do some boys get into trouble. Full of fun and frolic, they carry their jokes too far, and either get hurt themselves or hurt others. But there is

"None but a madman will fling about fire,
And say I am only in sport."

FOREST LIFE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

FOREST LIFE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

WE shall now give you some of the curious tales which Mr. BATES tells us about the monkeys and the birds of the Great Forest. He says:—

“On entering the main Amazons we notice that the waters have already commenced to sink again; flocks of white terns are flying over the shallow places, and troops of sandpipers and plovers, some with bright red legs and white and black plumage, are coursing along the edges of the sand-banks. The present is the season of ripeness for many kinds of wild fruit, and the hosts of richly plumaged, fruit-eating birds, which in other months are scattered sparingly over the whole region, flock to the places where the fruit-trees grow. The season may be likened to our autumn in this central zone of the earth; for every day in the year is autumn with regard to the growth of vegetable life, in the same way as it is always spring and summer; for every day leaf-budding, flowering, fruiting, and leaf-shedding are going on in some way or other.

On the morning of the second day of our journey, just as we have crawled from our sleeping-place under the palm-thatched awning of our canoe, we behold, on the opposite side of the sluggishly-rolling turbid stream of the Amazons, here three miles broad, a wide gap in the low dark line of forest that bounds the view. The

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wooded land to the west is the abode of the scarlet-faced monkey, one of the most singular of the animal tenants of this region. It is of moderate size, has a long coat of glossy white hair, and a face of so vivid a hue that the animal, at a short distance, looks as though some one had laid a thick coat of vermilion paint on his countenance. One of its most remarkable features is its short stumpy tail; all the other monkeys of the New World being distinguished by the length and flexibility of this member, which, in most of them, serves as a fifth hand in climbing. This singular creature is much sought after by the people of Ega; its grotesque appearance and confiding habits, when tame, making it an acceptable present to offer to a distinguished personage, such as a judge or president of a province, whom the subordinate authorities of the town wish to propitiate. It is found in no other part of America than the tract of low land we now see before us, and is there limited to an area of a few score miles in circumference. It travels in small bands along the boughs of the lofty trees, generally at a height of eighty feet or more from the ground, and the hunter, stumbling amongst the rotten logs and entangled underwood of the gloomy shades beneath, has great difficulty in getting within shot of the flocks. The weapon used is the blow-gun, a wooden tube eight feet long, through which, when at last a steady aim can be taken, the Indian propels with his breath a little poisoned arrow; the

FOREST LIFE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

poison is previously diluted with water, so that there may be no difficulty in reviving the animal when it falls wounded into the arms of its persecutor.

In the end we find ourselves again on the banks of the inlet, at a place where it is much broader than the mouth. On the opposite side there is a tall tree the branches of which are ruddy with fruit—a sweet berry called *pamá*: as we look at it a number of birds of a bright scarlet hue are seen gambolling and chasing each other. It is a flock of the black-throated tanager, a handsome species which abounds in these forests. Other trees of the same kind rise near to the place where we are standing, and signs of the presence of many birds are manifest in the subdued chattering and fluttering and in the continual shower of berries falling around us. This, then, is one of the places where the handsome fruit-eating birds of the country love to congregate. We find great difficulty in getting a distinct view of the trees; owing to the density of the intervening canopy of lower trees; but after remaining quiet for a short time, our patience is in some measure rewarded. Parrots and toucans appear to be the most numerous; the latter distinctly visible only when hopping along the boughs, going from one part of a tree to another, and the parrots when quarrelling and driving some weaker companions from the thick cluster of foliage in which the flocks are concealed.

FOREST LIFE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The sight of a toucan, with its monstrous beak ornamented with bright colours, is alone sufficient to give the scene a strange aspect. We can distinguish easily two kinds on the trees: one of very large size, with white and yellow breast, and crimson and saffron-coloured plumes near its tail, and the other not larger than a jackdaw, of an olive-green shade, with silky black breast, banded with yellow. Let us watch closely the movements of that grotesque stealthily-moving fellow with the beak half a foot, at least, in length. He hops from the large bough to a slender branch, steps along the latter as far as it will bear his weight, and then, eyeing a bunch of fruit that is apparently out of his reach, stretches forth his long body and neck in vain attempts to seize it. He seems in the act of falling off his perch, but recovers himself by beating his wings: he has secured the fruit, and, stepping backwards, tosses up his head and lets the juicy morsel slide down the ungainly bill into his throat. The purpose of the long cumbrous-looking beak is now easy to divine; it is to enable the heavy gluttonous bird to reach, from a firm perch, the fruit that lies at the end of slender twigs, which, were his beak of the ordinary size, would be inaccessible to him.

All the parrots we see are of a light green colour, a hue which serves them as a disguise and protection against their enemies, for it renders them almost indistinguishable amongst the masses of foliage. There are evidently

FOREST LIFE IN SOUTH AMERICA.



many di-
kinds on the
to judge from
alone; for
them, the
of all, are no
larger than
rows, whilst
are giants in
parison, and
kind shows
patches of
in its plumage. Besides tanagers, toucans, and p
we can distinguish many other species of birds less
spicuous in shape and colour: amongst them num

THE LAW OF LOVE.

elegant little creatures of dark blue and green hues with yellow legs, allied to the honey-eaters, and one large coal-black species, which we descried hopping singly among the boughs, and which wears a patch of rich crimson on its breast. But we cannot delay any longer in this interesting spot, for a loud halloo, from the direction of our encampment, announces that breakfast is ready."

THE LAW OF LOVE.

SPEAK kindly to the erring,
Though reckless, stern and cold,
Perhaps beneath the surface deep
May lie the hidden gold;
Sometimes a gentle word will melt
The ice to living flame—
O do not turn away in scorn,
Speak kindly in CHRIST's name.
The smitten rock may yield a stream,
And 'neath the frozen snow
The sweet flowers lie, all folded up,
To wait the summer's glow—
So touch with tenderness some heart
By sin led far astray,
You may induce the wandering feet
To seek the Perfect Way.
I count no one so great as he
Who lives for other's good—
Who has, with love, and faith, and prayer,
Christ's good plan understood;—
Who, heedless of the sacrifice,
And heedless of the cost,
Toils bravely on to save some soul
That, but for him, were lost.

C. A.

THE JOY OF DOING GOOD.

THE JOY OF DOING GOOD.

JOY is a gladsome word : we all love it ; for it is happiness. Much might be said about it, far more than I can now tell you.

Joy comes from God. "In thy presence is fullness of joy : and at thy right hand pleasures for evermore."

Joy was in all heaven on the birthday of our world. For then "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

Joy was the constant companion of our first parents until they did wrong : then Joy forsook them and went back to heaven.

Joy, since then "like angels visits, few and far between," has seldom tarried long with men.

But Joy again burst forth over our world on the day of the Saviour, when the angel-sons of God brought us "good tidings of great joy."

JESUS, "for the joy that was set before him," of millions of millions of children, and men, and women, from sin and death, "endured the cross, despising shame, and is set down at the right hand of the Father of God."

Joy unspeakable and full of glory is sent from heaven into our hearts again, when, sorry for our sins, we turn to Jesus Christ, and in him alone, for pardon and salvation.

Joy comes too, after that, if, out of love to him

THE JOY OF DOING GOOD.

try to do all the good we can to all around us, especially to those who love the Saviour.

Some people would fain have Joy, but they seek for it in wrong ways. It is always soonest found when doing acts of kindness to the suffering and the helpless.

And so if you would be joyful with the joy of God, seek pardon for your sins first, and then there will be joy in heaven in the faces of the angels of God over you.

Then try to do good to others, and Jesus Christ himself in his glory will joy over you to do you good all the days of your life.

I want all who read these words to know what a joy there is in doing good, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

I want parents to encourage their children in doing good, by sending them on errands of kindness to the poor and the suffering. They will then know what joy there is in such works of love.

First, it is right to find out who need our help. The aged poor always do. Them we have with us always, and when we will we may do them good.

Betty Jackson was one of these. Lucy had heard her mother talk about her, how her husband and children were all dead, and she was left a lonely widow, suffering from pain and poverty. One morning Lucy saw her trying, with feeble and trembling steps, to go to the shop

THE JOY OF DOING GOOD.

for something ; and running to her, she said, " Let me go for you Betty." " Will you, my dear ?" said I



" then take this threepenny bit, and get me half an ounce of tea." " I will," said Lucy, and away she ran. On the way she thought, " I have a threepenny bit which my mother gave me last night. I will pay for the tea myself." She did : and running back to Betty, who had got to the house, where she was sitting waiting in her chair, Lucy said, " Here is the tea, Betty, and your bit back again, for I had one of my own which my mother gave me, and so I paid for the tea. Please take it, Betty." " Thank you, my dear child !" said the aged widow, " God Almighty bless you !"

TALK TO ME ABOUT HEAVEN.

Lucy went home again more happy than she had ever before in her life, for she had made the widow's heart sing for joy that morning.

May all my young readers know the joy that comes of ting good and doing good, for that is the way to be ly happy. And then they may hope to hear the iour say, when he comes in the glory of his Father l the holy angels at the great judgment day—"Well e; enter into my joy and sit down in my throne."

"O that will be joyful; joyful, joyful, joyful!"

TALK TO ME ABOUT HEAVEN.

TEACHER, talk to me of heaven, the christian's happy home,
Where Jesus Christ will suffer e'en the little ones to come;
ere the storm and tempest never burst, and they never cry with
pain,
t all the weak and sickly ones are well and strong again.

Teacher, tell me all about that wondrous glassy sea,
ere the children stand with golden crowns, the happy and the free,
ere the white-robed wave the victor's palm, and the thrilling
song is sung,
ile the harper's strike their harps of gold, and the Saviour's
praise is rung.

Teacher, tell me yet again of the awful great white throne,
ere the Judge will speak to the little lambs with ever gentle
tone;
d tell me of his gracious word until I see that home,
d the angels from the radiant land to fetch me there shall come.

ETERNAL LIFE.

For the world is very dark and drear, and my life is full of
And the friends who loved my infancy have faded with the y
And it heals the aching of my heart when you talk to me of
And Him through whom the children's sins may ever be for
And I will daily say to him my childhood's simple prayer,
And ask him soon to send for me to live beside him there ;
So, Teacher, talk to me of heaven, the christian's happy ho
Where Jesus Christ will suffer e'en the little ones to come.

ETERNAL LIFE.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away ?
Oh ! for the pearly gates of heaven !
Oh ! for the golden floor !
Oh ! for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth never more !

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint !
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !
Oh ! for a heart that never sins !
Oh ! for a soul washed white !
Oh ! for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night !

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher ;
But there are perfectness, and peace
Beyond our best desire.
Oh ! by Thy love and anguish, Lord !
Oh ! by Thy life laid down !
Oh ! that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown !

C. F.

